

THE SIGN



A • NATIONAL • CATHOLIC • MAGAZINE

Causes of the Protestant Domination

By Hilaire Belloc

Kylemore Castle

By Marion Pharo Hilliard



St. Bartholomew

By Helen Walker Homan



Seven Sail For China

By Theophane Maguire



Bernadette Soubirous

By Aileen Mary Clegg

The White Lute

By Enid Dinnis

The Alternative

By Charles F. Ferguson

Should Priests Write?

By One Who Does



Europe As '33 Begins

By Denis Gwynn



A Kitchen Idyll

By Dorothy Day

Is Money Everything?

By DeWitt Clinton

Vol. 12 No. 7 - FEBRUARY, 1933 - Price 20c

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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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Catholic Press Month

FEBRUARY is Catholic Press Month. In so designating it, our American Hierarchy not only recognized the need for the Catholic Press and expressed their approval of it, but also hoped that the setting aside of one month of the year with that title would draw the attention of Catholics to their various periodical publications and awaken their interest in reading and supporting them.



NO one needs to be told that our Catholic publications are experiencing great difficulty in trying to survive the present economic crisis. Even in normal times our papers, which have neither subsidy nor necessary advertising, find the going very hard. The result is a constant struggle to hold old subscribers and add new ones.



UNFORTUNATELY, some of our Catholic publications, particularly magazines, have brought discredit on the Catholic Press by employing disreputable agents or agencies for the purpose of promoting circulation. These canvassers have proven a veritable curse to our people. They have used means to get subscriptions that should have landed them in jail. They have been guilty of open dishonesty, have cajoled, threatened, denounced, misrepresented, lied. Under the pretense of helping a worthy cause they have played upon the sympathy of poor people and robbed them. If the Depression wipes out some of these magazines, it shall have accomplished one good thing.



KNOWING the harm done to the Catholic public by these conscienceless scoundrels, and realizing their group responsibility, the members of the Catholic Press Association appointed a Vigilance Committee to remedy what had become an appalling situation. A Central Bureau was established in Chicago. Thorough investigations of complaints reported were made. Rigid rules were laid down for the conduct of agencies and agents. Within a comparatively short time over 2,000 dishonest agents, men and women, were placed

on the "Ineligible List," many of whom on account of their atrocious conduct and tactics can never again be employed by any member of the Catholic Press Association.



THE wiser publishers of Catholic magazines do not employ agents or agencies; and those who are becoming wise are giving them up. These latter are finding out, some of them at late last, that not only have they themselves been victimized, but that their own names and publications have been used to defraud devout and unsuspecting Catholics. Parish priests throughout the country know something of the nefarious practices of the disreputable magazine agent. As a member of the Vigilance Committee for the past five years I could tell them things they'd find incredible.



IN spite, however, of these derelict publications, our Catholic Press as a whole should have the hearty support of our priests and people. It is accomplishing a good work that no other activity can accomplish. No thoughtful Catholic can be unaware of the disaster which would come to the Church if our Catholic Press were weakened or extinguished. There is no other enterprise in the American Church that is so essential to the well-being of the Church as a strong Catholic Press. It supports every good cause; it keeps its readers informed of Catholic events; it is a clearing house of suggestion and information; it stimulates every pulse beat of the Church's life.



MAY I say two words in behalf of The Sign. The first is to thank our Bishops and Priests for the wonderful coöperation they have given us, and our readers for their constantly loyal support. The other is to ask them to continue their good offices in helping us to make The Sign an outstanding and efficient organ of Catholic thought and truth.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

THE reception given the Pope's program for the year 1933 in the form of a Holy Year, has met with unwonted praise from the non-sectarian and the non-Catholic press. "Chastened humanity," says the *Post Gazette* of Pittsburgh, "cannot afford to dismiss these [the Holy Father's] exhortations as impracticable. They present the

As Others See the Pope's Program for 1933

foundational facts on which lasting prosperity must rest; baffled by the complexity of modern life, we must seek simplicity, in the spirit of human brotherhood." And the *Union Star* of Schenectady comments:

"Considered broadly, the thing most lacking in the world today is confidence. Confidence is nothing more nor less than faith—faith that institutions and principles which have stood the test of time will survive, faith that the world will continue to revolve and the sun will rise and set, faith that there will be seed time and harvest, faith in God.

"The present is no new experience for humanity. Whenever it has strayed from faith in divine power, it has run into trouble. When it has come back to faith and adjusted itself to the divine plan again, it has found relief from trouble.

"It makes no difference who suggests, who leads, who carries on the back-to-God movement, all who believe ought to follow, each in his own way.

"There could be no greater program laid out for 1933 than just that. Seek first the kingdom of God, and things will be added in due time."

From London comes *The Church Times*, organ of the Anglo-Catholic party, in which the editor suggests that the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury follow "the lead of the first Bishop of Christendom":

"It is a matter for great thankfulness that it is often possible most gratefully to recognize the lead that comes to Christendom from the Eternal City, without necessarily admitting the exclusive claims of the Roman Church. In recent times His Holiness the Pope has had many happy inspirations; but none happier than his call to the faithful to observe 1933 as a Holy Year, a call which we most earnestly trust will be respected by tens of thousands of Christians outside the Roman obedience.

"It is generally accepted that it was nineteen hundred years ago this year that our Lord, God incarnate, 'suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried, He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead, He ascended into heaven.' That is the most momentous, the most catastrophic, the most awful event of human history. Nothing that has ever happened, or can ever happen, can approach its significance. Nothing conceivable by the human mind can approach its magnificence. In simple truth it is the one thing that matters.

"The celebration of centenaries has become extremely popular, and is often useful and inspiring. Some of the centenaries and anniversaries, however, that are used as opportunities for national and international rejoicing are of trivial importance.

Every one of them is trivial when compared with the climax of the great drama of salvation.

"It is with these comparatively unimportant celebrations in his mind that the Pope invites his people vividly to remember, day after day, for a year, the Passion, Crucifixion and Resurrection of our Lord, to consider what these events mean for them, and to offer humble thanks for the supreme example of divine beneficence.

"Here, we suggest, is a magnificent opportunity for Christian coöperation. The corporate reunion of Canterbury and Rome, so vital for the well-being of Christendom, seems still afar off. But the Archbishop of Canterbury must share the sentiments that have inspired the Pope, and if, in collaboration with the Bishops of the Old Catholics, with whom the English Church is now in communion, his Grace, following as he may with no loss of dignity, the lead of the first Bishop of Christendom, were to issue a similar appeal, 1933 might be in very truth a year of grace.

"In humble respect, we urge his Grace to consider this suggestion. The Church, and particularly the youth of the Church, is looking to him for a strong and definite lead. It is not satisfied with vague and amiable generalities. The Archbishop is the approved leader and commander of the people. The ranks are growing impatient. May the order come, in no uncertain tones, for prayer, repentance and service!"



SUCH is the perversity of modern journalism that while there is ordinarily attached to sensational or criminal news a premium that accords it front-page importance, much that deals with enduring nobility escapes unnoticed.

Patricia Garvan and the Chemical Foundation

It was only the other day that someone, in casual conversation, told a touching story about the Chemical Foundation, Inc. Francis P. Garvan of New York City, President of the Foundation, had a little daughter, beautiful and beloved, named Patricia. Following an attack of the gripe she was stricken by rheumatic fever. Despite the consultation and untiring efforts of some of the country's most eminent physicians, the ravages of the disease made such inroads that within a short week the frail body had yielded her innocent soul back to the God Who made it.

Grief stricken beyond earthly consolation, Mr. and Mrs. Garvan determined that they would erect a testimonial to her memory. They planned that it would take the form of an organization which would seek, through the coöperation of chemistry and medicine, the protection of children and adults against avoidable disease and death.

For more than ten years the Foundation has sought to advance the cause of adequate American chemical research facilities, to establish a better understanding of the purposes and possibilities of chemistry, to advance the cause of chemical

literature and chemical laboratories through the agencies of scientific societies and educational institutions and to aid in the establishment of American chemical industries on an independent and self-sufficient basis.

One of the important publications of the Foundation, a volume of more than seven hundred pages dealing with "Chemistry in Medicine," has had a printing of 200,000 copies. The work is bearing definite fruit all along the battle line. And it is a Christian thought to believe that the child in whose memory it was planned looks down from her kingdom of joy and smiles upon it.



KARL RUF STOLZ, Dean of the Hartford School of Religious Education, and who carries quite a string of letters after his name, has written a volume recently published and bearing the title, "Pastoral Psychology."

**A Muddled Dean
in Hartford, Conn.**

He makes only one reference in it to mysticism, and that is so silly as not to be worth reprinting; but we cannot forbear quot-

ing this choice morsel on the Catholic confessional: "The Roman Catholic is obliged to go to confession before taking Communion. . . . It is assumed also that in John 20 : 21-23 authority is given to the Roman priesthood to pardon iniquity. . . . In the second place, the priest imposes penance. Nevertheless, quite early in the history of the confessional the payment of a sum of money came to be regarded as a satisfactory substitute for the appointed penalty." This is the sort of thing that we naturally expect from the tent preachers of the Tennessee hillbillies. Coming from the Dean of the Hartford School of Religious Education it does not say much for that institution's standard of scholarship.



THE death of ex-President Coolidge was the occasion of emphasizing the American people's belief in the old-fashioned personal virtues of simplicity, straightforward honesty, and austere rectitude. He became a

**Calvin Coolidge:
Exemplary American**

national figure during the Boston police strike. Whatever the part he played in it, the nation believed in the truth of

his telegram addressed to Samuel Gompers: "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time."

Inconspicuous as Vice-President, the death of Warren G. Harding, at the time that huge scandals were breaking in high places, thrust him into the Presidency where he did nothing spectacular in cleaning up the unholy mess. In fact he never did anything spectacular, and, perhaps, his hold on the American imagination was largely due to his practice of the quiet homely virtues at a time when the nation at large was on a prosperity "spree" of wild and gaudy extravagance. The chief accomplishment of his administration was the bringing about of the Pact of Paris. When the opportunity came for negotiating the pact, Mr. Coolidge threw the full weight of his high office into the fight to outlaw war.

A man of deep religious faith, Mr. Coolidge insisted on religious teaching as an imperative essential in the education of the young. His words on secondary schools should never be forgotten:

"Our doctrine of equality and liberty, of humanity and charity, comes from our belief in the brotherhood of man through the Fatherhood of God. The whole foundation of enlightened civilization, in government, in society, and in business rests upon religion. Unless our people are thoroughly instructed in its great truths, they are not fit either to understand our institutions or provide them with adequate support.

"For our independent colleges and secondary schools to be neglectful of their responsibilities in this direction is to turn their graduates loose with simply an increased capacity to prey upon each other. Such a dereliction of duty would put in jeopardy

the whole fabric of society. For our chartered institutions of learning to turn back to the material and neglect the spiritual would be treason not only to the cause for which they were founded but to man and to God.

"It is for this reason that our secondary schools are of such great importance. When students now enter the college, they are no longer of an impressionable age. Habits of thought have become fixed. The college cannot altogether refashion its students. About the best it can do is to carry them on in the course they have already begun."

Calvin Coolidge's character may almost be seen in these simple verses, his own, which he read at Bennington, Vt., in 1928:

Vermont is a State I love.
I could not look
Upon the peaks
Of Ascutney, Killington,
Mansfield and Equinox
Without being moved
In a way that no other scene
Could move me!

It was there
That I first saw
The light of day;
Here I received my bride,
Here my dead lie,
Pillowed on the loving breast
Of our everlasting hills.



THOSE who favor recognition of Russia by the United States do not necessarily approve the social and political institutions of the Soviets. In fact, they may strongly disapprove them.

**Soviet Russia Must
Not be Recognized**

Their contention is that diplomatic relations are only a convenience by which business relations may be established between Russia and ourselves

and that the establishment of such relations will open up a vast outlet for our export trade. These contenders, however, overlook the large fact that our Government's refusal to recognize Russia is not predicated on any mere disapproval of that country's social and political experiments. Secretary Stimson stated the reason for our refusal of recognition very clearly and succinctly on December 6, 1930, when he stated that our Government cannot give such recognition until the Soviet Government "ceases agitating for the overthrow by force of the United States Government." Let no one be deceived by the specious argument of material gain arising from the establishment of diplomatic relations. The present Soviet Union is identical with the Third International which is committed to the set purpose of "an overthrow by force of the whole existing social order."

For Catholics, and in fact for all believers in God, there is an additional and more cogent reason to fight against recognition. This is found in the anti-God campaign being fostered and carried on not only in Russia but in other countries. Perhaps the best thing is to give this example from *The Tablet* of London:

"Basing our Note on a definite statement in one of Bolshevism's London organs—namely, the monthly magazine known as *Russia To-day*—we announced in *The Tablet* some months ago that the Communists on British soil were actively preparing a branch of Moscow's Anti-God organization in and for England. These haters of God have been as bad as their word, and the Proletarian Freethinkers' International (British Section) is now an accomplished fact in our midst. In a wordy programme, the Section pledges itself to

*Expose the Churches and their creeds;
Expose the charity of the Churches and the whole of their Social
Welfare Work;*

*Expose the Imperialist policy of Christian Foreign Missions; and
Expose every attempt to adulterate Socialism with Religion.*

"Further, the British Section will 'encourage by every available means the study of the historic materialism of Marx, Engels, and Lenin,' and will 'work for the complete exclusion of Religion from the Schools.' The Provisional Council of the British Section have fixed as the dates of their First Anti-God Congress the days known to Christians as Good Friday, Holy Saturday, and Easter Sunday.

"Even more interesting than the programme of the P. F. International's British Section is the preamble thereto. As reported in the Communist *Daily Worker*, it runs:

CONSIDERING THAT the clergy of all creeds and denominations are, with religion as their pretext, following the lead of the Pope in his call for a crusade against the U.S.S.R., AND THAT these their activities can end, logically, only in a malicious and bloody assault upon not only the U.S.S.R., but also the militant, revolutionary working-class movement everywhere.

CONSIDERING ALSO that this crusade can be met, checked, and defeated by nothing less than the maximum attainable unity of a conscious, direct, and organized resistance thereto by the workers themselves.

AND THAT this united front of resistance to the Black Army of Reaction cannot adequately be built so long as any considerable section of the working-class movement (or the leadership thereof) remains under the influence of the clergy, the churches, or religious ideology . . .

"Let us hope that this unequivocal declaration will be duly pondered by all clergymen and pastors who have been coquetting with Communism. The Proletarian Freethinkers have once more made it plain that Religion can have no place or toleration in any movement inspired from the U.S.S.R. Having thus praised the P.F.I.'s candor, we must go on to thank them for broadcasting the fact (of which Catholics are proud) that the leader of the Anti-Reds is our Holy Father the Pope."



To the *Central Blatt* and *Social Justice* we are indebted for some interesting examples of Catholic Action in foreign parts.

Some Examples of Catholic Action Abroad

A CATHOLIC School Sunday was conducted in Basle in Switzerland early in the fall, due to the growing conviction that Catholics in the Swiss Diaspora must found their own schools. One parish in the city of Basle raised 26,000 francs for this purpose by means of a bazaar, and 2,000 francs more through a church collection taken up on October 2.

HERE and there Catholic Action is developing a militant spirit. There have recently come on the scene in Germany the "Knights of the Cross," whose members, young men enthusiastic for the cause of Christ, insist He must reign. This is in fact their motto. Fourteen hundred of these crusaders met at Salzburg, Austria, in August, and discussed ways and means of spreading the kingdom of God on earth and how to capture the world for Christ.

A FILM, explanatory of the encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, was shown recently at Utrecht in Holland for the first time. It depicts the beginning and the growth of the Catholic labor movement, stimulated and assisted by the encyclical referred to. The producers of the film were faced with the difficulty of translating an 'academical encyclical into action and to array before the camera men in as natural an attitude as possible. It is believed this film is pointing the way to a manner of production that holds the promise of assisting in the development of a specific Catholic film art.

ORGANIZED distribution of Catholic newspapers and periodicals among the Pagans and Protestants of Calicut, India, has been carried on for some time by the Catholic young people who engage themselves to circulate these papers everywhere, in the schools, colleges, public and private reading rooms, the various clubs and in individual homes. The pamphlets printed in English are prepared by the Anglo-Indian Catholic Truth Society. Other periodicals are prepared in or translated into the Malayalam tongue and then published by the Malabar Catholic Youth League.

THE annual meeting of the Standing Joint Committee of the Catholic Land Associations of Great Britain was held at Oscott College, Birmingham. During the meeting it was decided that the areas covered by the Northern, Liverpool, Midland and South of England Associations should be defined according to existing plans, and that each Association should strive to develop in England through the establishment of diocesan, self-governing associations. A resolution expressing the regret of the Committee that the Government had taken no steps to carry out a satisfactory policy of land-cultivation was carried unanimously and ordered to be forwarded to the Prime Minister.

THE keynote of the twenty-third Catholic Day of Hungary, held at Budapest from the 15th to the 19th of October, was contained in the demand for more social justice. The outstanding feature of the Congress was the Eucharistic procession, conducted on Sunday, October 16, in which over 100,000 people participated; for the evening of the last day of the event an impressive candle-light procession to a shrine had been arranged. Most of the addresses had to do with social problems; the well-known Jesuit Father Bangha expressed the conviction that the masses hoped and wished for social reconstruction.

FOR the seventh time in the history of the great Catholic Day of Germany, inaugurated in 1848, this congress is to meet in Austria this year, and for the second time in Vienna. This has now been definitely decided upon, since the recently nominated Prince Archbishop of Vienna, Dr. Innitzer, has wholeheartedly endorsed the intention discussed during the recent Catholic Day, held at Essen. Next year's Catholic Day will emphasize, as it were, three events of the past: the completion of the construction of St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna, 500 years ago; the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the raising of the siege of the city by the Turks, in 1683, and the anniversary of the last General German Catholic Day held in Vienna in 1853.



To the Holy Father on inaugurating a commercial radio service between Vatican City and the United States. ¶To the Federal Radio Commission for having "put off the air" the Reverend "Bob" Shuler, the more notorious than noted pulpiteer of Los Angeles. ¶To the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Cornelius F. Thomas, Rector of St.

Toasts Within the Month

Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., on the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood. ¶To Senator George W. Norris on his long, valiant and successful fight to bring about the Lame Duck Amendment. May he be as successful in his attempt to do away with the Electoral College, and other survivors of stage-coach days. ¶To Frederick Vernon Murphy on his design for the proposed cathedral of Baltimore. ¶To the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis on the completion of seventy years of service to the poor in St. Mary's Hospital, N. J. ¶To Mrs. Agnes Ward who, breaking a window, rescued herself and her five children when trapped by fire in their home in Vineland, N. J. ¶To Cardinal Frühwirth, O. P., oldest member of the Sacred College, on the Silver Jubilee of his episcopal consecration. ¶To the President and Faculty of Canisius College, Buffalo, on the fiftieth anniversary of its opening.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

A HUNGRY MAN IS AT MY DOOR

Grace Noll Crowell in the "Christian Advocate":

A HUNGRY man is at my door,
What shall I do?
My fire is warm, my loaf is sweet,
And I have you,
Sufficiently for my needs . . . but Oh,
The wind is cold,
A hungry man is at my door
And he is old;
And he is weary, waiting to be fed.
I cannot dine
Until I break in three this loaf
I thought was mine.
I cannot rest beside my fire
Unless I share
Its warmth with him, and find a cloak
That he can wear.
This done—and he upon his way
Along the street—
I find a warmer fire—my loaf
Grown doubly sweet.

NINE FRENCH SENATORS AND THE U. S.

WE have our own dumb legislators. France has at least nine. What these know about the United States is retold by "Time," the newsmagazine:

At the Sorbonne, Paris' 700-year-old university, there are neither football teams, fraternities nor student proms. Undergraduate amusements are far more individual. Not long ago Students André Sarved, Paul de Rivaudier, and Lucien Hoch sat behind a mounting tower of saucers at a Montparnasse café table and decided that French deputies, who were then shouting themselves into a lather over payment of War Debts to the U. S., were appallingly ignorant of the U. S. life, geography, institutions.

Few days later seventy-two French deputies received a carefully typewritten letter. The printed head was that of the Paris branch of the ETHNICAL DEFENSE LEAGUE OF NEWFOUNDLANDERS AND GUATEMALANS whose New York headquarters was given as "43 72nd Ave. N. W. 2." The E. D. L. N. G. appealed to France's legislators for moral support of a petition about to be presented to President-elect Roosevelt. It commenced:

"You know that two states of the Republic of the United States are deprived of a majority of the privileges enjoyed by the forty-two others. They are the States of Newfoundland and Guatemala.

"Newfoundland, as you know, is inhabited by 2,000,000 people of Spanish origin who still speak Spanish since Cortes conquered the country from the Incas, while the Guatemalans speak Portuguese, since Don Pedro of Syracuse conquered the country in 1456. . . . As just one example of injustice, these two States are represented in the American Senate by only one Senator, whereas the others, such as New York, have twelve.

"At a time when Yankee imperialism shows a desire to dominate Europe, the Ethnical Defense League is seeking to interest Europeans in our unhappy fate and has already obtained the support of a number of German deputies and also strong British support, including that of David Lloyd George."

Last week came the cracker that drew roars of glee from all Paris. Of the seventy-two Deputies, nine wrote to the E. D. L.

N. G. promising their undying support. The dumb Deputies:

- (1) Pierre Barbero (Rhône).
- (2) Max Dormoy (Allier), a well-known etcher.
- (3) Armand Dupuis (Oise).
- (4) Louis Gardiol (Basses Alpes).
- (5) Alfred La Court (Nord), who holds a responsible position on the French Chamber's Army Committee.
- (6) F. Ledoux (Ardennes).
- (7) Robert Mauger (Loire).
- (8) Jules Mitton (Eure et Loir).
- (9) T. Romastin (Department of Sarthe).

Ran a typical Deputy's reply to the jokesmiths' appeal:

"I consider that it is not within the province of any country or parliament to give advice to another country in internal matters, yet I am astonished that a democratic republic such as the United States should differentiate between the States forming the confederation."

PASSIONIST WORK IN PERU

HOW the Government of Peru gave official recognition to the activities of the Passionist Missionaries is told by "The Cross" of Dublin:

In a recent debate in the Constituent Assembly of Peru, one of the deputies, Señor Reátegui Morey, paid a remarkable tribute to the work of the Passionist Missionaries in the Mission of San Gabriel de Marañon. Proposing an increase in the State subsidy granted to this Mission, Señor Morey declared that the twenty-two priests who worked in this territory performed valuable services for the nation. With no other weapons save the crucifix and the breviary, they daily risk their lives in the vast, trackless forests of the Amazon, exposed to the enmity of the natives and to the rigors of an oppressive and most unhealthy climate, to which some indeed had already succumbed. Their work, admirable from a religious viewpoint, was also of considerable cultural and national value; for by their assiduous instructions and ministrations they formed good citizens and patriots from this unpromising material.

The President of the Ministry, Señor Ricardo Rivadeneiro, whilst acknowledging the justice of the deputy's statement, pointed out that owing to the depleted state of the public finances, he did not see how any additional grant could be made, particularly as no special funds were allotted for the purpose. Señor Morey suggested that the item could be included under "Miscellaneous Issues," and, the President of the Ministry having approved of the suggestion, the proposal was put and carried by the Assembly. This official recognition of the excellent work accomplished by these devoted Passionist Missionaries is a welcome and gratifying indication of the esteem in which they are held in Peru.

A. H. FISHER: GHOST PHOTOGRAPHER

MR. A. H. FISHER has been making some "Confessions of a Wild Animal Photographer" in the "Sunday News" of Detroit. Just one excerpt:

Recently I sat through a round-the-world movie and witnessed the excited reactions of the audience to a scene in the Amazon jungle, where a jaguar, the powerful and fierce feline of the American tropics, won a fight and killed a plucky little species of wild boar about one-third his size.

The fact that I had made this scene a year previously in a man-made jungle in Jersey City, New Jersey, with a milk-loving

jaguar, two white-dipped peccaries from Texas, and an obliging lieutenant of police as the principal actors, failed to thrill me. On the contrary, it made me a bit ashamed of having been the "ghost photographer" of this one-sided and visual paragraph of unnatural history.

During this same picture I saw a boa-constrictor, which I had borrowed from one of our leading zoological parks, making its way through the tropical foliage of an equally important botanical garden.

Terrified monkeys shrieked with fear and hatred as they leapt to safety, and how the audience shivered as the explorer, who appeared "in person," shifted the latitude forty degrees southward, likewise these monkeys I had carried from a pet shop in Gotham to the narrow confines of that twelve-by-twenty-foot jungle in Jersey City.

On another occasion I am seated in a large opera-house, while a world traveler thrills his audience with his mighty Amazon and its tributaries.

One by one I see strange denizens of those gloomy forests appear on the screen, and I hear him tell how he left the heads of the huge stinging ants buried in his quivering flesh that he might bring back their pictures to show in America.

This and other adventures I hear him narrate, but since I know he has never traveled in the Amazon country, I am somehow restrained from joining in the full-house applause that comes to him for his courage, fortitude, and skill with the camera.

Being a ghost has its dark moments.

However, I could hardly expect him to say that most of the animal pictures had been made by me in a small zoo in Para, Brazil, or that the ants were a large, harmless species.

BETSY PRAYS

AT the request of a large number of our readers we reprint these verses by Enid Dinnis from our November, 1930, issue:

She comes with flannel, soap and pail,
Destructive of the church's hush;
We hear the clatter of her pail,
Old Betsy with her scrubbing brush.

From where Our Lady stands and smiles,
On bended knee, as seemly is,
She makes the journey of the aisles—
Poor Betsy, with her rheumatiz!

Till, where St. Joseph greets his friends,
With shortened breath and aching bones,
Her sturdy pilgrimage she ends,
Leaving a sermon on the stones.

Then, creeping to her cup o' tea,
She dreams not of a high reward,
Dear Betsy, guessing not that she
Has made the Stations with her Lord.

PIUS XI: THE FIGHTING POPE

THE "fighting Pope" has declared war, says Father Owen Dudley, famous missionary and novelist, as reported by "The Universe" of London:

It is a war to end war, to end all this fighting between classes and nations, which is largely responsible for the financial, economic and trade chaos in which the world is involved.

First, he clears the field for action with the Lateran Treaty, unshackling himself of the chains which for years had hampered the activities of the Holy See.

From the vantage-ground of the Vatican City, he then proclaims the status and rights of the Church in his preliminary skirmish with Mussolini—who flourishes the State trumpets, but finds he has met his match.

The Pope next sounds the clarion call, in his Encyclical on Christian Marriage, for war—a war against the deluge of immorality threatening to engulf the civilized world. This first bombardment was a violent reminder of the divine moral law.

In the light of the next Encyclical on Social Order, it can be seen too, as a reminder that this *moral* disorder must be rectified if *social* disorder is to be rectified—that the world cannot order itself aright whilst its morals are wrong; that lust and sensuality not only drug men into inertia, but blind them to the higher virtues—to the principles of justice and charity without which no sound social life can possibly be achieved. It is justice and charity that will end both the battle of the classes and of the nations.

The Pope's second bombardment launched upon the evils in the economic and social system of today was followed by a third upon the hearts of men, the Encyclical Letter on Christian charity.

These bombardments are not mere onslaughts of condemnation; they are the yearnings of a very great heart—the proclamations of the means by which the world may rise from the mire in which it is struggling, and by which it may return to social sanity and peace.

THE GARBAGE MAN

THIS sketch of the rather unusual was contributed to "The Christian Century," of Chicago, by Jean Mitchell Boyd:

He had never rung the back-door bell before. He stood rather apologetically on the top step. He had left his brimming pail at the foot of the steps, but he held a disgusting looking paddle in his hand. He looked as the Ancient Mariner must have looked after the messy albatross had hung for some time around his neck.

"Lady," said the garbage man, "you gotta red bird in a white tree."

"A what?"

"You gotta red bird in a white tree."

He turned and spat splashily at the lilac bush. He was, of course, drunk and seeing things. I contemplated a dash back into the house and a quick locking of the door, but it seemed rather lacking in dignity. Moreover, I didn't wish to be removed from his visiting list. He might go in a minute.

"A red bird in a white tree," I repeated. "That's nice."

"You come 'n' see him," invited the garbage man.

"I haven't time."

"It's right there." He waved his paddle vaguely, turned and spat again.

"Do you have to keep doing that?"

"What, ma'am?"

"Do you *have* to keep—keep spitting?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered simply. "I chew."

A low form of life—the variety of mortal who shakes one's belief in immortality. Is there anything in such a creature worth saving forever? I doubted it.

He backed down the steps.

"He's there."

I went reluctantly down the steps and looked at our cherry-tree. The day before there had been white blossoms here and there on it—like popcorn just starting to pop—but in the night it had become the bridal bouquet of Lady Spring. And in one of the upper branches perched a scarlet tanager.

"Purty, ain't it?" said the garbage man.

"It's lovely! I'm glad you told me about it."

"Purty things are nice. The sky is nice."

"You like pretty things?"

"Yes, ma'am. I like trees and the sky. I think—"

He stopped and looked upward. I looked at him. He liked trees and the sky! He wanted to say something about their loveliness, but he didn't know how. "A mute inglorious Milton." . . . "A tongueless nightingale, heart stifled." . . . There were generations of peasants back of him, but somewhere, perhaps, there had been a gypsy grandmother with red berries in her hair, dreams in her eyes and songs in her heart.

"I think," I said, wanting to do something for him, "that

we don't look at the sky enough and it's the most thrilling thing in the world. Just now it's like a deep blue lake and the little clouds high over the cherry-tree are white water-lilies, floating. It's always changing, always beautiful. When it's gray, it seems like a nice old lady in a gray dress with a big watering can, ready to sprinkle the trees. And on a dark night you know the stars are having a little rest all tucked up in a black velvet blanket. Perhaps the world could be a happier place if everyone took time to look at the sky, the way you and I are looking at it."

"So 'twould," he agreed. "That was nice what you said about the sky. The bird's going. Well, I gotta go." He swung his awful pail on his shoulder, then hesitated. "I'll like to think about the red bird in the white tree and what you said about the sky."

"I shall think about the red bird in the white tree, too, and I thank you for showing it to me." And I wanted to thank him for a glimpse of an upward groping soul, but I couldn't. "Good-bye—Mr. Keats."

"Name's Sweeney, ma'am. Good-day."

(Lord, Lord, when all his humble tasks are done, bring him to that pure river of life, clear as crystal, where there are trees which have twelve manner of fruit. And let one of the trees be a blossoming cherry-tree with a red bird in its branches. And let the sky be blue with white clouds, floating. And may he linger there happily forever and ever.)

DEAN CHURCH AND DANTE ALIGHIERI

A NEW translation of the "Paradiso" by Geoffrey L. Bickert furnishes us with an excuse to quote from Dean Church's classic essay on Dante written eighty-three years ago:

The *Divina Commedia* is one of the landmarks of history. More than a magnificent poem, more than the beginning of a language and the opening of a national literature, more than the inspirer of art and the glory of a great people, it is one of those rare and solemn monuments of the mind's power, which measure and test what it can reach to, which rise up ineffaceably and for ever as time goes on, marking out its advance by grander divisions than its centuries, and adopted as epochs by the consent of all who come after. . . . It is the first Christian poem, and it opens European literature, as the *Iliad* did that of Greece and Rome. And, like the *Iliad*, it has never become out of date; it accompanies in undiminished freshness the literature which it began.

BOSTON BELLS

OUR New England subscribers may find something of interest in this clipping from a December issue of "The Church Times" (London):

The old Mayor climbed the belfry tower.
The ringers rang by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

So wrote Jean Ingelow, the Lincolnshire poetess, many years ago in her poem, "High Tide on the Lincolnshire Coast." It was a terrible tragedy of 1571, the low-lying country for miles around was inundated by the sea and, among other grievous damage done, the chancel of St. Nicholas' Church, Skirbeck, was washed away—the church that Jean Ingelow attended as a girl.

Only those who know this part of the coast have any idea of the insidious swift approach of the incoming tide, and how cruel the sea can be in consequence. Here are no cliffs against which the waves can dash themselves in anger, but the water comes stealing along, softly and swiftly, as a thief in the night.

"Why don't they build banks to keep the sea out?" people may ask. The answer is, "They do! but even banks are useless

when there comes what is called 'an act of God.' What can you do then, but say your prayers and ring the bells to warn others?"

The whole country heard Boston bells last Saturday, but there were some of the burgesses of Boston who, hearing them, thought not only of their sweet music, but of the warning they had given to their forefathers many years ago.

And besides the bells there was the light in the tower, for all the world knows that Boston Stump is a lantern tower, intended to guide mariners home. It has been a black and empty tower for many years of nights, but now it is alive again, and to seafaring men there appears a new guiding star to lead them to safety.

The old church of Boston town, which once was served by John Cotton, the Boston "Pilgrim Father," until he went across to America to help found Boston, Massachusetts—this old church is restored and made safe; its old bells have been re-cast and dedicated; the old light is burning again in the high tower, and the washed-away chancel of Skirbeck Church is being built up again.

"Times be bad" for master and man on the farms, but God grant these restorations may be the signs of better times in the New Year!

WHERE MAN DISCLOSES STUPIDITY

IN "Safety Education" Paul W. Kearney tells the story of one Mussolini and a tame chimpanzee:

We have a pet cat called Mussolini. Mussolini is not an educated beast; he is no blue-blood; never won any ribbons; has never been taught a single trick and shows no inclination to compete with the trained seals. You know as much about his ancestry as I do, for he simply walked in one Hallowe'en night three years ago and has been with us ever since.

He is just an independent, arrogant rascal, with both the culture and the courage of the back fence—but he has brains—and he uses them!

I discovered that when I met him on a street corner one day—our friend is a great traveler and roams all over a busy, congested area extending more than a half mile from home—sitting placidly on a curbstone. Automobiles were whizzing past him in both directions and Mussolini watched them with blasé interest, making no move until presently the traffic lights changed; the policeman on duty shrilled his whistle and the crosstown traffic began to push its way across the avenue. Then—and not until then—did the cat move. And when he did, he streaked across that avenue to the opposite side with the traffic!

If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I would doubt the tale. But there was a mongrel cat waiting on a street corner to cross and not making a move until the traffic went in his direction. That was two years ago, and I must admit that I've never tried to dodge across that street against the lights since Mussolini gave me such a graphic object lesson.

All of which comes down to the elementary fact that animals don't take chances. That is an iron-clad rule in their natural haunts and many of them seem to carry it with them into domesticated life. On Sixth Avenue, in New York, there is a pet shop that has a tame chimpanzee. During the warm weather this chimp has cultivated the practice of going out for a soda every day. All alone, he walks to the corner, stands on the curb until the traffic cop signals him, and then he strolls across the street to his favorite drug store, where he climbs up on a stool at the counter and quenches his thirst to the delight of the crowd which quickly gathers.

There are those who say that animals don't think—that they do everything by instinct. I doubt it. My faith in that doctrine took an awful blow the day I saw Mussolini waiting on the curb, and the chimpanzee has just about finished it. You can call the mental process anything you like, but to me waiting for the traffic is nothing more or less than sensible thinking—something a lot of humans haven't yet learned to do!

KYLEMORE CASTLE

A Love Story that is Different

By Marion Pharo Hilliard

PROLOGUE

"So that's Ireland!"

The words were whispered softly close behind me, as I stood on the crowded deck of the tender that was carrying the passengers of the Cunard liner over Galway Bay to the port. The speaker, a young woman, was gazing across the shining water to the mountains of the Aran Islands. Her face wore a look of wonder touched with awe, as though, like the pilgrims in the old story, she was beholding the delectable mountains of the Promised Land. I, too, looked around at the gleaming circle of the horizon, illumined by the full moon; and I, too, was strangely moved.

Not that I felt the "call of the blood" that thrilled the young daughter of Erin who beheld for the first time the land of her ancestors. For I am only *octaroon* Irish, having had just one Irish great-grandmother! Yet I knew that I was approaching the mysterious outpost of prehistoric civilization on the very verge of the Old World. Like the fabled Island of Atlantis in Greek myth, Erin has been, from the very dawn of history, a link between the Old World and the New.

She has been, from the beginning, apart from Europe, standing solitary and proud

and unafraid in the stormy Atlantic. She alone among the nations seems

"A promontory of rock
That, compassed round with turbulent
sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging
shock—
Tempest-buffed, citadel crowned."

As in the past, so today. One of the reproaches cast at Ireland by her critics is that she knows no difference between the past and the present. That is true; because in Ireland the *past* is the present. For the soul of Ireland—the real Ireland—is unchanged in essence and in ideals from the age of St. Patrick to the age of Patrick Cardinal Hayes. Only fifteen hundred years between them! What are a few years in the light of eternity? The soul of Ireland is unchanged, in spite of the efforts of some of her own sons to besmirch her. The stage of the Abbey Theater is not Ireland, any more than Earl Carroll's Vanities and George White's Scandals represent America. George Bernard Shaw is no more typical of the true Ireland than Sinclair Lewis is the typical American. The real Ireland, past and present, was typified by the Eucharistic Congress—not by "Juno and the Paycock." For the striking phrase of Hilaire

Belloc, "the Faith is Europe, and Europe is the Faith," is doubly true of that storm-swept isle that kept the Faith through centuries of bitter persecution, spread it through Europe, and passed it on to the New World. The Faith is Ireland, and Ireland is the Faith.

"So that's Ireland!"

FIRST CHAPTER

THE STORY OF A POOR BOY WHO WENT
OUT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE

ONCE upon a time—nearly a century ago—there was a poor Irish boy who resolved to go out into the wide world to seek his fortune. His native land was beautiful and dear, but it was a hard, hard place to earn a living. So the poor boy, his bold spirit longing for adventure, for the romance of unknown places, joined the "wild geese of Ireland" that for centuries have been flying to the ends of the earth. The lad loved the sea; he heard its deep voice calling him to "the invisible country far away." So he sailed away to find the end of the rainbow—which, as everyone knows, ends in a pot of gold.

Now the most wonderful part of this story is that the poor boy's dream came true! He found the end of the rainbow,



THE GOLD FROM BEYOND THE SEAS WAS PLANTED IN THE BARREN SOIL OF CONNEMARA



THE SACRED HEART DEDICATED AT KYLEMORE, JUNE, 1932

and the pot of gold—and the Princess! That is to say, he sailed to the other side of the world, to the magic land of Australia; and there he made a fortune in the gold mines. And there he found the one woman in the world for him. So they were married; and the poor boy who became a millionaire returned to Ireland with his gold, and his greatest treasure—his wife.

All the fairy-tales assure us that, when the Prince finds his Princess and marries her, they live happily ever after.

SO with this "Prince," whose name was Mitchell-Henry. He brought his "Princess" to his native land, and showed her all its treasures of beauty. But a princess must live in a castle! So Mr. Mitchell-Henry resolved to build a castle in the most beautiful and romantic spot in Ireland. It must be among the mountains, near the sea; it must overlook shining lakes and dark forests. It must be remote from the noisy haunts of commerce and industry—"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

I can fancy this man who had toiled so hard for so many years saying to his wife: "Now all that drudgery is behind us. We have earned tranquillity and refreshment. We must find a place that is beyond all sounds but the winds, and falling waters, and wild birds. We must look for the loveliest and the most solitary place in Ireland." They found it in Connemara.

The great English travel-writer, Mr. H. V. Morton, in the greatest of his books, "In Search of Ireland," thus describes Connemara, "a bare land of beauty," where the "world ends."

"It is a gray land—gray with hundreds and thousands of little stone walls . . . Behind the gray land, moving round in a solemn dance as you go over the twisting road, are blue hills—incredibly blue as the sea at Capri—with the biggest and most golden clouds on earth like haloes over their heads. Among the blue hills and the gray fields, and beside the blue waters of little loughs and on the edges of sodden peat bogs, stand small cabins, incredibly

poor and marvelously white. . . . And the sound of this land is the click of a donkey's hoofs on the white road." And beside the donkeys walk "bare-legged girls, wearing scarlet skirts and Titian blue aprons." . . . Connemara! "How can it exist in the modern world? In years of travel I have seen nothing like it. It begins suddenly as you leave Galway due west by the coast road through Spiddal to Clifden. . . . Galway itself is a town half in the world, half out of it." . . . "I have been into the tomb of Tutankhamen in Egypt," concludes Mr. Morton, "but entering Connemara gave me a finer feeling of discovery, and a greater sense of remoteness from modern life!"

All the beauty of Connemara is concentrated in the Pass of Kylemore. There in the heart of the valley is a miniature lake, combining the loveliness of Killarney and the grandeur of Glendalough; and on the opposite shores tower mountains from one to two thousand feet high. The lordliest of the encircling hills rivals in beauty the eternal snows of Switzerland. The highest is called the Diamond Mountain; for its bare summit is composed of quartz which glitters in the sunlight like a crown of diamonds! The base of the Diamond mountain is girdled with dark green forest, on the margin of the blue lake. The steep sides of all the hills are striped with numberless silver waterfalls; from their summits the dark blue rim of the Atlantic is visible.

One bright day Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Henry drove through the Pass of Kylemore; and they both exclaimed. "This is the spot for a castle!" And, so, the gold from beyond seas was planted in the barren soil of Connemara. Soon after, an enchanted castle sprang up, surrounded by magical gardens and semi-tropical trees and brilliant flowers all the way from the South Seas! Never was such a miracle seen, even in the land of fairies, Western Ireland! The rainbow, with one end in the pot of gold in Australia, stretched its radiant arch over half the world and ended in the Pass of Kylemore!

The prosaic translation of the above paragraph into the dull commercialized vernacular of modern times is that Mr. Mitchell-Henry used the fortune made in Australia to build a castle in the Pass of Kylemore; and to lay out a park containing magnificent trees and flowers of the Temperate and Torrid zones; palms and giant cacti side by side with towering pines, hemlocks, oaks, chestnuts as in Italy and California.

So the Pass of Kylemore, crowned by the Diamond Mountain with the shining lake at its feet, became one of the famous beauty spots in the British Isles. And in the lordly castle the poor Irish boy who became a millionaire lived happily with his faithful wife until God called them both.

SECOND CHAPTER

HOW AN ENGLISH DUKE AND AN AMERICAN HEIRESS CAME TO KYLEMORE CASTLE

(This chapter is a discord but it is a necessary link between the first chapter and the third.)

THERE was an English Duke who also sought the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. But, unlike the poor boy in chapter the first, he did not have to work for it—that is, not very hard. He found the pot of gold in America; and all he had to give for it was his great name. So the lady who gave him the gold became Her Grace, the Duchess.

Some of the gold from America bought the beautiful castle that had been built with Australian gold. So the Duke and the Duchess came to live at Kylemore.

Then the Diamond Mountain was fairly outshone by diamonds decorating the fair necks and arms of charming ladies in the drawing-room of the ducal Castle of Kylemore. The silver voices of the mountain streams were lost in sounds of revelry by night; and the beauty and the chivalry of the British Isles gathered on the terrace. For Kylemore became a center of high society, where the American Duchess dispensed hospitality with a generous hand. At least, I fancy so; but I am not very well acquainted with duchesses. I'm sure the newspapers must have put it that way.

One thing I do know. The gaiety did not last very long. It is certain that gold, whether from Australia or America, cannot buy contentment—or love. Yes, you have guessed the sequel—The Divorce Court!

So Kylemore Castle was sold the second time. This time it was not difficult to buy it.

THIRD CHAPTER

HOW KYLEMORE CASTLE BECAME AN ABBEY

THIS is the most wonderful part of the story; and, like all wonderful stories, it began long ago, centuries ago. To trace the beginning of this story we must go back to the Sixteenth Century.

"The spacious times of great Elizabeth" were not spacious enough to include the Catholic Faith! It is strange that a great word-artist like Tennyson should have used that adjective to describe a period when all Englishmen were forced to compress their religious convictions and their spiritual life between the covers of the Book of Common Prayer—a little book that is a pathetic mutilation of the sublime liturgy of the Catholic Church; when all loyal Englishmen were required to substitute the Thirty-nine Articles established by Act of Parliament for the ancient theology of Christendom; to substitute a government church for the Catholic conception of a "supra-national Church, overspreading all temporal dominions."

WHICH of those contrasting conceptions is the more "spacious" according to modern standards—a national or an international religion? How amazingly modern is the Catholic Church!

The last years of "great Elizabeth" were very uncomfortable for her and for many others. The Queen was afraid of her ministers, afraid of traitors, afraid of sickness, of her "cruel looking glass," afraid of the approaching shadow of Death. Yes, it was an unhappy time for many in England. And what of Ireland?

To quote Mr. H. V. Morton again: "The hatred of Celt and Saxon was complicated and deepened during Elizabethan times by the Reformation; religious hatred was now added to racial hatred. . . . The lands of Irish rebels were confiscated and handed over to English settlers who undertook to live in Ireland and Anglicize it. Sir Walter Raleigh received 42,000 confiscated Irish acres!"

And, of course, the bloody penal laws against Catholics that had become increasingly severe in England since 1570 were applied to the Catholic Irish. At the same time (1591) Trinity College, Dublin, was founded with the avowed purpose of converting the Irish to the Protestant religion. Then, in 1598, the two great Earls of the North, Hugh O'Neill of Tyrone, and Red Hugh O'Donnell of Donegal, aroused the clans to the last and greatest armed struggle of the Irish nation until modern times. O'Neill won the great battle of the Yellow Ford; and the war for political and religious freedom might have been won—but for a traitor—who "sold the plan of campaign to the English for a bottle of whiskey!" The two great Earls were forced into exile, and their vast estates confiscated. The O'Neill died, says Mr. Morton, "in a city that has soothed many a broken heart—Rome!"

The gallant soldier-patriots were not the only Irish exiles. About the same year, or a little earlier, a group of noble Irish and English ladies resolved to devote themselves to the life of prayer and sacrifice for their persecuted Faith, under the Rule of St. Benedict. So they went to that country that had already received

many persecuted English Catholics—Belgium. There they founded an Abbey in Brussels by permission of Pope Clement VIII. In 1612 the Constitutions were confirmed by Pope Paul V. Twelve years later a daughter abbey was founded in Ghent. In turn, the Ghent Abbey made foundations in Boulogne (1652), in Dunkirk (1662), and lastly Ypres (1665.)

The Abbey of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under the title of "Gratia Dei," was founded by letters-patent of Philip IV of Spain, on May 22, 1665. The first Abbess was an Englishwoman, Lady Marina Beaumont. "At her death in 1682, Lady Mary Knatchbull, Abbess of Ghent, who 'was born in Ireland and ever favored the nation,' procured the consent of the Abbesses of the Congregation to the establishment of an Irish community at Ypres; and early in 1683 a legal donation and concession of the house of Ypres was made in favor of the Irish nation. Lady Knatchbull invited the Irish nuns of the Abbeys of Ghent, Dunkirk and Pontoise to come to Ypres." (*The Irish Rosary*, October, 1932.)

Thus began the romantic history of the Irish Dames of the Immaculate Conception of Ypres. There they followed the Rule of St. Benedict and became a center of light and love and learning for all Flanders, in spite of the coming and going of hostile armies, of wars and bombardments and persecutions; for Flanders has ever been the battle-ground of the nations.

Once, in 1688, the Irish Dames returned to their native land at the command of the Catholic King, James II. The first "Royal Irish Abbey" was established in Great Ship Street, Dublin. To this day, the nuns have preserved the gifts of King James, including the richly embroidered trappings of his war horse. But in 1690 William of Orange entered Dublin, the Abbey was attacked and the nuns fled once more to "hospitable Flanders."

In 1706, the battle of Ramillies was fought near Ypres. The famous Irish Brigade, fighting on the side of the French against the Dutch and English, captured a

standard. This flag was deposited in the Abbey of the Irish Dames:

"The flag we conquered in that fray,
Looks lone in Ypres choir, they say."

THIS famous flag, though scorched and faded and torn, is still preserved in Kylemore Castle.

Twice, during the ceaseless wars of the eighteenth century, the abbey of Ypres was saved by officers of the Irish Brigade. During the Reign of Terror, in 1793, the Revolutionary soldiers broke into the enclosure and claimed the abbey for the State. But the General at Tournay was an Irishman named O'Moran. The Abbess appealed to him; and the Abbey was saved. The next year, the town, then held by the Austrians, was besieged and heavily bombarded by the French; but the Abbey was almost miraculously preserved. At last, on November 3, 1799, the house was sold by the Government (the French Directory) and the nuns received notice to quit within ten days. *They decided not to submit.* An officer was sent to expel them—he was an Irishman named MacMahon. A violent storm came on, and the nuns begged for delay. The Irish officer consented; and the very next morning came the news of the fall of the Directory at Paris! So, again, the abbey was saved; for under the First Consul, Bonaparte, there was no religious persecution.

"For some years these Benedictines were the only Religious living in community in the Low countries. . . . During all this time they were privileged never once to have been obliged to omit the recital of even one hour of the Divine Office in choir." (*Irish Rosary*.)

But the final storm broke in 1914, with the German invasions. The Abbey was totally destroyed in the terrible bombardment of Ypres; and the nuns fled first to England, then to Ireland. The dramatic story of their adventures has been thrillingly written by one of their own number; but that is a complete story in itself. The author, I suspect, is the present Lady



ON THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO KYLEMORE CASTLE

Abbess, though her name does not appear.

At last, after years of wandering, Kylemore Castle was purchased, in 1921, from the Duke who had lost his Duchesse and his pot of gold! And so, "the Irish Benedictine Abbey of Ypres, with all its rights, and privileges, was transferred to Kylemore Castle, in the Diocese of Tuam."

The long story of loving self-sacrifice and devotion has its sequel in Connemara. There the love of the Irish Benedictines, exiled from their native land three hundred years ago, finds beautiful expression, in the matchless Pass of Kylemore. What more appropriate setting for a spiritual romance? The picturesque castle that was built as a monument to earthly love is now a shrine of heavenly love. The love of God that glows in Kylemore Abbey illumines all the country round, like a beacon light. It is a happy place, Kylemore Abbey. It is poor, yes—no more Australian or American gold poured out there; only the little offerings of the visitors that throng there. But watch the faces of the nuns as they sing the Divine Office! "Having nothing, yet possessing all things"—the words of St. Paul will surely come to your minds.

KYLEMORE is a happy place for the fortunate young girls that are being educated there; what a jolly, healthy out-of-door life is theirs! Kylemore is a happy place for the poor peasants of Connemara—all the year round, but especially at Christmas! "When will it be Christmas at Kylemore?" the children begin to ask months before the blessed Day. Christmas at Kylemore! What a thrilling sight to see those poor people thronging around the Crib, after walking miles over the mountains!—but that's another story.

Kylemore is a happy place for the traveler, just as St. Benedict intended every Abbey to be. You may go there, and stay—live in a castle for a sum of money so small I'm ashamed to write it in American dollars! Yes, even if you belong to the inferior (male) sex, you may sleep in a cosy cabin in the Park or in the chaplain's cottage.

The hospitality of Kylemore is unbounded. You feel its genial warmth everywhere. If you have felt at all timid about living in a castle, the Irish Dames will soon put you at your ease. If, coming from a democratic country, you stand in awe of a Superior who is called "The Lady Abbess," the radiant smile of that exquisite-mannered little lady will make you laugh at your fears. In the stately drawing-room, filled with art treasures and historical relics of three centuries, you are charmed with the cultured nun who is telling the story of the Abbey, and acting as guide to the throng of visitors; and suddenly you discover that she is nearly blind! And in the cheerful dining-room you can look right up into the lovely sky, where

"In fitful vapor everywhere
Blue isles of heaven laugh between"—

for this room was once the conservatory, and the roof is of glass. The guests at table (often including gentlemen as well as ladies) are a most interesting group, Catholics and non-Catholics. I was particularly pleased when two of them, a lady and gentleman, got into a heated argument about the Gaelic revival. You may guess which one came out ahead! They were both Irish! You will be beautifully cared for at Kylemore Abbey if it happens that you are not feeling well. The infirmarian will visit you and, while she is ministering to you, will entertain you with delightfully witty stories. She will give you, literally, "the oil of joy for mourning"—(her name is Walburga!).

Kylemore is indeed a happy haven for the stranger, the wanderer from overseas. The Lady Abbess is herself an exile from

her native land, for she is a Belgian. No wonder she knows how to welcome strangers. No one can be lonely or homesick in that House of Peace. As you listen, in the night, to the wind roaring down the Pass, it sounds like "the winds from the end of the world;" but you feel safe, sheltered, happy. At dawn you look out at the marvelous reflection of the Diamond Mountain in the crystal lake. The silence is breathless, unearthly; it is like the silence of Heaven. Then you go to the chapel, and assist at the immortal sacrifice of Love. And you feel the love-story of Kylemore Castle has its perfect fulfilment on the Altar. So, as nothing better can be added, the story ends.

"For life . . .
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning
love;
What love might be—hath been indeed—
and is."

The Ninth Station

By Matthew Richardson

AGAIN He falls. The mob from Golgotha
Shatters the crowd that brings Him, wave over wave.
Hate's rankle breaks in all their faces raw:
They eat at Him. Himself He cannot save.
They rush Him to the crest. The load that clung
Hurls Him up now; alas, it falls, and He
Gathers His shoulders, takes it all. Headlong
It throws Him, stunned. And this is Calvary.

WILL He not rise? The journey is past.
Rise now He cannot, for all their scourging.
Let this body, ruined at last,
Tell through what the soul stood fast.
Was it then need of ours that drove?
Sin might measure our need: His offer
Goes immeasurably over and above:
Here He lies by His need of love.
Here His human strength, compelled,
Falls for the love of human frailty;
His almightiness withheld
Rises to be our strength and shield.
When our days drag and our nights oppress,
Let us draw deep on the strength of His Passion,
Lest we fall away at the stress
Under the weight of our weariness.

HE stirs, they lift away
The mighty Cross He bore.
He looks, and He consents, and from this day
It shall bear Him forevermore.
Lord, when the agonies
Of death unloose my heart,
May that Sign be the last before my eyes,
And I be ready to depart.

Causes of the Protestant Domination

By Hilaire Belloc

The Fourth in a Series of Twelve Articles on the Break-up of Protestantism as the Last Organized Opponent of the Catholic Church

IT behooves us to look carefully into the causes of the Protestant domination. These causes I just mentioned in my last article, but I desire here to go into them particularly and on their own account.

There are two good reasons why we should make ourselves well acquainted with the causes of the Protestant supremacy.

In the first place you never really know a thing until you have got at its causes: you can understand neither why it grew nor why later it declined until you know the sources of its original advantage.

The second reason is a still better one. When we understand upon what the Protestant domination reposed we shall at the same time understand the futility and folly of the assertion that it proceeded from something inherently better, spiritually and morally, produced by the Reformation in societies which suffered its full influence.

Mainly External

FIRST let us note that the supremacy of which we are speaking has been mainly external. The Protestant culture did not develop a greater literature nor more successful science, still less did it produce a greater philosophy, than the Catholic culture; but it did extend the wealth and material equipment and, later, the political power of the countries over which it spread.

On this account it came to be admired by the weaker members of the Catholic culture, and often copied by them. The great spiritual movements of the last 300 years have come from the Catholic culture, not from the Protestant. Modern sceptical philosophy with all its development in the German sophists was founded by Descartes; the political theory which was used as an apology for attempted democracy—that their community is sovereign—proceeded in the main from the Jesuits, particularly from the great Suarez, as did the complete reform of the educational system of Europe. The creation of modern Europe politically out of what is called “The Old Régime” was the work, for good or for

evil, of the French theorists and of the French armies, from whom also came the main new code of laws and legal procedure in Europe and even the new weights and measures.

Narrow Nationalism

BUT the application of scientific discovery to production, the development of modern finance, the whole structure of what has since become industrial capitalism, flowed directly from the Reformation and it has been the achievement of the Protestant culture, which in these matters has been imitated and followed by the Catholic.

The first causes of the Protestant success lay in the Protestant societies coming first into the field with the two forces of nationalism and unrestricted economic competition.

The fruit of both these forces, now they have matured, we see to be disastrous; the extreme Protestant doctrine of nationalism expressed in the phrase “the Divine Right of Kings”—the omnipotence of national governments and their freedom from any restraints by any moral superior or by the whole body of Christendom has brought us to a condition in which our whole civilization is in danger of breaking down by self-destruction in war; while the doctrine of unrestricted economic competition has brought us to the last chaos of industrial capitalism, equally destructive of itself and of human society—the system as it is breaking down today before our eyes.

But in the beginning it was not so.

In the beginning, when Protestantism was emerging and gathering strength, the start it had over Catholic Europe was greatly to its advantage. First Dutch and then English policy, later Prussian policy, considered nothing but the nation: the national government and its advantage. It cared nothing for Christendom as a whole.

The same passion went far with Catholic governments, but it was there always handicapped by a division between religious and national interests. Of this

France exhibits to this day a striking example. The whole foreign and domestic policy of that country is weakened by the continuance of the struggle between Catholic and anti-Catholic.

You see in modern Germany very clearly the contrast between the advantage Protestantism had here and the corresponding disadvantage of Catholicism. The full doctrine of intensive Germanism is held and practised in non-Catholic Germany; the Catholic side of the German culture remains in much closer touch with the general spirit of Christendom, but on this very account is less blindly national.

Economic Competition

WHAT is true of nationalism is true also of economic competition. In the first few generations of unrestricted economic competition this freedom from restraint of guild, custom or corporate rule of any kind was to the material advantage of the society which adopted the new moral code. It was not to the advantage of the families of that society; they gradually ceased to be independent economically and fell into the condition of a proletariat when they ceased to be protected by their guilds and corporate restrictions.

At least that was their fate everywhere save in very simple communities, such as a few Swiss Cantons and the isolated Norwegian valleys. Elsewhere in the Protestant culture the rich man ate up the poor man, with immediate economic advantages to society as a whole, because the smaller the number of men in control and the greater the masses of capital they can handle, the more are the managers of production aware of opportunities throughout the world and the better instructed they are the simpler their task.

A very good example of this was the advance of agriculture in England as compared with France during the first hundred and fifty years of the established contrast between the Catholic and the Protestant cultures—that is, from the middle of the seventeenth century to the end of the

eighteenth century. In France the Catholic culture had produced and maintained a peasantry; the mass of the poor were in possession of the soil. Their corporate tradition was too strong to allow them to be broken or absorbed.

The Peasantry Destroyed

BECAUSE things were thus, the old traditional method of agriculture was continued unchanged, the new discoveries did not affect the peasant farmer; he knew little or nothing of world conditions; he continued in his routine. In Protestant England the local lords of villages (corresponding to the French "nobles," called in England "squires") destroyed the peasantry. The lawyers, who were of the same class as the squires, gave judgments destructive of peasant rights; the Parliament, which was a committee of the richer classes, put an end to popular rights in one piece of common land after another, handing over the bulk of it to the local great landowner.

In one famous instance the Parliament of the English squires made a law which tricked the remaining English peasantry out of their lands by thousands. It was called "The Statute of Frauds" (an amusing title when you consider the effect it was intended to have*) and it worked as follows.

It enacted that no man should be entitled to hold land unless he could produce documents. Now the mass of the English peasantry held their land under the village lords by freeholds of the sort called "fee-farms." That is, though they made payment of certain small customary dues, such as the peasantry paid all over Europe, they yet had possession of their small farms which passed from father to son, generation after generation. But of these hundreds of thousands of small people only a small proportion could show any documents; the custom was traditional and the only basis of it was oral evidence and custom.

When, therefore, this statute was passed in the second half of the seventeenth century most of the peasantry were declared dispossessed of the lands which passed in future to the local squire. But the big landlords who thus destroyed the peasantry and got hold of their land were better instructed, could use greater masses of capital under a better organization and were more ready to follow new methods than the peasantry would have been had they survived; with the result that, side by side, there went on the destruction of the English peasantry and the improvement of English agriculture, just as there went on the destruction of the craft guilds and the scientific improvement of manufacture.

*It is characteristic of the official Protestant history of England, as it is taught in all English schools and universities, that this turning point of English history is kept out of the picture. When I insisted upon it the other day in the fourth column of my "History of England" an Anglican Canon of Worcester, who is regarded in his communion as a great historian, attacked me in terms which showed that he had never understood the meaning of this famous law and knew nothing of its effects.

The English peasants were dispossessed of property and turned into a proletariat, but the lessening number of great landlords and capitalists could use scientific opportunity better than it would have been used by a mass of small well-divided ownership, such as there was in France. English agriculture improved as the English small owner disappeared. French agriculture remained backward, because it was in the hands of poor men.

Another cause of the Protestant domination was the parallel movement whereby modern finance was created, through the removal of the old restrictions upon usury. The beginnings of modern banking were already in Protestant hands, beginning at Amsterdam and spreading to London, and it was not till the end of the nineteenth century that this start in the race for wealth was lost.

The growth of banking worked in and with the growth of industrial capitalism and the advantages the Protestant culture had in the matter of finance were, as in the case of capitalism, advantages which worked all during the first part of the business and only towards the end of it began to show the appalling fruits which always appear at last from any system of bad morals, however successful it may at first be.

On this point of banking, it is very important to get the thing exactly right.

Falsehood and Usury

MODERN banking did not arise in a sort of unconscious way, as part of the whole modern movement after the Renaissance; it arose from the breaking away of the Protestant states from Catholic morals; and in two ways. First, on the point of falsehood; secondly, on the point of usury.

The point of falsehood arose in this fashion: A man left a sum of money (and that meant in those days real money—coined metallic money in gold or silver) with someone who had facilities for keeping it safe. He so left it either because he was going to travel or because he doubted the security of his own private house. He had the right, of course, to call for part of his money, or the whole of it, whenever he chose.

When a good many people had thus left money in the hands of, say, a local goldsmith, who had a special safe for keeping it, the goldsmith would notice that as the number of his clients increased there appeared a more or less constant ratio between the amount of money in movement and the amount of money remaining undisturbed in his hands. For instance, on the average, say one-tenth would be taken out in the course of a week, but as much replaced by new deposits. He noticed that the moving coins are, on an average, only one-tenth of the whole lot. Nine-tenths remain and are doing nothing.

It occurs to the goldsmith that he will use this nine-tenths of the gold coins without telling anybody. He uses them to buy

a house and land. That house and land and their rent are all profit to him. And that is the origin of banking.

The falsehood lies, of course, in the fact that each individual depositor regards his own deposit as intact, whereas really nine-tenths of it has been taken away and is not available. Meanwhile the goldsmith tells his clients that no matter how much they call for, even up to the total amount of each deposit, it will at once be handed out to them.

In time of course, this falsehood, which at its origin was deliberate, and a fraud, became a convention. The depositor knew what was going on just as well as the banker. The system was worth the depositor's while because it gave him a secure place to keep his money and facilities for drawing upon it at a distance; and it was still more worth the banker's while because it enabled him to make a profit out of other people's money.

Of course, also, there were later developments still, when much that was still called "money" was not really money at all but only promises to pay. One complication after another was introduced until at last we reached the present state of affairs, in which the complexity of the thing is breaking it down of its own weight.

The thing to note for the purposes of history is that this origin of banking reposed on a falsehood. The thing started upon a lie; and by the old Catholic system of morals such a lie was forbidden. To use money which a man had entrusted to you, and to use it for your own profit was—in Catholic morals—embezzlement, a form of theft.

Then there was the point of usury. The man to whom the money was entrusted would not always buy profitable things with it—or things which produce an increment—he would be just as glad to lend money on good security to anyone, without asking how that money was to be used, whether profitably or not, and demanding interest on the mere metal, though the metal could not breed or increase of itself. Such a demand was for usurious payment, and was also forbidden by the old morals, as it was for that matter, not only by the Catholic Middle Ages, but also by the Mohammedans and pretty well every other moral system which has ever been devised. For unchecked usury, including the demand for interest upon an unproductive loan (such as a war loan, for example) is simply taking a tribute of wealth which is not there. Unchecked usury will at last drain the community dry, and it is today one of the chief causes of the economic pass we have reached.

Concentrated Capital

IT must not, of course, be imagined that before the Reformation there was no banking and no usury; there was plenty of both, but the difference was that they were illicit. They were done against the code of the time.

Therefore, the moral tendency of society was against them and they flourished precariously and on a comparatively small scale. The advantages, however, of concentrated capital were so obvious and made so insistent an appeal that banking, even with usury, was licensed and permitted in Catholic times in one case, namely to the Jews. And others, for whom it was not licensed and permitted, got over the difficulty by all sorts of tricks; for instance, instead of lending a man 100,000 dollars and charging five thousand dollars a year, you bought an annuity of five thousand a year from him, paying one hundred thousand dollars for the annuity contract—which came to exactly the same thing, of course, as directly lending one hundred thousand at five percent.

Protestantism Ascendant

BUT, I repeat, though the essentials of banking flourished throughout the Middle Ages and particularly in the century before the Reformation, the Reformation, in the countries which overthrew Catholic morals, turned it from a difficult, controlled suspected thing into a normal and accepted method.

First the Protestant merchants of Holland and the Jews and then after that the merchants of the City of London and certain German cities openly took up the new methods. The economic start thus given to the Protestant culture was very great indeed. It put liquid funds into their hands on a scale quite out of proportion to their total wealth, it enabled them to concentrate capital more rapidly and to use it more swiftly and more intensively than their rivals. And this was the last main factor in the establishment throughout what was once united Christendom of the

IN his next article Mr. Belloc will treat of the defeat of Protestantism. There had been signs of that coming defeat before the middle of the nineteenth century. But up to that time the confidence of Protestantism in its own domination as a whole culture and system of life had remained unshaken. About that date three things had become apparent to undermine the structure.

(1) In the first place, the Protestant principle of authority, which was a certain attitude towards the Scriptures, and particularly the Old Testament, began to fail.

(2) Secondly, that individualism, which was an essential of Protestant thought—the idea that the State is composed of isolated people rather than of families, that there can be no corporate authority save as proceeding from some mechanical combination of those isolated individuals—was in politics being discovered false.

(3) In the third place, a very clear development, really associated with this second point, though the association is not always grasped—the insufficiency of industrial capitalism—began to be noted.

supremacy—or at least the rapidly growing superiority—of the Protestant states.

When the process began nearly three hundred years ago, nearly all the great governments were Catholic—Spain, with its vast Empire; France, all the more civi-

lized parts of Germany with its Imperial capital at Vienna; Poland, the great eastern bulwark of civilization, the various Italian States, including the Papal territory, and Venice, both of which had very large revenues—all these were Catholic.

The only important Protestant government was that of England, later united with that of Scotland; and the revenue of England was only just catching up to that of Venice, while it had nothing like the population or wealth of France or Spain or the Italian States, or the Catholic Germanies, or even Poland. But the thing was launched, continuously developed, and after the defeat of Napoleon, still more in the latter part of the nineteenth century, the Protestant preponderance grew to be overwhelming.

Catholic Inferiority

THE great bulk of the Catholic Rhineland had been handed over to Protestant Prussia and Prussia had become a great power, wealthy and highly peopled. Catholic Poland had disappeared from the map—murdered by Protestant Prussia, and its people were governed and persecuted from Berlin as well as handed over to the now bitterly anti-Catholic power of Russia—a power which at the beginning of the movement was unknown and separate from Europe. Spain had lost her Empire and was in rapid decay, both of numbers and of wealth; France was divided against herself and recently defeated. The Papal power was impoverished; Venice had become a shadow of herself; in the Germanies, Vienna was declining daily and the old Austrian Catholic centre of things becoming more and more inferior to the Protestant north Germans with their capital at Berlin and their leading Prussian power.

Is Money Everything?

By

DeWitt Clinton

THE modern preoccupation with wealth and the amassing of wealth has come more or less gradually and without our full realization. We have become slowly more and more aware, however, that in America, at least, money is the main thing, the sole criterion. That this should be so among the people of a nation founded on such high ideals, is at first sight rather surprising. But it need not be so. It should be remembered that the great Empire of Rome, with all its intricacies and evils, sprang from the Republic whose ideals were, without exception, far the highest of the pre-Christian era. As it was with Rome so it is with us; success has gone to our heads. We have forgotten, in the flush of our new found power and opulence, those very standards that we took such pride in. In the heat of the struggle for

existence we have forgotten our honor and also, it is to be feared, our good sense.

For, when all is said and done, does our great wealth benefit us? Surely there are other things more important than mere money. It may be urged that it is not the money itself, but the things that money can buy that bring about this worship of Mammon and his goods. True, but after all, are not all these things merely means to happiness? Is not happiness the ultimate aim of every man? And it is very easily demonstrable that great wealth does not make for the greatest happiness. In-

deed, it almost seems that it is a bar to the best enjoyment of life, for I do not think that the millionaire has the appreciation of his complicated luxuries that the poor man has of his simple pleasures.

Leaving the realm of surmise let us consider the wealthy by their own actions and see if money is all that matters. The suicides of rich men make a good subject for consideration. The fact that there are so many of these self-destroyers among the opulent may serve to give an idea of whether mere money makes men happy.

IVAR KRUEGER, the great Swedish financier and match king, shot and killed himself at his flat in Paris on March 12 of last year. His huge holdings in various Swedish companies were so affected that the stock exchanges of Europe were plunged

into temporary chaos. A weak heart and the prospect of continued ill health were the only apparent reasons for his suicide.

George Eastman, founder and chairman of the board of Eastman Kodak Company, shot himself fatally in his bed at his home in Rochester, N. Y., on March 14, 1932. He left a personal estate of between fifteen and twenty million dollars, was a bachelor and had few close relatives. He also left a note saying: "To my friends: My work is done, why wait? G. E." Mr. Eastman apparently thought he would leave a sphere in which his action was hampered by merely worldly affairs for one with a wider scope for his talents. Question: Is man's work ever done while he is still on earth?

James W. Gibboney, of New York, millionaire contractor, killed himself on April 4, 1932, by inhaling gas from the jet of a stove in the apartment he had taken during a short stay in the city. Ill health appears to have been the motive.

ROBERT GRAVES, retired wall paper manufacturer, shot himself twice in the head on November 28, 1931. Mr. Graves was socially prominent in New York, and had inherited both his business and a considerable fortune from his father. Ill health, however, caused him to make way with himself.

Herbert B. Flowers, former Vice-President of the United States Railways of Baltimore, shot himself in an undertaking establishment on November 24, 1931. He was also President of the New Orleans Public Service Corporation. Mr. Flowers displayed very good taste in his choice of a place in which to commit suicide, entailing no doubt, the minimum of inconvenience.

C. J. Daly, once a wealthy sewer contractor of Queens, N. Y., shot himself four times on November 24, 1931. He appears to have lost most of his money and, besides being rather a poor shot, is an excellent example of the evil that comes from too great a desire for money. Though once wealthy his desire for more caused him to lose what he had already.

N. R. White, wealthy café owner of Scarsdale, N. Y., cut his throat with a table knife on September 13, 1931. Mental depression was the motive. It is odd how some people's minds seem to run in the same groove all their lives. Having made all his money in cafés, Mr. White even ended his life with an implement of the table.

Adolph E. Nast, prominent and wealthy architect of New York, shot himself on September 11, 1931, on account of a nervous disorder. Another example of the rich in gold but poor in health.

Princess Anna Obalensky Trubetskoy, jumped from the Eiffel Tower in Paris on July 14, 1931. Other than the fact that she had been married in the preceding month to Prince Serge Gregory Trubetskoy, no reason could be ascertained why she should have killed herself.

Traugott F. Keller, chief engineer of the

Dock Department of New York City, jumped under a subway train at Bowling Green and was killed on July 10, 1931. He committed suicide rather than continue his explanation before the Hofstadter investigation committee of the discrepancy between his ten thousand dollar a year income and his very large bank account.

R. L. Henry, member of Congress from Texas, shot himself at his home in Houston, Texas, on July 9, 1931. Poor health was the cause of his suicide. He had been identified with State and national politics for thirty-five years.

Mrs. Frances Burdett, of New York, dove to death from the Columbia Street bridge at Ithaca, N. Y., on July 7, 1931. She was the wife of Charles Burdett Lent, a wealthy New York lawyer.

Julian Baldwin, of Scarsdale, N. Y., a stock broker, ended his life by inhaling gas in a garage on July 7, 1931. There was no apparent motive.

John W. Cassidy, wealthy resident of New York, shot and killed himself at Long Beach, California, on July 5, 1931. He was suffering from a heart ailment.

G. F. Donelon, broker and member of the New York Stock Exchange, threw himself from his sixth floor office in the Trinity Court Building on July 3, 1931. Poor health was the motive.

Robert R. Hayes, of Washington, Pa., president of two banks in that city, shot and killed himself on July 2, 1931, as a result of a nervous breakdown due to his efforts in reorganizing the two banks.

Mrs. Mary Henderson, of Trenton, N. J., killed her nine year old daughter Miriam and herself by gas on July 1, 1931. Grief at the death of her husband, a wealthy insurance broker, was the cause of her suicide.

Lieutenant Colonel Joachim Thode, of Washington, D. C., an officer in the Army Reserve Corps, killed himself with a pistol on the lawn of the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington on July 1, 1931. He had just been recalled to active service.

MAURICE D. HENTON, wealthy New Yorker living in Cuba, ended his life in Havana on June 24, 1931. He was despondent over his ill health.

Timothy F. Foyle, Vice-President of the New Jersey National Bank and Trust Company of Newark, N. J., and an undertaker in that city, hanged himself at his home in Montclair on June 23, 1931. He was prominent in Essex County Democratic politics and was worth over a million dollars.

Alfred B. Dawson of New York, a wealthy consulting actuary, shot and killed himself in his suite in the Algonquin Hotel, New York, on June 21, 1931. He said that he was despondent over the economic depression. It seems to have been more or less an abstract despondency, as he does not appear to have been in financial difficulties himself.

Moe Greenwald, wealthy owner of a

wood carving firm, jumped from an eleventh story window to his death on June 14, 1930. He had been in poor health for some time.

Donald Shields Andrews, wealthy chemical engineer, of Fair Haven, N. J., took cyanide of potassium on June 10, 1930. There was no apparent reason for his self-destruction, but he seems to have had some predilection for suicide, for while still a senior at Yale he threatened to take his life if the lady of his choice refused to marry him. She seems to have been persuaded into tying the knot, but took poison herself in 1919.

Baron Walther von Mumm, at one time known as the "Champagne King of France," shot himself at Glen Head, L. I., on October 21, 1931. At one time the Baron was virtually the controller of the champagne industry of France, but at the outbreak of the Great War, owing to his being a German, he lost all his wealth as a result of confiscations.

Paul Stern, wealthy real estate man of New York, killed himself by inhaling gas in the cellar of his home at Long Beach, L. I., on January 30, 1932. No motive was known.

BRUNO MORROW, wealthy New York merchant, shot his wife in their home at Maywood, N. J., and then went into the kitchen, turned on the gas and shot himself in the head, on January 29, 1932. He had been depressed for some time previous to his suicide. Incidentally he was very thorough, one would have thought that either shooting or inhaling gas would have been enough, but Mr. Morrow was taking no chances.

L. J. Jacoby of New York, a wealthy realtor, took poison and then leaped to his death from a seventh story window of the building in which he had his apartment on January 27, 1932. Another one of those thorough gentlemen.

J. D. Mead, prominent and wealthy Lansing, Michigan, resident, on January 26, 1932, entered a bank in Lansing and, having shot five persons, including the treasurer of the bank, killed himself. He had remarked beforehand that the people of that city had given him a "raw deal."

Robert Pearlman, a wealthy clothes manufacturer of New York, on January 25, 1932, shot himself in the bedroom of his Riverside Drive home. No reason for his suicide was given in the note he left for his family.

Emil J. Scheer, prominent Rochester, N. Y., jeweler and President of the New York State Jewelers' Association, shot himself on January 24, 1932. He had been suffering from a nervous breakdown.

S. S. Eveland, well known engineer and inventor of Philadelphia, committed suicide on June 22, 1932. Besides being an inventor of note he was a founder and promoter of companies, being the first President of the Standard Roller Bearing Company and President of the Standard Gas and Electric Power Company. His inven-

tions included self-starters for automobiles, electric riveters, and various electric lighting devices. No motive was known for his suicide.

J. W. Lehigh, President and Treasurer of the Princeton Bank and Trust Company, shot himself, in the basement of his home at Princeton, N. J., on January 21, 1932. Mr. Leigh was very well off, and the bank was perfectly sound as was proved by an investigation immediately following his suicide.

Kenneth R. Dayton, Treasurer of the Stirlen Corporation and of the Automatic Signal Corporation, committed suicide on January 20, 1932. He left a note saying that his failure to make his fiancée happy was the cause of his act.

Richard Horner Hargreaves, prominent London solicitor, threw himself into the Thames on January 21, 1932. Insomnia and the condition of the poor were given as the reasons for his suicide.

Herbert Lexter Norris, well known English art collector, poisoned himself with an envenomed arrow used by an African tribe, which was an item in his collection, on January 17, 1932. Mr. Norris was very wealthy and no motive could be found for his suicide.

Robert Hobart, English banker, threw himself into the Thames from Waterloo Bridge on May 4, 1932. The poor health of his wife was the reason for his self-destruction. One wonders if his death aided her recovery.

James MacPherson, Scottish woolen magnate, committed suicide by hanging in his home in Edinburgh, Scotland, on April 7, 1932. Poor health and general depression were the causes.

Antonio Faloti, millionaire importer, of Brindisi, Italy, shot himself on June 4, 1932, on being told of his son's death in a motor accident. His son, who was an only child, had a very promising political career before him. The shock is thought to have slightly unhinged his father's mind.

Trygve Herlufson, of Oslo, Norway, a ship broker, killed himself with a penknife on February 16, 1932. A heart ailment had depressed him for some time previous to his suicide.

FROM these cases, and there are countless more, we see that not only do the vastly wealthy take their lives but also the moderately rich. Even those with a mere million and a half, a paltry five hundred thousand, are not immune from this strange vicissitude of life. It has been said that the state of the man of moderate wealth is the happiest of all. This is true, other things being equal, but the mistake that is made is in setting money as the standard of happiness. There are so many things to be preferred above mere wealth; good health for one thing. It is very noticeable that among the suicide cases outlined above poor health was the greatest cause of self destruction. Yet men persist in the amassing of great sums to the detri-

ment of their health, oblivious of the fact that they will be unable to enjoy the very wealth they are striving to obtain.

But returning to suicides, it may be urged that the majority are due to financial difficulties. This it seems, is not so, or at least so we are told by fairly competent authorities. On November 24, 1931, George P. Levenem, Secretary of the Chief Medical Examiner's Office, said in a talk before the National Save-a-life League that, although attributing part of the marked increase in suicides notable in the last two years to business conditions, he thought the complexities of modern civilization had been more responsible than any other cause. Dr. A. A. Brill, noted psychiatrist, said that most cases of suicide were the result of an over-sensitive feeling of loneliness.

Our rich suicides, then, are to be understood as being due most often not to the loss of their riches, but rather to the mental conditions brought on in many cases by that very wealth. For the poor health of rich men is usually due to over-indulgence in something, either food, drink or luxury. This last is one of the chief dangers of our modern civilization. We exercise tremendously in our youth, taking part in all sorts of strenuous sports that often enough overtax our strength and then when we have left school or college we drop the whole thing except for a little golf now and then. We ride in motor cars most of the time, our whole life is made up of artificial conveniences contrived for our bodily ease and harm.

All these things are the product and at the same time the perpetuation of our preoccupation with wealth. They are the

luxuries that only money can buy and have consequently arisen only with our greatly increased prosperity. At the same time they are the spur that ever goads us to the amassing of larger fortunes that we may spend them on these things. Thus we have made for ourselves a vicious circle of cause and effect that appears well nigh unbreakable. Yet, injurious both to spirit and body as these things are, we nevertheless smile in a rather smug and self-satisfied manner, pat ourselves on the back and call it all "Our higher standard of living."

It is rather unfortunate that a standard of living should be judged by the number of motor cars per capita, that the statistics of radios in our national homes should place us in the forefront of civilization. We have chosen these things as our standard, may it not be because we are afraid to be judged by any other?

IT would be well for us, and not for us alone, but for the whole world, though in a lesser degree, for we are the chief offenders, to arouse ourselves, try to realize for an instant that we are not mere dollar-gathering machines and to forget for good and all whether our neighbors have a Packard or a Ford, an electric refrigerator or a humble ice-box, a five hundred or a fifty dollar radio and get it out of our heads that we must have the same. We laugh at what is called "Keeping up with the Joneses," but we all do it nevertheless, whether our particular Joneses live in Newport or Canarsie, Park Avenue or Avenue A. Let us reflect for a moment on Judas and his thirty pieces of silver and realize that money is not everything.

Winter Years

By Le Garde S. Doughty

MY feet that once like nimble songs have flown
On pleasant hills now thud with grievous shock;
And lame and leaden footfalls dumbly mock
The swift talaria shed and backward blown.
Unwinged I trudge behind an alpenstock
Athwart this Matterhorn of ice and stone.
I would turn back, but Age's frozen lock,
More cold than ice, unyielding more than rock,
Has barred the trail save straightway out alone.

The fair and verdant hills of long ago
Are gone for aye; but I shall not complain,
For I have found on jagged peaks of snow
A sterner beauty hid in deeps of pain.

And time ahead is brief—and less—and less;
And I have yet but little way to plod
Till I shall come to vales of placidness
Where dozing trees are silent as the sod.

A KITCHEN IDYLL

By Dorothy Day

I AM a cook for the summer and being a cook is like being a dramatist. My work is in a novitiate for young men studying for the priesthood, but now the students are absent and only two Fathers and three lay Brothers are here. Three times a day I prepare my act, and with what care and anxiety I prepare it! How much creative ability I use! Three times a day the audience takes its place, the curtain goes up—in this case a little sliding window between the refectory and kitchen—and the act is sent on. I sit in patience and silence, not knowing how it is going until the applause, in the shape of empty dishes, greets me from the same sliding window at the end.

Never will I forget the humiliating failure of the soup on Friday. It has been my habit, in cooking for my family, to put all leftovers in the soup. I was always in favor of the *pot-au-feu*. On this occasion I had combined a small cup of leftover chicken soup with the Friday vegetable soup, never dreaming that there would be incriminating shreds of chicken. Father Callahan told me afterward that the Father Superior immediately got a bit of chicken. With pained surprise he put it in a conspicuous place on the side of his soup plate and sat back to wait the next course. Father Callahan said that he himself thought it was tuna fish and ate his in proper priestly abstraction. Brother Thomas and Brother John piously did not touch theirs. But Brother Stanislaus, an old Pole, who had been cook before me, and knew what it was to concoct soup twice a day, ate his, every drop, with thoughtless stubbornness.

That was one act which was almost a complete failure.

THIS was how I happened to take the job. My two most precious possessions are a child, three years old, and a house, four years old. In the winter I take jobs for four or five months, and little Teresa goes daily to a small Franciscan nursery where she enjoys the social life very much. The other seven months of the year I live very comfortably in my house where there is a vegetable garden and a bay in front from which I get fish, clams and oysters for the table. My friends are always clamoring for me to take their children for a few months in the summer, so earning a living was not much of a problem.

But there was a small mortgage on the house, an infinitesimal mortgage, and having a rigid New England detestation of debt, I decided that I must get rid of it, though it had another year to run. If I rented the house for the summer—my beloved house—the mortgage would be wiped out. I knew there were always camps where one could get work with a

small child, so one Sunday morning, the first of May, I stopped in to see Father Callahan who was assisting our parish priest at that time, and told him of my problem.

He had just finished saying Mass, and was making his thanksgiving.

"Isn't this beautiful?" he asked, without lifting his eyes from his book. Then, "A job?" he ruminated. "What about coming down and cooking for us?"

THAT afternoon he called for me and drove me over to the seminary which was an old house on the water-front, a mile and a half away from my own cottage. It had formerly been a comfortable old country house, and by adding another wing there was room enough for forty students. The term of the novitiate is a year, so usually the house goes on from year to year with no vacations. But for various reasons—a need to repair and paint the house among others—it was closed at the present time for six months, during which period Father Callahan suggested that I be cook.

After he had presented me and Teresa to Father Pierre, the superior, I was shown around the grounds. Women are not supposed to set foot in the novitiate itself, so all the time I was there I saw only the parlor in which I was originally received, and the chapel. The second floor, Father Callahan told me, contained the library, classrooms, the bedrooms of the priests and some of the novices, and the third floor was entirely bedrooms. There was also an entire floor of bedrooms over the wing where my quarters were to be.

My wing, as I possessively call it, comprises the refectory where there are at present only two tables to set, one for the Fathers and one for the Brothers. They sit facing each other from either side of the big bare room. On one side there is a reading desk, and Father Callahan reads at mealtime from the life of some Saint. The Fathers have a cloth on their table and eat from white dishes with a little gold band around them. The Brothers have oilcloth and heavier crockery. The food for the two tables is the same except that no leftovers are put on the Fathers' table.

The Brothers insist on these distinctions, Brother Stanislaus impressing them on me while he instructed me regarding the meals, and Brother John while he discussed the table-setting and dishwashing. I was to do no cleaning. Brother John attended to the scrubbing of the kitchen and the dining-room, and I had only my own rooms to care for.

The kitchen is on the east side of the

house, bright in the morning, but dull and gloomy in the afternoon what with the tall elms which shut out much light. Father Callahan had suggested, while the building was under way, that the two kitchens extend the width of the wing so that there could be a current of air, but Father Pierre thought it more discreet to have windows only on the kitchen garden and not on the other side where the kitchen help could see the novices playing tennis or pacing the verandas of the recreation hall.

So, by the side of the big kitchen there is a chapel, with stained-glass windows, big enough for about ten people, and built especially for the Mexican nuns who sought shelter in the novitiate after their exile from Mexico.

In back of the kitchens and chapel there is a small refectory, three bedrooms, a sitting-room and a sewing-room, all furnished very frigidly.

Here in this wing, which is separated completely from the upstairs and the rest of the old house, the Sisters lived for two homesick years. Afterward they went to France, to join a house of their own Order. They worked in the novitiate and waited those years perhaps to see if they would not be allowed to return to Mexico.

After they left, a cook, her husband and another woman, for the dishes and table-setting, took their places, but the cook was addicted to lying in bed of a morning and making her husband prepare breakfast for the house and for her, and start the dinner. That arrangement did not work out well.

Whenever the house was without help, Brother Stanislaus, Brother John, and Father Callahan had to take to the kitchen and do the cooking in addition to their other work, and it was a great trial to them all.

WHEN he drove me home that rainy Sunday afternoon, after we had gone over the place, Father Callahan presented me with two quarts of milk, still warm from the cows, a dozen eggs, some chili sauce which he and Brother Stanislaus had put up the year before, and butter which Brother Tom had made. We were already good friends. I was to start to work at the end of the week.

Teresa, my little one, was wild with joy at her new domain where there were sixty acres, cows, chickens, horses, and twelve cats and a dog. Her only grief at the beginning was that three times a day, during the sacred silence of mealtime, she had to be shut out of the kitchen on account of her loud conversational tones. But she had learned now that the "Fathers-Brothers" as she calls them, have to eat in complete silence, aside from spiritual

reading, and she is now shushing me if I drop a spoon or clatter a pan while she sits on a high stool at the kitchen table and waits for the drama in the next room to be over.

FATHER PIERRE is a very meticulous, reserved Frenchman, about forty-five years old. Aside from two or three times a year, when he goes away to conduct retreats in other novitiates, he leads a secluded life, observing the rule of silence which he had set for himself. His day is spent in study and preparing lectures for his classes. One feels that he is indeed as perfect as any mortal can be, but this goodness is not a forbidding thing. He has an amazingly sweet smile, and when he drops into the kitchen to give me my mail I am not at all abashed even though I am playing hilarious music on the phonograph while I peel potatoes, or sitting on the floor playing with the child.

For breakfast Father Pierre has a cup of cocoa, unsweetened, a half a grapefruit, a small dish of oatmeal and two slices of French bread. If I forget to put butter on the table, which I have often done, there is never any comment. He eats very sparingly at both dinner and supper and takes no dessert.

He has charge of all the religious exercises in the house, from many of which Father Callahan is excused since he has his work these months in the parish. Everyone, however, gets up at five for an hour's meditation and spiritual reading; at six there is Mass and at seven breakfast. Immediately after breakfast the joyful mysteries of the rosary are said and then Father Pierre goes to his study and the Brothers to their work.

At twelve o'clock, half an hour before dinner, the Brothers and Father Pierre are in the chapel again for meditation. From the windows of my little chapel I can see into theirs, and since I also retire often for a moment's release from the suspense of cooking a meal, I can look out of the window to the vine-covered chapel and see Brother Stanislaus asleep over his book, nodding, nodding, until he almost bangs his head on the pew in front of him and recovers himself with a jerk.

After dinner there are the sorrowful mysteries to be recited, then an hour's recreation to be used in reading, writing letters, or walking, then more work until half an hour before supper when there is again time for rest and cleaning up. After supper the glorious mysteries, then recreation until night prayers at nine.

Father Callahan is secretary and general manager of the house, and his duties are various. This summer while he has no teaching to do in the novitiate he is helping out in the parish, hearing confessions and saying Mass at two chapels in this country district. Also on Monday mornings he helps Brother John do the washing for the house in a big machine in the basement. Deciding the menu and the daily shopping

is also his duty and at six-thirty every morning, as he is leaving to say Mass at one of the chapels, he comes into the kitchen to take orders for food.

He is always afraid I am going to worry about the cooking so he cleans up his own plate very painstakingly and watches the dishes of food anxiously for fear too much will be left over, so that I will think my work is not appreciated. I know my fault is usually serving too much, and I am afraid Father Callahan risks indigestion many times, taking more than he wants so that I won't have my feelings hurt.

When he is not busy about parish business, or repairing the ironing machine, the washing machine, the sewing machine, the Ford, the house, the barn, the out-buildings, or acting as general chauffeur and errand boy for everyone, he carries his breviary around intending to say his Office.

"But I am always behind on it," he said mournfully, "so that I have to sit up late at night to finish it. My besetting sin is having distractions. I say my Office while the clothes are in the washer, and keep wondering whether it is time to take them out. I walk along the beach saying it and I'm distracted by the weather and the boats. Then I say it in the fields and find myself picking daisies for the altar."

He is always being distracted by boats. If he hears the chug-chugging of one of the big freighters or tankers passing the house, and they pass very near since the channel is only a hundred yards out, he goes rushing, his long gown flapping around his legs, to see the boat pass by. During mealtime when a boat passes, I am restless myself, knowing how Father Callahan is feeling, chained to his spiritual reading or his plate.

THE Brothers are prompted to be Brothers either by their extreme humility and desire to serve God by doing menial tasks; or they become Brothers when they find they cannot make the necessary studies for the priesthood.

Brother Stanislaus and Brother Tom are of the former class and, yet, Brother Tom is youthfully arrogant in his humility. "Brother Stanislaus," Father Callahan says, with the readiness of the Irish to bestow sainthood, "is a saint if there ever was one."

He was born in Poland and entered an obscure Order there. When all but a few members of the Order died, he went to Italy where there was another house of the same Order. The same thing happened there. He was transferred to France, and after many years the remaining members were transferred to another Order. With this Order Brother Stanislaus came to America. He is an old bent man who suffers much with his feet and doesn't speak English very well. He has never lost track of his relatives in all his wanderings; some of them have come to America, too. From me as from others who have

worked in the house, he has begged cast-off coats and dresses to send them. He is a good man.

But he was not a good cook, Father Callahan tells me, though good in his readiness to serve in that capacity. He made soup by putting tablespoonsful of dripping in a kettle of water and adding a few leftover vegetables. As long as there was an inch of grease floating around on the top of the pan, it was soup.

"Making kitchen," he confessed to me, "is not a pleasure. It is a mortification for me and them."

BROTHER TOM, who has never wanted to be anything but a Brother and who loves his work in the fields and the barn, is proud, nevertheless, as I have said. You can see it in his jaunty walk, the way he carries his head. He loves his long black gown, and rushes in from the barn at noon to don it, looking immaculate and dapper, though smelling of the stables. Often he has a slight defiance in his manner.

Brother John wanted to be a priest, but could not pass his examinations. He is another humble soul like Brother Stanislaus, and is perfectly happy now in cleaning house, mending and ironing. He is a more delicate creature in every way than the old Pole. French by birth, he was brought up for the religious life and has never thought of any other. Though good, he will never be the sturdy oak of piety that Brother Stanislaus is.

The Father Superior has been away for a week, and today there is no one but Father Callahan, the three Brothers, little Teresa and I. So we had a picnic dinner down on the beach, and there was little preparation and no dishes to wash. For the last few days everyone in the house has been cutting grass on the lawns around the house and, since I was free of the kitchen, I joined in before lunch and Teresa and I helped with rakes.

I thought while I was so engaged that it was a wonderful experience to live with a group of people who got so much pleasure out of work, and who never for a moment thought of a good time, or a party—who never made plans but lived in the hour.

While the Brothers and Father Callahan spent their half hour in the chapel, I made hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches, and packed together tomatoes, radishes, fruit and cake for the picnic.

It was a delightful, informal party; Father Callahan, Brother Stanislaus and Brother John in their shirt sleeves, but Brother Tom wearing his cassock. Brother John probably preferred his, too, but out of deference to Father Callahan's shirt-sleeved state, he didn't wear it.

To get down to the beach one descends a long flight of wooden steps, choked with orange field lilies on either side. Because Father Pierre likes privacy, he has allowed all the bank to become overgrown with trees and bushes, so that there is no view of the water except from the upstairs of the

house. He has the French love of property—he must feel it a sin—and I am sure his tranquillity is often disturbed by the sight, from his upstairs window, of picnicking parties on the beach. They have the right of way, but no right to picnic or camp there, and often he sends Father Callahan down to ask them to go somewhere else. This is a mutual grievance between the two, for Father Callahan is the most social soul in the world and hates to obey his superior in this.

THE beach is irregular with eel grass and little sand hills and plenty of shade beside the bank where we sat to eat. At first everyone was too hungry to notice the silence, but soon Father Callahan said,

"Why don't we talk?"

"Because we have nothing to say," said Brother Stanislaus.

"Because we are not used to talking," ventured Brother John.

"Well, I will talk, then," said Father Callahan. "I'll tell you about St. Gregory and his sense of humor. In the day's Office he tells us that we should not take the Bible too literally, that he who gives up wife or mother or so forth to achieve the Kingdom of Heaven, must not expect to be rewarded a hundred-fold—that he really can't expect a hundred wives or mothers on coming into Heaven!"

Brother Stanislaus and Father Callahan enjoyed this little joke immensely but I'm afraid Brother John thought it was levity.

We talked also of St. Calliope and the religious customs of other countries and though we enjoyed the lunch and the conversation I am sure the two young Brothers liked better the formality of the refectory and the pacing of the verandas for relaxation. Probably they feel that their work necessitates informality of dress and conversation, and for recreation they prefer their cassocks and the company of Father Pierre.

Although the Fathers go away to conduct retreats at various times during the year, and Father Callahan goes out into the parish to visit and say Mass, the Brothers lead completely secluded lives. There was an exception to this rule of enclosure last Sunday when Father Callahan, being in charge, allowed the three Brothers to go to New York city for the day. Old Brother Stanislaus wasn't interested in breaking his routine, so the two boys, Brother Tom and Brother John, went together.

They left immediately after breakfast in the morning and were to be free until five o'clock in the evening, when Brother Tom had to return to milk the cows. It was the first time they had ever been to New York on a visit, though the city was only fifteen miles away.

I wondered a good deal what they would do with their liberty. Go to Roxy's Theater? Ride on a Fifth Avenue bus?

But they visited the Empire State building and bought little souvenirs with the

money Father Callahan had allowed them from the treasury (neither the Fathers nor the Brothers have money of their own) and the rest of the day they spent visiting churches, making the customary prayers for some intention in every church.

So far my account sounds as though I, too, were leading a completely secluded life, but I am not, indeed. The work is very light, though I am putting up string beans and stewed tomatoes to the extent of eighteen quarts a day. Brother Stanislaus picks the vegetables, Father Callahan and Brother Tom string the beans and Brother John, early in the morning, builds me a huge fire in the basement for my boiler full of water, for I am using the hot-pack method in canning.

All this work is done in the morning, and by one-thirty the dinner dishes are washed. I do not dry them but stand them in racks. Then Father Callahan, always having some errands in the village, drives me over to my own community where I go in swimming with the Russian actors who have rented my house. A dear friend lives next door, a German Jewess, and we have raised our children together during the summers, she taking care of my child when I wished release, and I taking hers.

The Russian actors are white Russians and bewail the good old days. Another of the cottages in the little beach colony is occupied by Communists. Occasionally over a glass of vodka, concocted by the Russians with alcohol and herbs, arguments are bitter, but usually everyone goes swimming together and sits around campfires on the beach and amicable talk is of the stage and proletarian art. Father Callahan, as I say, drives me over to this strange community and looks at my friends with astonishment.

"And these are Communists?" he asks, as one would say, "They seem human!"

The Communists look upon him with the same astonishment. Now that the seminary is closed for the summer, and the three cows are giving gallons of milk, Father Callahan insists on presenting some of it to the little colony, together with fresh eggs and vegetables. (Gallons more go to a local hospital.) One of the children of the "comrades" became sick with pneumonia and, since the beach house had nothing but army blankets, Father Callahan brought over old white ones which had been washed until they were thin and soft, and extra sheets so that the child could have a cool fresh bed.

USUALLY when he calls for me at five in the afternoon to return to make the supper, there are theatrical people or radicals of one kind or another who are going into the city and about to walk the mile and a half to the village station. But Father Callahan offers the use of his little Ford and himself as chauffeur.

Last week ten anarchist children hitch-

hiked from their school, fifteen miles away, to pay a visit to their Communist friends. (Politically they are not friendly, of course.) They decided to stay the night on the beach and wished to go to the village to buy food, so on that occasion Father Callahan had a car-load of little anarchists. They were well-mannered children—the good Father commented on the paradox—and they tried to hide their amazement and curiosity at a priest. They had never seen one so close before.

"I'd better sprinkle the eggs and vegetables with holy water before I bring them over to that community," Father Callahan says, grinning, "and then they might get religious by some miracle."

I AM sitting in a lovely armchair of hay out in the field. The sun is hot and I'm beginning to feel the sunburn trickling across my pores. Teresa is wandering around picking flowers for God. "He is a good God," she says. "These flowers are not for you, they are for God."

Crows are flying over the field, a song sparrow is singing and in the woods a woodpecker is hammering. In and out of the barn the swallows swoop, bearing food for young ones. A terrible quarrel is going on among the black birds. A large fly buzzes past occasionally. The hay has a continual little stirring in it as though the tiniest of misty raindrops were falling on it. The world is filled with lovely small sounds today. The wind in the poplars around the barn is still. Up here in the fields there is not the slightest sound from the calm bay.

Indian summer is coming and now my time in this peaceful place is over. Next week the seminary opens again and the new help is coming and I must go. I should like to stay on another month until the lovely Indian summer is over, but it would not do. The work, for one thing, would be too heavy for me alone with fifty for whom to cook and wash dishes. And I do not think the new workers would put up with little Teresa in such a saintly manner as the Fathers and Brothers do.

Teresa, too, will miss her cows and her many "Fathers-Brothers." Our little cottage is a tiny limited place compared to these sixty acres. But it is home, after all, a place where I can leave the dirty dishes in the sink, and the pots and pans in the oven and sup on bread and milk when I feel so inclined.

I shall be free, but I shall enjoy that feeling of freedom and slothfulness for but a week or so, and, then, the orderly and well-regulated life I have led here will have its way, and I shall be a more orderly creature than I have ever been before.

Down the bay from the chapel, which is connected with an orphanage, the Angelus tolls. I remember Teresa's bouquet for God and pick up the withered golden rod and asters. They will revive in water, but wilted or not, He will enjoy this remembrance from one of His littlest ones.

BEAUTIFUL NAMES DEGRADED

By

Hugh T. Henry, Litt.D.

THERE are many greatly different viewpoints from which to survey the large field of proper names. As in the case of natural scenery, some of the prospects thus opened up to us are far from pleasing to eye or mind. The portion of the field contemplated in the present paper is not a pleasant spectacle. But we must meanwhile remember that the decay we shall perceive is due to man's handiwork and not to the processes of natural growth and natural decay. In centuries remote from our own day, the field was one—

"Where every prospect pleases"—

and the sad changes we now witness illustrate the continuation of the poet's thought—

"And only man is vile."

Examples of how originally beautiful names were gradually degraded are found in such words as these: *maudlin*, *bridewell*, *tawdry*, *bedlam*, *jacobsins*, *cordeliers*, *white-chapel*, *pantaloons* and the like. We shall consider some of these now.

Maudlin

THE most beautiful of Oxford's famous colleges is that of St. Mary Magdalen. When I first visited it many years ago I was surprised to find that it was known as "Maudlin College." It was not so known in print, but only in pronunciation. Doubtless, I ought not to have been surprised, for I had previously been in the comfortably modern Church of the Madeleine at Paris. Magdalen is of course Madeleine in French. In England the "a" is (I think) considerably more broadened than in French pronunciation of Madeleine, and appears to American ears to be quite the same as our pronunciation of "au" in "Maudlin."

Norman French had an immense influence both on the vocabulary and on the idiom of our tongue. I suppose that it also greatly affected the pronunciation of some of our vowels—for instance, the "a." We shall not wonder, then, that in older English we find the words *maudlen*, *Maudlen*, and the participle *maudling*. These words are attributive uses of *Maudlin* or *Magdalen* (the French *Madeleine*), in reference to the Saint's penitential tears. The woman knelt at the feet of Our Savior in the house of Simon the Pharisee, washed His feet with her tears, and wiped them with her beautiful hair—and many sins were forgiven her because she loved much. We may recall the title of the first printed

book of the English martyr, Father Robert Southwell, S. J., "Mary Magdalen's Tears." And some painters have represented St. Mary Magdalen with eyes swollen with weeping.

It seems hardly credible that the Saint whom Jesus thus praised so highly in the house of the Pharisee should have given any possible cause for the word *maudlin* as used today in our language. Dean Trench gives us examples of the degradation of language due to the Fall of Man, and amongst these he places *maudlin*: "Could the Magdalen have ever bequeathed us 'maudlin' in its present contemptuous application, if the tears of penitential sorrow had been held in due honor by the world?"

Language, like man himself, falls by little and little. At first, no doubt, *maudlin* meant simply *weeping*, perhaps as *speciosus* originally meant simply *beautiful* (as the Latin word *speciosa* means in the Cradle Hymn, *Stabat Mater Speciosa*—that puzzling companion-piece to the Calvary Hymn, *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*). But now *speciosus* implies only a pretence of fairness in an assertion or in an argument. But *maudlin* came to mean sentimental tears.

The next downward step was easy—*Facilis descensus Averni*—when it meant foolish weeping. At length it came to mean that stage in progressive drunkenness at which we perceive the sot beginning to weep. We then say that such a person has become *maudling*, or *maudlin drunk*. And today, I think, people use the word only in this, its last and grossest meaning. What a descent—from the tender picture of the weeping Magdalen to the sottish tears of the common drunkard!

Yes, the Fall of Adam, represented alike in sins of the Magdalen and those of the drunkard; but a Fall retrieved by the power of great love in the Magdalen, so that we celebrate her name and her annual festival with tears of joy and hymns of praise. Our language, on the other hand, has dismally fallen. What shall retrieve that fall?

Bridewell

THE name of St. Brigid, Patroness of Ireland, is variously spelled: Brigid, Brigit, Brigit, Brigida, Bridget, Bride. I am inclined to think that Birdie is also a "diminutive" (as we say) of Bride, just as Bid and Biddy are affectionate "diminutives" of Brigid or Bridget.

Delia and Bedelia we may leave out of the count as apparently somewhat removed in derivation from the preceding names.

Of all these variations, "Bride" seems to have no competitor in respect of places named in the Saint's honor. The late W. H. Grattan Flood refers to this fact as remarkable. He notes that "hundreds of place-names in her honor are to be found all over the country [Ireland], e. g. Kilbride, Brideswell, Tubberbride, Templebride, etc." He also signalized this eminence of Bride by placing in *The Armagh Hymnal*, of which he was the musical editor, a hymn (the only one, so far as I now recall) in honor of Saint *Bride* (not Brigid, Bridget, Brigit, or any one of the synonymous names).

In view of this geographical eminence of Bride, it may seem strange that girls should receive any other variation of the Saint's name, and still further strange that they are never baptized, so far as I know, with the name of Bride. Perhaps one reason is that Bride has a social significance of matrimony that might cause confusion of one kind or another.

But perhaps another reason may be the gradual deterioration of "Bride" in penology. For we now have the word "bride-well" in use as a common noun to indicate a prison attached to a police-station for the temporary detention of prisoners or—worse still—as a house of correction for vagrants or disorderly persons. Grattan Flood included the name of Brideswell in the list of illustrations of place-names honoring the Saint. St. Bride's Well is both religious and romantic. How did it ever degenerate in meaning to indicate our modern word, "bride-well"?

History records sad fates for many venerable things. London possessed in olden times a famous Holy Well called St. Bride's, of which the only present reminder is a pump in Bride Lane. Near the holy well stood St. Bride's Church. In that vicinity, before the Conquest, there was a palace of the king which was naturally called Bridewell Palace. King Henry the First gave the stone for its rebuilding, and Shakespeare places the whole of the Third Act of his *Henry VIII* in that palace.

In 1553 (that is, of course, after the glorious Reformation in England) it became a penal workhouse and was officially named Bridewell Hospital. That "proper noun" subsequently became a "common noun" when other institutions of similar purpose were built, and so we now have

bridewell (without a capital B) as a common noun possessing modern implications that will hardly remind us of the beautiful, religious and romantic title of St. Bride's Well.

Bedlam

A STILL sadder fate lies hidden, perhaps, in that terrible word *Bedlam*. We think of *Bedlam* as a scene of wild uproar and confusion—"it was a perfect *Bedlam*" we say as a summary description of such a scene. But *Bedlam* is naught else than *Bethlehem*—a word that conjures up dreams only of peace and holiness. *Bethlehem* gradually became in English *Bethleem*, *Bethlem*, *Bedleem*, *Bedlem*, *Bedlam*.

The curious changes in pronunciation and in concordant spellings interest particularly the philologist and the lexicographer. Our interest rather lies in the changes of meaning. How did *Bethlehem*, in whatsoever alterations in pronunciation or in spelling, come to mean a mad-house? and why should a mad-house come to mean a place of wild disorder?

A splendid volume has been written by an Anglican lady on the hospitals of the Middle Ages in England. They appear to have been well-nigh innumerable and to have covered every phase of human weakness and misery. Religious alike in name and in motive, we shall not easily believe that the institutions dealing with lunacy were illustrations of the Sairy Gamp methods of treating the sick in body or in mind. But the Reformation brought changes.

A London priory founded in 1246 became, after the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII, a hospital for the insane. Its name, St. Mary of *Bethlehem*, has given us the word *Bedlam*. "In former times, the management of *Bedlam* was deplorable. The patients were exhibited to the public, like wild beasts in cages, at so much per head, and were treated and made sport of by visitors, as if they had been animals in a menagerie."

The reform seems to have been gradual, if we may thus construe the glowing praise bestowed by Sydney Smith in his essay on "Mad Quakers" in the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1814, for the kindly treatment meted out to the insane in their "Retreat" near York in England. The Society of Friends assuredly lived up to their religious title in founding such an institution. (By the way, another illustration of degradation in names is furnished by the word "Quakers" to describe that Society of peaceful men and kindly humanitarians. The City of Philadelphia which they founded is known as the Quaker City—and with exemplary meekness the Society seems not to object to the word.)

Tawdry

IF you look in a dictionary for the meaning of *tawdry* you may come upon the following (or a similar) definition: "Very fine and showy in colors without taste or

elegance." Whence came the word into the English language, and how came it to mean this? Who would easily trace it back to the name of St. Audrey or *Etheldreda* (b. about 630; d. 23 June, 679, at Ely, England)? The Saint had not been a tawdry person, but the Queen of Northumbria. Finding it at length possible to enter a religious life, she died a saint, and "her body was, throughout many succeeding centuries, an object of devout veneration in the famous church which grew up on her foundation."

Well, *tawdry* is now separated from its first use in the expression *tawdry lace*, that is, "St. Audrey's lace," so called from the fact that it could be bought at fairs in honor of the Saint which were held at the shrine of St. Audrey in the Isle of Ely. England had various "fairs" held on the feasts of Saints, such as the Barnaby fair, the Bartholomew fair. How excellent St. Audrey's lace was, I do not venture to surmise. But after the separation of *tawdry* from *lace*, the word now applies to cheap finery of any kind. At any rate, the "t" in Saint was carried over to the "Audrey," and thus gave us the word *tawdry*—not a wonderful feat of pronunciation, when we pronounce "St. John" *Sinjun*, "St. Clair" *Sinkler*, "Cholmondely" *Chumley*, and so on!

Various Degradations

I POSSESS a book published in Dijon, in 1841, which covers a special field of preaching in earlier centuries. The author throughout refers to Dominicans and Franciscans under the designations of *jacobins* and *cordeliers* as common nouns. He does not mean to reflect in any way

upon these two great Orders, but evidently employs popular designations. But in the terrible story of the French Revolution, "jacobins" and "cordeliers" referred to truly hideous and terrible clubs of red revolutionaries.

How did this degradation come to pass? The words were originally popular names based on easy ideas of identification, like the English words *Blackfriars*, *Greyfriars*, and the like. The *jacobins* were Dominicans who were thus called simply because their religious house in Paris was in the Rue St. Jacques (*Jacques* is French for the Latin *Jacobus* and the English *James*). Inasmuch as "Jacobin" naturally recalled the name of the great Apostle St. James, the popular name was also a fairly pretty one. But in the French Revolution this house of holiness was suppressed and fell (like the man in the Gospel) into the hands of robbers. Since this ferocious club occupied the house in the Rue St. Jacques, its name of *Jacobins* was taken for a title.

Similarly, the Franciscan habit of poverty was especially identified through the use of a knotted rope for a girdle—and *cordeler* means in French "to twist like a rope." A red revolutionary club also occupied the chapel of a suppressed Franciscan monastery and fell heir to the popular title of the Franciscans. The name of "Whitechapel" is similarly suggestive of fine religious instincts. But the word itself came to mean one of the poorest and most disorderly districts in London, signalized as largely the scene of the so-called "Whitechapel Murders."

The list of degraded names which once were beautiful could be extended, but these few illustrations must now suffice.

Pontifex Maximus

(THE SUPREME PONTIFF)

By Edward James Schuster

NOT pomp, vain power and glory his reward
Who holds Christ's place and rules His Church
on earth;

His to supply the world's too constant dearth
Of Charity and Sacrifice outpoured.

Not his to claim obedience by the sword,

But by example show men Heav'n's true worth,

That they may have a new and higher birth
Of mind and heart and will to serve their Lord.

For Peter's greatest honor is to cleanse

The feet of men from stain of unclean soil,

To sin and sorrow's blackest depths to bend,
And lifting from dank, dreary, darksome fens,

To raise them to their Sun, through sighs and toil,
Until Love's fire their hearts' cold walls shall rend.

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PRIVATE REPLIES

T. P. M.—There are a number of necessary facts which must be established in the case, and therefore we are not in a position to give an opinion. Let the party submit the case to the priest who is instructing her. If he thinks it advisable he will send it to the matrimonial court of the diocese.

A. McL.—The object of Gemma's League does not interfere with the purpose of the Heroic Act.

A. F. A.—Armand is the French form of Herman. We cannot find a Saint by the name of Herman in *The Book of Saints*, but there is listed a Blessed Herman Joseph, who lived in the thirteenth century. He was great contemplative of the Premonstratensian Order of Canons Regular. He was a German by birth and lived and died (A. D. 1226) in Cologne. His feast day is April 7. There are five Saints of the name Robert listed in the Book of Saints. The most famous is Robert, Abbot, founder of the Cistercian Order. He died A. D. 1098. His feast day is April 29. When parents choose a name proper to several Saints, it is for them to decide which one is the patron Saint. The Saint whose feast day is nearest to the day of Baptism ought to be considered.

M. M. M.—We do not find the name Doras among the Saints. There is a New Testament Saint of the name Dorcas, whose feast day is October 25. Dora is an English contracted form of Dorothea, whose feast day is February 6. There is no feast day assigned for Lea or Leah, a character of the Old Testament. There is a St. Lea, a widow of the fourth century, whose feast day is March 22. Rachel is mentioned as of September 2.

A. D.—We are not in possession of any information with reference to case, and therefore cannot give an opinion. Why not ask your pastor for information?

R. M.—We cannot find the name Orael among the names of Saints.

J. V. H.—It seems to us that the individual you mention conducted himself in a high-handed manner and unworthy of his office. But, of course, we have not all the facts. We recommend patience and a spirit of forgiveness. Remedies must be suggested by higher authorities.

A. J. O'B.—It is understood that THE SIGN POST service is intended for our subscribers. May we express the hope that we shall have the pleasure of listing you among them?

H. M. B.—Try the Catholic Supply Stores, or communicate with the Reverend Jesuit Fathers, 48 W. 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

COLORS OF DIFFERENT RACES

Assuming that our first parents were of the Caucasian race, how do you account for the Black, Yellow, and Copper-colored races? Was it due to environment, nature taking care of the matter according to the climatic conditions under which they lived?—C. W. L., BOSTON, MASS.

It is not by any means certain that our first parents, Adam and Eve, were of the Caucasian or white race. So far we are in

ignorance concerning the color of their skin and the texture of their hair. Indeed, if we may believe some scholars, the word Adam comes from a root word meaning red or ruddy. In this hypothesis the name would seem to have been originally applied to a distinctively red or ruddy race. Gensenius (*Thesaurus*, s. v. p. 25) remarks that on ancient monuments of Egypt the human figures are constantly depicted in red, while other figures are in black or some other color. So, Adam may have been of a red or ruddy color instead of white.

Whatever may have been the color of our first parents' skin, it seems that the reason of the diverse colors of the various races is principally due to climatic conditions. This is shown from the fact that men who live in the equatorial regions are black. In these regions the rays of the sun are most direct. In proportion as the sun's rays become more oblique the color of men's skins shades off in various degrees. When men had lived in these climes for long periods of time the color of their skin became permanent. In the beginning the human race possessed greater plasticity, which accounts in great measure for the development of the various colors and traits found among mankind. The climate, together with the manner of life, food, etc., contributed to produce these distinctive features of the human family.

PENANCE AS A VIRTUE A DIVINE LAW: TRANSFER OF ST. PETER'S CHAIR FROM ANTIOCH TO ROME

(1) Can the Pope abrogate the law which commands us all to do penance? (2) Why did St. Peter transfer his see from Antioch to Rome?—JUNIORS, IMMACULATE CONCEPTION HIGH SCHOOL, LODI, N. J.

(1) The obligation of doing penance for personal and actual sin is a positive and absolute Divine law. It binds all those who have sinned, but in different degrees. For those who have committed mortal sin the virtue of penance is necessary by a necessity of means, as well as of precept. The Council of Trent has defined the obligation in these words: "Penance is necessary for all men who have committed mortal sin, to regain the state of justice and grace." Our Lord said: "If you do not penance you shall all perish." (*Luke 13:5*). Therefore, as a virtue the Pope cannot declare it unnecessary, since the virtue is outside his jurisdiction. But the Pope may determine in what manner the virtue is to be exercised. Thus, he could, if he saw fit, abrogate the law of Friday abstinence.

(2) Several Doctors of the Church, as St. Marcellus, Pope, St. Leo the Great, St. Athanasius, and St. Ambrose, teach that God ordered St. Peter to go to Rome and establish his chair there. St. Thomas Aquinas states the main reason for the transfer in these words: "To show His power more effectively [God] established the head of His Church in the very City of Rome, which was the capital of the world, as a sign of complete victory, in order that the Faith might spread from there to the whole world."

EFFECT OF PERFECT CONTRITION

If a sinner has committed a mortal sin and has the intention of going to confession in a couple of days, but before he goes dies very suddenly, will the good intentions he had stand in his favor before the judgment seat of God?—S. O., MEDFORD, MASS.

A person in mortal sin, who, inspired by Divine grace, exercises the virtue of penance by making a perfect act of contrition, that is, one arising from the love of God, is immediately forgiven

by God. Such is the consoling doctrine of Holy Scripture and the Catholic Church. Thus, "Many sins have been forgiven her [Mary Magdalene] because she hath loved much." (Luke 7:47). "The wickedness of the wicked shall not hurt him, in what day soever he shall turn from his wickedness." (Ezech. 33:12.) The Council of Trent teaches that through contrition made perfect by charity a man is reconciled to God, before he has received the Sacrament of Penance. However, a perfect act of contrition, while obtaining the immediate forgiveness of sin, always includes, at least implicitly, the desire to do all that is necessary for the grace of pardon. One necessary thing is to confess sin in the Sacrament of Penance. The Council of Trent says that no mortal sin committed after Baptism is forgiven without recourse to the Sacrament of Penance, or, at least, without the desire thereof. Therefore, if a person in the state of mortal sin performs an act of perfect contrition, and sincerely proposes to confess his sin in the Sacrament of Penance, and dies before an opportunity offers to carry out his intention, he will be saved.

SAYING "OUR FATHERS": JAMES TISSOT: RELIGIOUS AND THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY: TWO BOOKS

(1) When saying prayers on the rosary is it permitted to say "Our Fathers" on the small beads? Does one gain the indulgences? (2) If James J. Tissot was a Catholic, why did he use the Protestant version of the Lord's Prayer, and also infer that Mary had other children besides Jesus? (3) May a Religious become a member of the Archconfraternity of the Passion? (4) Please tell me how the Church regards "The Cloister and the Hearth," by Charles Reade, and "The Scarlet Letter," by Hawthorne?—D. K., ST. JOSEPH, MO.

(1) This is a peculiar question. The only indulgence which we know of which applies to individual "Our Fathers" is the Crozier Indulgence. This is an indulgence of 500 days for the recitation of each "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." It seems to us that the "Our Fathers" should be said on the large beads and the "Hail Marys" on the small. If it is merely a question of counting a certain number of "Our Fathers" any kind of beads may be used.

(2) The only information which we have concerning James Joseph Jacques Tissot was obtained from *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, volume XIV, page 741. Nothing is said about his religion in the article, but judging from his antecedents we presume that he was a Catholic. He fled from France to England during the period of the Commune. In the latter country he may have been influenced by the Protestant manner of reciting the Lord's prayer, and also learned the error about the Blessed Virgin Mary having other children besides Jesus. But what he thought about religion is of no importance. It must also be remembered that the English edition of his *Life of Christ* was published by a non-Catholic firm.

(3) Religious are permitted to join pious associations which, in the judgment of their superiors, are compatible with the observance of their rules and constitutions. (Canon 693). There is nothing in the Archconfraternity of the Passion which is incompatible with the rules of any religious society; on the contrary, much that aids in keeping the rule.

(4) We presume that you wish to know whether these two books are listed in the *Index of Forbidden Books*. The answer is in the negative, for they are not contained in the edition of 1930.

CATHOLIC PRESIDENT—WHEN?

I often hear it said, "We shall never have a Catholic president in these United States." Please explain clearly why this statement is true?—A. M. R., ELMHURST, N. Y.

No one can say that the statement is true unless he knows the future with certitude. We are confident that no one so far has been given that privilege. Though the statement may not be certain, it looks quite probable. Why there will never be a Catholic president in these United States is not clear to us. Besides the civil qualifications demanded by the Constitution, there are two essential conditions for his election, viz., his nomination

and choice by the majority of the presidential electors. All a Catholic needs is to secure those two things. But whether any Catholic in our generation will ever be able to secure both of them appears exceedingly doubtful to us. The electorate will have to undergo a very radical change in order to elect a Catholic to the Presidency. But in our viewpoint, why worry over this? We see no reason why Catholics should be troubled. The Catholic faith is not dependent on such an event.

HELL PREPARED BY GOD

Will you kindly give me some reference or proof that God made Hell?—S. Z., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

God prepared the Hell of everlasting fire as a punishment for the devil and the rebellious angels. Into this Hell descend all men who depart this life in rebellion against God. The best proof is from the mouth of Jesus Himself. Painting in vivid colors the scene of the Last Judgment, Jesus said of the reprobate: "Then He will say to those on His left hand; Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire [Hell], which was prepared for the devil and his angels." (Matt. 25:41.)

IMPEDIMENT OF AFFINITY

May a sister-in-law marry her brother-in-law, when there are no children?—E. S., WOODSIDE, L. I.

If you wish to know whether or not the surviving partner of a marriage may marry the brother or sister of his deceased partner, the answer is in the negative. This is called the impediment of affinity. It affects all the blood relatives in the direct line, and to the second degree in the indirect line. Blood relatives of the husband are related to the wife in the same degree of affinity as they are related to him by blood and vice versa. A dispensation may, however, be obtained, if the Bishop sees fit to grant it. If you wish to inquire whether two brothers may marry two sisters, the answer is in the affirmative.

MAGNETISM AND ITS USE

What is magnetism and what is the attitude of the Church towards it?—N. N.

Magnetism may be either mineral or animal magnetism. The first is understood to be a certain physical force very much like electricity, which is believed to exist in some minerals and metals. Animal magnetism, which is also called Mesmerism, from Dr. Francesco Mesmer, its author, is said to be a certain force existing in the nerves of a man, which can cure disease and produce other material effects by the power of physical attraction, after the manner of a mineral magnet. After a while animal magnetism degenerated into diabolical superstition. Hypnotism and spiritualism have superseded it. But objectively and in itself animal magnetism is a lawful method of curing disease. It becomes unlawful when exercised by those who lack the requisite knowledge and good morals, and use it for bad purposes. The Holy Office on July 28, 1847, laid down the following general rule with reference to its use: when all error and satanic implication, implicit as well as explicit, has been removed, the use of magnetism as an act of using physical means otherwise lawful is not morally forbidden, provided it does not tend to an end in any way unlawful or immoral. But the application of principles and means which are purely physical to objects and effects truly supernatural, in order that they may be explained physically, is nothing but an unlawful and heretical deception. (Prummer, *Theologia Moralis*, II, 520.) Magnetism must not be confused with hypnotism, which was treated in last September's issue of THE SIGN, page 98. In magnetism the use of reason is never lost, whereas it is sometimes lost in hypnotism.

N. B.—As regards your case, it is our opinion that you ought to resort to common sense, and let magnetism alone. See your pastor, or a priest of your parish. By a little wholesome advice he may be able to accomplish what you seek to obtain through magnetism.

MAKING STATIONS OF CROSS PUBLICLY: PRAYERS FOR THE POPE'S INTENTIONS

(1) When making the Stations of the Cross in the church, is it necessary to have altar boys accompany the priest, when the congregation cannot go from station to station? (2) Is it necessary to say vocal prayers at each station in performing this exercise? (3) When saying the prayer after Holy Communion "Look down upon me," is it necessary to say five Paters, Aves, and Glorias, in order to gain the plenary indulgence?—PASTOR, HAWAII.

(1) Movement from station to station is one of the conditions necessary for gaining the indulgences attached to the Way of the Cross, but this condition is modified when the exercise is performed by a congregation of the faithful in church. If conditions do not permit, e.g., because of lack of room, it is sufficient that the priest go from station to station accompanied by acolytes, and that the faithful rise and genuflect at each station and respond to the invocations of the priest.

(2) "It is not necessary to recite any special form of vocal prayer, either in performing the exercise [of the Way of the Cross] or at its completion, not even prayer for the intentions of the Pope." (*Irish Eccles. Record*, March, 1932.) This matter has been treated many times before, the last time in our January issue. While no special prayers are required for gaining the indulgences attached to the Stations of the Cross, reflection on the Passion of Christ according to each one's capacity being the essential thing, when the devotion is performed publicly in groups a short meditation is read and one Pater, Ave, and Gloria is said at each station. This is done to stimulate reflection, and is fitting when the devotion is performed in this manner. Prayers for the Pope are not required. In this regard the Stations of the Cross seem to be an exception from the general rule for the gaining of plenary indulgences.

(3) Prayers for the Pope's intentions are required in order to gain the plenary indulgence attached to this prayer, for this condition is explicitly mentioned, but the form of vocal prayer is not specified. In such a case the prayer is left to individual choice. The common practice is to recite five Paters, Aves, and Glorias, but fewer prayers may suffice, provided they are said slowly and with devotion. (*Irish Eccles. Record*, December, 1932.)

FEAST OF ST. GABRIEL EXTENDED TO ROMAN UNIVERSAL CHURCH

I read in a recent number of *Emmanuel*, The Priests' organ of the Eucharistic League, in answer to a question, that the Editor did not know of any decree of the Holy See extending the feast of St. Gabriel of the Sorrowful Virgin to the universal Church. Will you kindly enlighten me about this?—C. McG., UNION CITY, N. J.

By virtue of a Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, under date of April 13, 1932, the feast of St. Gabriel of the Sorrowful Virgin, Passionist student, is extended to the universal Church, with the rite of a minor double with a proper office and Mass, and is to be celebrated on February 27. The Sacred Congregation ordered that the feast be inserted in the universal calendar beginning in 1934. St. Gabriel is proposed to the youth of the whole Catholic world, but especially to students in seminaries and colleges, as an example for imitation.

INDULGENCES OF BEADS APPLICABLE TO DEAD

(1) May rosary beads be blessed for the spiritual benefit of a deceased person, so that every prayer said on them will be for their spiritual benefit? (2) May only one person say these beads so as to gain the indulgences? (3) Who can bless beads with indulgences?—C. H. B., LOWELL, MASS.

(1) Beads and other objects cannot be blessed for the spiritual benefit of the dead, but indulgences may be gained by the living and applied to the souls of the departed. All indulgences may be so applied, unless expressly forbidden. It seems that all the indulgences attached to beads may be applied to the faithful departed. (Canon 930.)

(2) Indulgences attached to beads may be gained by all who use them and fulfil the conditions for gaining the indulgences. Indulgences of this kind are lost only when the beads are sold or destroyed. (Canon 924.)

(3) All priests with the faculties to do so.

SOUL AND SPIRIT: "OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN": "KINGDOM OF GOD WITHIN YOU": EVIL SPIRITS

(1) What is the difference between the soul and the spirit? (2) Why did Christ say in the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father Who art in Heaven," if God is everywhere? (3) What does "the kingdom of God is within you" mean? (4) I read in a book by Raupert that evil spirits can and do hurt us. When all power is from God, how can that be possible?—E. O'N., NEW LONDON, CONN.

(1) "The intellectual faculties of the soul, as being concerned with immaterial things, are termed spirit; whereas the soul, considered as the quickening principle of the body, is more especially spoken of as the soul." (Pope, *The Layman's New Testament*.) Fundamentally, however, there is no real difference between soul and spirit. They are different names for the same thing. The soul, or vital principle, of rational life is an immaterial substance which has the faculties of intellect, will, and memory.

(2) When we say "Our Father Who art in Heaven" we confess that God, though being everywhere present, is nevertheless in a peculiar manner in Heaven, where His throne is established. (cf. *Job* 22:12; *Ps.* 2:4; *102:20*; *Isa.* 66:1.) By the mention of Heaven we are reminded of the sublimity, excellence, and power of our Father, and also the dignity and excellence of our inheritance; for from Heaven all our benefits come, that we ourselves may go there. Thus, when addressing our Father in Heaven we excite ourselves not only to express reverence and love for Him, but also stir up in our minds the desire of heavenly things and contempt of earthly things. (Knabenbauer, S. J., *in loco*.)

(3) These words are part of our Lord's answer to the question of the Pharisees concerning the coming of the kingdom of God. (*Luke* 17:20.) They and the disciples erroneously thought that the kingdom spoken of by Jesus would be an earthly and temporal one, and that it would be established with pomp and splendor, and that the Romans would be conquered. The kingdom Jesus had in mind was a spiritual one: "the kingdom of God cometh not with observation [in the manner outlined above]. Neither shall they say, Behold here! or, Behold there! For lo, the kingdom of God is within you." (*Luke* 17:20, 21.) The Greek word *ἐντός* is translated by some interpreters as meaning "among you," or "in your midst." For the beginning and foundation of this kingdom is already in, or among, you. Therefore the text signifies that the kingdom spoken of is not a material kingdom, like those of earthly sovereigns, but a spiritual kingdom, which, as St. Paul teaches, consists in justice, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. (*Rom.* 14:17.)

(4) Though the demons possess great sagacity and power, they can do nothing against men except by the permission of God. All things are subject to the overruling Providence of God: "for Thou, O Father, governest all things by Thy Providence." (*Wis.* 14:3.) St. Bonaventure offers the following reasons for God's permission of the activity of the demons or evil spirits: "God permits this either for the manifestation of His glory (*John* 9:3), or for the punishment of sin, or for the correction of the sinner (*I Cor.* 5:3), or for our instruction." (Tanguery, *Dogmatic Theology*, II, 824.)

PUBLICATION OF BANNS OF MARRIAGE

Wouldn't the result be better if the banns of marriage were published three times on one Sunday, at least at the more largely attended Masses, instead of on three Sundays at one Mass?—J. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The purpose of the banns of marriage is to discover if there are any impediments in the way of the impending marriage. The publication of the banns on three successive Sundays is considered the best manner in which this end can be attained.

The banns are usually announced only at what is called the parochial Mass. This is sufficient to bring notice of the contemplated marriage before the attention of the parish. There are, as a rule, too many announcements in most parishes already, without adding to them by repeating the banns at three Masses on one Sunday. Besides, the publication of the banns on three successive Sundays gives a longer time for finding out if the persons contemplating marriage are free to marry.

WHY EXACTLY 153 FISHES?

Can you explain why there is given the exact number of fishes caught by St. Peter and the Apostles in the incident narrated by St. John (21:11), where he says: "Simon Peter went up and drew the net to land full of great fishes, one hundred and fifty-three"?—J. C., DUBLIN, IRELAND.

It was the opinion of St. Jerome, following a celebrated naturalist of his day, that there were 153 species of fish and that St. Peter caught one of each species. Symbolically, this number signified that all nations, and men of every class, would be gathered into the Church's net, and made subject to Christ's Vicar on earth, the Roman Pontiff. St. Ambrose interpreted the text by separating the number in this fashion, though he does not tell us why: the number 10 is symbolic of the Decalog of the Old Testament; 7 is the seven-fold Spirit of grace in the New; the number 3 is a symbol of the Holy Trinity and faith in the same mystery. Multiply 17 by 3 and you get 51. Multiply 51 by 3 and the result is 153. According to St. Ambrose this number signifies all the faithful who are gathered in by the net of St. Peter and the Apostles. Rupert and Maldonatus interpret this number to mean the three classes of men who are saved. By the 100 married persons are represented, because they are greatest in number; by the 50 widows and celibates, who are not so numerous; by the 3 virgins are meant, who are the fewest of all. (Corn. a Lapide, *Commentarium in loco.*) These interpretations are given for what they are worth. The Church has not rendered an official interpretation of the text, and so each one may abound in his own sense.

BODY AND SOUL OF THE CHURCH

(1) What part of the Church is the soul, and how does the soul differ from the body of the Church? (2) Do good Catholics belong to the soul of the Church, or only to the body?—SR. A., CARNEGIE, PA.

(1) "The Church, like every other society, resembles a living organism and, as it performs acts dictated by reason and free will, is truly a moral person. Theologians extend the analogy still further and, comparing the Church to a human person, speak of it as having a soul and body—two essential elements combined in a higher synthesis. The invisible element, the soul of the Church, is the principle of supernatural life and of the activity corresponding thereto. It comprises whatever serves to enable each member to become holy: sanctifying grace, the theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity, the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, actual graces, as well as those gifts of the Spirit which are conferred upon certain persons for the sanctification of others. . . . The body of the Church is the externally perceptible element of the ecclesiastical communion. To it belong the human individuals as members, the ruling authority, the different external means of salvation, such as preaching, the administration of the Sacraments, legislation, and the outward manifestation of the aforementioned gifts of the Spirit in superiors and inferiors. The distinction between the body and the soul of the Church has its foundation in the writings of the New Testament. St. Paul says: 'Let the peace of Christ rejoice in your hearts, wherein also you are called in one body' (Col. 3:15)." (*Fundamental Theology*, Brunsmann-Preuss.) The vital principle of the Church is the Holy Ghost, by Whom "the charity of God is poured forth in our hearts." (Rom. 5:5.)

(2) To be a member of the Church it is sufficient to belong to the body, that is, the external organization of the Church, and

to submit to the regulations of ecclesiastical authority. (*Ibid.*) Therefore, both good and bad Catholics belong both to the body and the soul of the Church, though the latter are less perfectly united to the soul because of mortal sin.

THE UNJUST STEWARD: GUARDIAN ANGEL

(1) What lesson does the parable of the Unjust Steward (Luke 16) teach? (2) If we have guardian angels who protect us, why are good people who become insane allowed to commit the murder of children and other crimes, when they would not do wrong if they knew it?—E. O'N., NEW LONDON, CONN.

(1) "The steward is praised, not because of his injustice as such, but because he provided for his future. There is no comparison made between the children of this world and the children of light, except in so far as prudent forethought and zeal is concerned, each in his own sphere. The comparison is by way of dissimilarity. Neither the steward's actions nor his method are held up for imitation; but those who seek the things of eternal life should show prudence and zeal in the use of every [lawful] means to advance their eternal interests." (*The Gospel According to St. Luke*, Stoll, page 275.) We commented on this parable at some length in our July, 1932, issue, page 741.

(2) It is not always possible to say how or in what measure the angel guardian performs his office. This, however, is certain (and according to many theologians of faith): that the angels are deputed by God to guard and protect men while they are *in via*, that is, while in this world of probation. Their chief duty is to assist men to save their souls. Whatever harm they avert from the body is for the purpose of the soul and its salvation. They do not care for the body for its own sake, like some medical practitioners and fadists. With reference to your question, there are two things to be considered: first, an insane person who kills others while bereft of reason does not do moral wrong, for where there is no reflection there is no culpability. At most the act of killing is only materially wrong. Second, it is not to be presumed, but proved, that the guardian angel does not perform his office in regard to those killed. It may be that in the Providence of God death at such a time insured their salvation, that is, they died while in the state of grace.

CURE IN WATER ON AUGUST 15? RE-BAPTISM IN CATHOLIC CHURCH—DOUBTFUL CATHOLIC CHURCH

(1) Is it true that on the fifteenth of August there is a cure in all waters, including even popular bathing resorts? (2) Is it necessary for a convert to the Catholic Church to be baptized again, even if he has already been baptized in a Protestant church? (3) During the past summer we stopped off to hear Mass in a little church in Danbury, Conn. We were told that it was a Catholic Church, but the service seemed so strange that we felt somewhat uneasy. Could you tell me anything about such a church in Danbury?—S. M., FLUSHING, N. Y.

(1) We do not know the source of this strange belief, but we regard it as a superstition.

(2) Converts to the Catholic Church who have never been baptized are baptized absolutely. Those who have been baptized before in some non-Catholic church are not baptized again, except there is a reasonable doubt about the validity of their first baptism. Baptism can be administered validly by any non-Catholic denomination, provided all the necessary conditions have been fulfilled with regard to matter, form, and intention. As baptism cannot be repeated, once it has been validly received, converts whose first baptism is doubtfully valid are baptized again conditionally. If the first baptism was invalid, the second produces its effect; if the first was valid, the second is not frustrated.

(3) There is a Catholic church of the Greek Rite dedicated to St. Nicholas situated at 2 Roberts Avenue, Danbury, Conn. This may have been the church to which you refer. Although the rite followed by this church is different from the Roman Rite, the church is truly Catholic.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

St. Ann, Sacred Heart, E. A. H., Watertown, Mass.; St. Paul, St. Gabriel, N. N., Hackensack, N. J.; Infant of Prague, B. Z., St. Louis, Mo.; Souls in Purgatory, J. K., Boston, Mass.; St. Joseph, M. C. C., Chicago, Ill.; Little Flower, M. W. D., Indianapolis, Ind.; Blessed Mother, E. E. R., Westwood, N. J.; St. Jude, St. Anthony, M. C. S., Calais, Me.; Souls in Purgatory, M. J. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Anthony, F. K., Cincinnati, O.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, J. J. W., Richmond Hill, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, L. M. G., Indianapolis, Ind.; Souls in Purgatory, J. A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Blessed Mother, M. H., Waterbury, Conn.; St. Anthony, M. E. G., Louisville, Ky.; Souls in Purgatory, M. P., Jersey City, N. J.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, St. Jude, N. M., Cambridge, Mass.; St. Jude, St. Rita, Little Flower, M. H. G., Columbia, Pa.; St. Jude, Gemma Galgani, A. S., St. Louis, Mo.; St. Anthony, St. Jude, E. B., Dunkirk, N. Y.; Souls in Purgatory, Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, Our Lady of Lourdes, M. C., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M. S., Louisville, Ky.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

D. A., New York, N. Y.; E. M. B., Arlington, N. J.; K. G., Boston, Mass.; C. L., Dorchester, Mass.; E. K., St. Paul, Minn.; E. M. D. D., New Orleans, La.; R. B. W., Detroit, Mich.; C. L. D., Alliance, O.; G. T. W., Cambridge, Mass.; F. J. C., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; O. J. D., Cleveland, O.; C. M., Brookline, Mass.; D. C. S., Rochester, N. Y.; M. C., W. Somerville, Mass.; M. C., Aurora, Ill.; M. G. S., Cincinnati, O.; M. G. McC., Salem, Mass.; M. G. W., Jersey City, N. J.; L. McK., Kensington, Conn.; D. F., Danbury, Conn.; A. V. W., W. Lynn, Mass.; R. H., Horsham, Pa.; E. S., Philadelphia, Pa.; J. H. C., Boston, Mass.; I. McL., New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

THE PERSECUTION IN SPAIN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have been reading with considerable interest the information concerning the religious condition in Spain which your readers have contributed from time to time, and I would like to add my small contribution to that quota.

For some time past, the Spanish papers and magazines have been recording events which most people in this country would think incredible, and which would have seemed even more incredible to the Spain of the past. There is manifested the existence of a petty, yet deadly, persecution directed against all true Catholics, be they priests or laymen. There are many districts in which priests have been sentenced to pay enormous fines, with a jail sentence as the alternative, for daring to perform their simple priestly duties. They are slandered by the anti-Catholic press and they have no means of redress. Their preaching is carefully attended to by official spies, and the least suspicion of opposition to the State's methods is sufficient grounds to impose upon them a fine, jail sentence, or worse. Each month has its sad tale of churches burned, of tabernacles forced open and Sacred Hosts desecrated, and chalices stolen and polluted in unspeakable ways. That is freedom in Spain—freedom for anyone and everyone who is opposed to the Church.

Lay Catholics have also to expect persecution if they wish to remain Catholics in anything more than name. There are countless examples of this which could be quoted by anyone familiar with Spanish newspapers of the present. Members of the aris-

tocracy have, of course, to bear the worst attacks since they have something to arouse the cupidity of the "Republicans," and revolutionists of the type that rule Spain today always run true to form. "Down with the rich—until I get rich." The poor are subjected to fines for almost any external religious act. They have been fined for wearing a crucifix upon the breast, for making *private* novenas, for walking in procession. They have even been fined for protesting against the outrages to which they have been subjected.

There was an occurrence recorded some months ago in *El Pueblo Catolico*, a Catholic publication of Jaen in southern Spain, which gives a touch of climax to all this. The officials of the village of Valdepenas decided to demolish a statue of the Sacred Heart which had been publicly erected. Appeals against this decision were in vain. The authorities, doubtlessly influenced by anti-Catholic activities in other parts of Spain, had decided to manifest their utter opposition to religion by renewing, as far as in them lay, the scene of Calvary in mock drama. A ladder was placed against the monument and men and even children vied with each other in climbing it to spit in the face of the Sacred Heart statue. Then they daubed the statue with red paint to represent the blood of our Savior and had three "Marys" at the foot of the statue to catch the drops of "blood."

Two days passed, and then the cry was raised, "Crucify Him!" Early on the following morning, a group gathered around the statue. Soon they began their diabolical work. They had brought explosives and with them they began the task of destroying the large base of the statue. Their repeated efforts seemed to prove vain and, almost miraculously, the statue remained in place even when nearly all of its base had been mined away.

A mob, composed of some of the lowest element that the village contained, had gathered to encourage the work. It was just what the destroyers of the statue needed to urge them on, for it had begun to rain copiously, and even diabolical zeal has been dampened by less. But at last the work succeeded. The image swayed and fell crashing to the ground, and a shout of triumph went up from the mob. Coincidentally, or not, it was just three o'clock in the afternoon when the statue finally fell to the earth. The broken fragments were dragged off in triumph to the city.

A youth, Francisco Martinez Gallego, seized the head of the broken statue and, tying a cord around the neck, dragged it about the city, kicking it and otherwise manifesting his contempt for it. This head of the statue, however, was finally recovered by a pious woman of the city who, from the time that the attack on the statue had begun, had prayed for this favor. It is now venerated in her home.

Some time later, another issue of the paper which had contained the account of the above outrage had an item of further interest. It was the record of the suicide of the same youth who had dragged the head of the statue around with a rope—and he had hanged himself.

It may truly be said that the devil walks abroad in Spain, but with equal truth it may be said that those who engage to do his work do not do it with the impunity that at first sight they seem to enjoy.

SCRANTON, PA.

R. J. LANG.

TWO BENEDICTINES FOR CHINA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN, which came yesterday, shows no sign of the prevailing depression, but keeps up its standard of excellency as a Catholic journal. You are fortunate in being able to carry on in these difficult times.

In the current number it was interesting to note the various Orders that have sent missionaries from our shores to foreign lands. The Benedictines are conspicuous by their absence. However, two Benedictine priests left in November for the Catholic University of Peking to take up their labors there in behalf of the "heathen Chinese." They are Rev. Valentine Koehler, O. S. B., of St. Vincent's Archabbey, Latrobe, Pa., and Very Rev.

Basil Stegmann, O. S. B., of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn. The latter, who had been Prior in the home Abbey, has gone in like capacity to China.

Of course, the status of these two is quite different from those mentioned by you, for they are not on the forefront, fighting the battles in "no man's land." This, presumably, is the reason they received no mention, or possibly, too, you had not heard of their departure. These lines are not written to register a complaint. Editors are not infallible, least of all the one who writes these lines.

ST. MEINRAD'S ABBEY, (Very Rev.) BENEDICT BROWN, O.S.B.
ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA. EDITOR, THE GRAIL.

GOOD SHEPHERD NUNS FOR SHANGHAI

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In reading page 322 of the January issue of *THE SIGN*, under the heading "No Missionary Depression," I fail to see mention of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

My young niece and another professed nun left this country on November 11, 1932, for Shanghai, China, where they are to open a new mission. Perhaps the information had not reached you when you were preparing the page.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

KATHRYN T. SALMON.

VALIDITY OF "ORTHODOX" SACRAMENTS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I draw your attention to a misleading statement on p. 99 of the September issue of *THE SIGN*, where it is stated that absolution given by dissident Orthodox priests in the sacrament of Penance is invalid. I would refer you to a discussion of this matter on p. 336 of the *English Clergy Review* for October, 1932. With reference to the practice of the Church mentioned therein, I may say that I know personally ex-dissident Orthodox of several nationalities who, when they were reconciled to the Church, were not required to make a general confession: nor was the Sacrament of Confirmation (given in the East, of course, among both Catholics and dissidents, by the priests at Baptism) "repeated"—except in one case of ignorant error, and then there was a row when it was discovered.

I point this out because your definite statement is not only misleading to Catholics, but would be distressing to any Orthodox who happened to read *THE SIGN*, and would certainly be interpreted by them as one more example of "Latin arrogance" and so not contribute to Christian good will between us.

MACHYNLLETH, WALES.

DONALD ATTWATER.

THE 1932 LYNCH RECORDS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I send you the following information concerning lynchings for the year 1932. I find, according to the records compiled in the Department of Records and Research of the Tuskegee Institute, that there were 8 persons lynched in 1932. This is 5 less than the number 13 for 1931; 13 less than the number 21 for 1930; 2 less than the number 10 for 1929; 3 less than the number 11 for 1928 and 8 less than the number 16 for 1927. Seven of the persons lynched were in the hands of the law; 4 were taken from jails and 3 from officers of the law outside of jails; the bodies of 2 of the victims were burned.

There were 31 instances in which officers of the law prevented lynchings. Four of these were in Northern and Western States and 27 in Southern States. In 24 of the instances the prisoners were removed or the guards augmented or other precautions taken. In the 7 other instances, armed force was used to repel the would-be lynchers. A total of 42 persons, 7 white men and 35 Negroes, 33 men and 2 women, were thus saved from death at the hands of mobs.

Of the 8 persons lynched, 2 were white and 6 were Negro. The offenses charged were: murder, 1; rape, 1; attempted rape, 1; wounding officer of the law, 1; dynamiting store, 1; insulting women, 1; threatening men with a knife, 1.

The States in which lynchings occurred and the number in each State are as follows: Arkansas, 1; Florida, 1; Kansas, 1; Kentucky, 1; Louisiana, 1; Ohio, 1; Texas, 1; and Virginia, 1.

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE,
TUSKEGEE, ALABAMA.

R. R. MOTON,
Principal.

THE SIGN-POST WANTED IN BOOK FORM

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Permit me to express my appreciation of such a magazine as *THE SIGN*. It is very interesting and instructive. The answers to the questions submitted each month are one of the features, and I may say without fear of contradiction that they are answered in such a masterly and convincing manner that no doubt should remain in the minds of those who await the replies.

Couldn't it be arranged to bring out the questions and answers of *THE SIGN-POST* in book form, for these answers are an education in themselves? I can say that I have learned a great deal about our religion through reading them, and I am quite sure that the majority of the readers of *THE SIGN* have also, especially on topics like Predestination and other subjects that some non-Catholics like to bring forward as great arguments. If such a book was handy and at such a time when an authoritative answer was required, a great deal of good might come from it, even to the extent of conversion. Most non-Catholics are ignorant of the fundamentals of Christianity (and I might say with regret that a good many of our people are also). Sometimes our faith comes to our rescue in cases which are brought up. But as non-Catholics lack that faith, they want the topics under discussion reasoned out logically. That would be the time when our knowledge would come in handy, and I am asking if such a book is published, either by *THE SIGN* or anyone else, which has the recommendation of *THE SIGN*.

ROSLYN, L. I.

JOHN GRAHAM.

EDITOR'S NOTE: "The Question Box" by Rev. Bertrand Conway, C. S. P., is worthy of all commendation, and should be in the hands of all Catholics. Price \$1.00, cloth; 50 cents, paper. We shall take your suggestion into consideration.

SACRED STATUES IN PUBLIC PLACES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I read in *The Catholic Universe* of Cleveland about the suggestion of Reverend John J. Preston of Kearny, N. J., that a great monument to Christ the King should be erected in some prominent place in the United States, with all Christians in the country contributing to its cost. I think it is a great plan. The very sight of a statue of Christ the King would surely make people think of and venerate Him. Jesus was for all people. Why not all people for Him? Here in Cleveland we have one place near a Catholic church and school where a large crucifix of bronze has been erected. It is simply beautiful. There is also a kneeling bench where people may kneel and pray. The place is just an empty corner lot, especially designed for worshipping Our Lord. Why can't there be more such places and statues in more populous sections of this and every other city? Years ago in the European countries there were more such places and there were better people there, I think, because of them.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CONSTANCE CAJEWSKI.

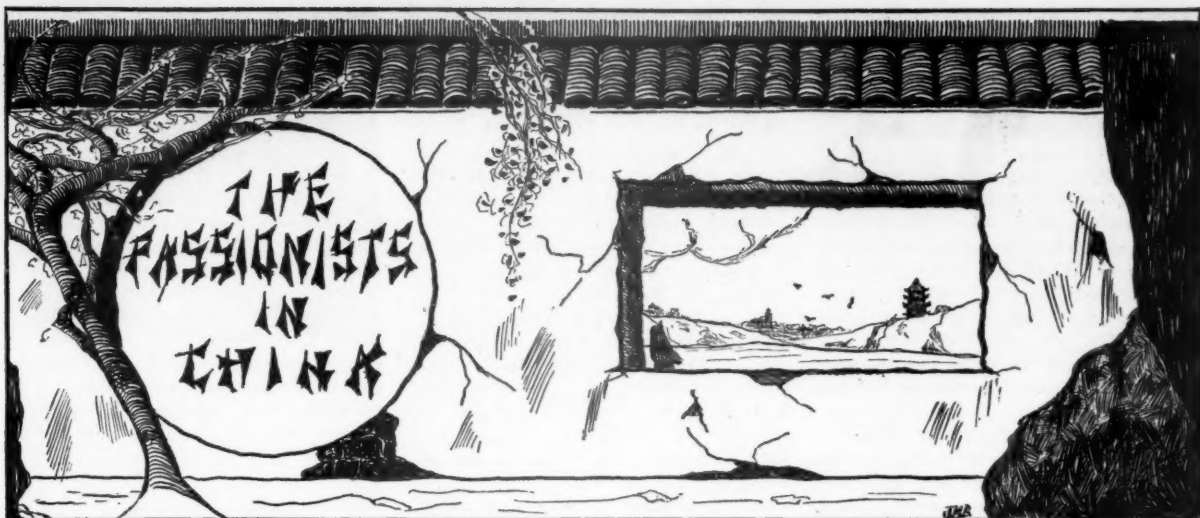
FEMALE RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

With regard to Number 7 of "Unrelated Questions" in the November issue of *THE SIGN*, I wondered whether or not you knew of the Sisters who have houses in Chicago, Ill., and elsewhere. They do not wear a religious habit and retain their family names. It is some years since I boarded at their home for working girls at 1150 May Street, Chicago, Ill., called St. Joseph's Home. They also had a house in Omaha, and somewhere a home for deaf-mutes.

CHICAGO, ILL.

ROSE HARIG.



Seven Sail for China

By Theophane Maguire, C.P.

HOPES are sometimes fulfilled. The Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of St. Joseph who have been laboring these many years in the Passionist Prefecture of Shenchow, Hunan, have at last received an answer to their prayers. Early in February five Sisters of Charity from Convent Station, New Jersey, and two Sisters of St. Joseph from Baden, Pennsylvania, will sail from San Francisco for China. It is difficult to express the great joy this news brings to the Sisters in our Mission and to the Fathers whom they have so ably assisted, for these two bands are really the first reinforcements for the pioneer groups who went out to Hunan many years ago.

It was in the latter part of 1924 that five Sisters of Charity began their long journey to Shenchow. But, turned back at the very border of Hunan by bandits who robbed them, the Sisters did not reach the Mission until the following year. They

were not long in establishing themselves. Diligent study of the language soon made it possible for them to begin their work of caring for the orphans, bringing relief to the sick and catechizing the girls and women of the Mission.

IN 1926, famine gripped the entire district in care of the Passionists. The Sisters rose to that occasion with a charity and forgetfulness of self that left an undying memory in the pagan population. What those months of service to the starving masses took from the Sisters themselves, only God knows. For from dawn until far into each night they were at the call of the sick and famished creatures who begged with patience but with touching persistence for food.

More dreadful even than famine were the horrors of Communism that a year later swept through Hunan. Fortunately, warning came in time for the Sisters to escape down the Yangtze River to Shanghai. When the Red terror had passed they returned without delay to Shenchow. Here their work prospered. Indeed, they found it necessary to make additions to their buildings for the proper care of the orphans, for the expanding girls' school and for a novitiate for native Sisters. Even during their flight and temporary exile they had developed one vocation, so that last year Sister Miriam Therese Tuan became a professed member of their community.

Just as they were about to reoccupy their renovated convent, however, a fire totally destroyed it. They were left without a home of their own. A greater loss was to be theirs. On July twenty-

ninth, Sister Devota Ross, one of the youngest in their community, died of cholera. Another Sister had to return to the United States for medical treatment. It is hard for us from this distance to realize how crushed and heartsick the remaining Sisters were under this series of losses. But we can appreciate in some measure the heroic spirit in which they have continued their work. In the Mission of Chenki their dispensary has been the means of bringing many souls to God. They have, besides, obtained a long-coveted permission to visit the local prison where, as Father Jeremiah has told the readers of *THE SIGN*, much good is now being accomplished.

With longing eyes they have looked back to their motherhouse in Convent Station. The very success of the Sisters of Charity at home, however, has brought an ever increasing demand for them as teachers. Now, with a splendid confidence in God



SISTER ROSARIO GOSS



SISTER M. MARK MULLEN

that will not go unrewarded, the home community is sending five Sisters to Hunan. It has been decided also that every two years two Sisters will go to China until the full quota for the establishment of their work has been reached.

NO higher comment on the missionary zeal of the Sisters of Charity could be made than the simple statement that, whilst five are sailing for China, four other Sisters will be well on their way to a new Mission in Porto Rico. When the call for volunteers to these two distant fields went out, one hundred and sixty Sisters answered immediately. With such a spirit this community is assured of a permanent blessing on its work.

The five Sisters who are to join their companions in Hunan have all been engaged in teaching in various parochial schools in the Newark diocese. Sister Agnes Paula (Sarah Conefrey) was born in Mohill, County Leitrim, Ireland. After coming to the United States she entered the Sisters of Charity and upon her profession, August 11, 1897, was missioned to: Saint Peter's, Jersey City; Saint Columba's Newark; Holy Cross, Harrison; Saint Patrick's, Jersey City, and finally, Sacred Heart, Newark (Vailsburg section). In all missions she held the office of Sister Servant (Superioress). She made her

preparatory studies under the Sisters of Mercy at Mohill, Ireland, pursuing her work into the higher courses, first at the Academy of Saint Elizabeth, Convent Station, following also the curriculum leading to the New Jersey State Certificate for Teachers, and later that of the course for supervisors. She completed her work for the degree of Bachelor of Science at Fordham University.

Sister Agnes Paula comes of a long line of religious forebears, a brother of her mother, the Most Reverend William T. Higgins, D.D., having been Bishop of Ardagh and Clanmacnoise, Ireland; another brother entered the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Her father had three brothers in the Irish priesthood, and her own brother, the Reverend Peter Conefrey, is now laboring at Moyne, Ireland, while still another is a member of the Christian Brothers at Baltimore, Maryland.

SISTER MARIA SEBASTIAN (Josephine V. Curley) is also a native of Galway, Ireland. She came to the United States with her sister, both of whom later entered the Sisters of Charity at Convent Station. Their early education was obtained at the Convent of Mercy Academy, Galway. Further advanced courses were completed after they entered religion. Sister Fran-

cesca died a few years ago. Sister Maria Sebastian served at Saint Michael's, Jersey City, Our Lady of Good Counsel, Newton, Mass., Holy Trinity, Westfield and latterly at Saint Michael's High School, Union City. She was professed at the motherhouse, July 19, 1913.

SISTER ALMA MARIA GILMARTIN (Mary Ellen Gilmartin) was born in County Sligo, Ireland. She came to America when still young. After her profession as a Sister of Charity at Convent Station she was missioned to the parish school of All Saints, Jersey City, where she spent the entire time up to the call to China. She was professed in August, 1916.

Sister Teresa Miriam (Teresa Maria Beschel) was born at New Haven, Connecticut. After graduating from the St. John School she attended the Academy of Saint Mary, under the Dominican Sisters, in the same city. She made her profession at Convent Station in July, 1925. She was eager to enlist among the Sisters chosen for the first Chinese mission, together with her warm friend, Sister Marie Devota. After the death of Sister Devota last July, therefore, she resolved, when an opportunity presented itself, to offer herself again to take Sister's place, and, if God permitted, to carry out her plans in distant Hunan.



STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT: SISTER TERESA MIRIAM BESCHEL, SISTER MARY CARITA PENDERGAST, SISTER MARIA SEBASTIAN CURLEY.
SITTING, LEFT TO RIGHT: SISTER ALMA MARIA GILMARTIN, SISTER AGNES PAULA CONEFREY



THERE ARE TWO MARYS AND A CYRIL IN THIS CHEERFUL TRIO OF YUNGSHUN YOUNGSTERS. WHICH IS WHICH, WE DO NOT KNOW. FATHER MICHAEL CAMPBELL, C.P., SENDS THIS PICTURE WITH AN OBSERVATION, WITH WHICH MANY MISSIONARIES AGREE, THAT THE HOPE OF THE CHURCH IN CHINA IS IN ITS CHILDREN

Sister Mary Carita Pendergast is a native of Hoboken, New Jersey. She entered the sisterhood at Convent Station and made her profession in July, 1927, the junior of the band to go to China. She taught at St. Joseph's School for Boys at Convent Station. At the time of her appointment for China she was stationed at Saint Peter's High School, New Brunswick, New Jersey. Sister Carita has an aunt, a religious of the Good Shepherd, stationed at the Convent of her order in Brooklyn.

The Sisters will have with them an experienced companion, Sister Maria Electa, who was a member of the first group and who is now returning to the Missions after recovering her health.

NOT long after the Sisters of Charity were settled in Hunan the Sisters of St. Joseph from Baden, Pennsylvania, came to assist in the flourishing Mission of Yuanchow. They too were to experience a bitter initiation in missionary work. They had scarcely established themselves when Communism interrupted their work. The activities of the Reds were especially violent in the southern part of our Prefecture and they broke out with such suddenness that it was impossible for the Sisters to cross Hunan to a place of safety.

After a dangerous week under the threat of the Communists, the Sisters entered the neighboring Province of Kweichow. Traveling by chair and on foot over twelve hundred miles they reached the city of Chungking in Szechuan. There Sister Clarissa, one of their number, contracted typhoid fever. Worn out by the hardships of the long journey, she had not strength to fight off the disease. Her companions were with her when she died, but had to leave soon afterwards to continue their trip to Shanghai.

With but one replacement for two who had to return to the homeland, the Sisters went back to Yuanchow. They resumed their interrupted work with the sick and

with the women and children. Now that several promising candidates have presented themselves, the Sisters are looking forward to the establishment of a novitiate for these native aspirants.

THE two St. Joseph Sisters selected for China are Sister Mary Mark and Sister Rosario. Sister Mary Mark, known in the world as Marie Mullen, is the first of a family of eleven children with whom God blessed the married life of Catherine Dugan and Mark A. Mullen. Her parents are members of Holy Rosary Parish, Pittsburgh, Pa. Marie was born March 9, 1892, in St. Gertrude's Parish, Apollo, Armstrong County, Pa. When she was about three years old the family moved to Vandergrift, Pa. As there was no Catholic school in Vandergrift at this time, her parents were obliged to send her to the public schools.

After completing her studies there, she went to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where she prepared for secretarial duties, and was successful in this form of work in the business world until March 19, 1924, when she became a postulant in the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Baden, Pa. A few months previous her sister Clara, now Sister Germaine, had entered the same novitiate, and is at present stationed at St. Mary's Parish, New Castle, Pa.

On January 3, 1925, Marie received the holy habit and was given the name Sister Mary Mark. Two years later she completed her novitiate and was admitted to her first profession. She made her final profession by pronouncing her perpetual vows on January 3, 1930.

In preparation for her work of teaching, Sister Mary Mark pursued courses under the direction of Duquesne University and the Knights of Columbus School of Pittsburgh, Pa. From this latter school she received her certificate qualifying her to teach in the grade schools of the State of Pennsylvania. Her teaching career found her located successively in the following parochial schools: Annunciation, N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. John's, Johnstown, Pa.; Sacred Heart, Altoona, Pa., and Mount Gallitzin Academy for Boys, Baden, Pa. She was teaching at Bader when she received her appointment for China, the fulfillment of a long cherished desire.

Sister Rosario Goss of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Baden, Pa., whose baptismal name is Catherine, was born in St. Patrick's Parish, Cumberland, Maryland, February 27, 1905. She is the seventh child in a family of nine born to Ella Kinney and Elmer E. Goss, both of whose homes had been in Hastings, Pa., previous to their marriage. About four years after the birth of Catherine, the Goss family returned to their native mountain district, and took up their residence in Twin Rocks, Cambria County, Pa. Here Catherine attended the public schools and completed her high school course. She entered the

novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Baden, Pa., in May, 1922. On the feast of St. Joseph, prior to her entrance, Catherine had the great happiness of seeing her father, a non-Catholic, receive the Sacrament of Baptism and make his profession of faith in the Catholic Church.

On January 3, 1923, Sister Rosario received the holy habit, and on January 3, 1925, having completed her novitiate, pronounced her first vows. The day before her final profession, January 3, 1928, her youngest sister, Alma, received the habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph and, as Sister Rose Angela, is now teaching in St. James School, Sewickley, Pa. Sister Rosario received her preparation for the teaching profession under the auspices of Duquesne University and the Knights of Columbus Normal School, and received her teacher's certificate from the State of Pennsylvania through the latter school. Sister spent her first year of teaching in St. Patrick's School, Johnstown, Pa., and her last year in the classroom at St. John's School, Johnstown. The intervening years were spent in Annunciation Parish, N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa., Assumption, Bellevue, Pa., and St. Titus, Aliquippa, Pa.

The past six months Sister Mary Mark and Sister Rosario have been at St. Joseph's Hospital and Dispensary, S. S. Pittsburgh, Pa., taking a special course in medical and dispensary work, in order the better to meet their duties in the mission field.

SUCH a steady stream of missionary priests and Sisters has been flowing from the United States into the foreign missions, especially into the Far East that each



THE ORPHANS OF THE PAOTSING MISSION ARE RETURNING HAPPY AFTER A DAY'S OUTING AND A BOAT RIDE ON THE NORTH RIVER. MOST OF THE LADS ARE FINE SWIMMERS AND IN WARM WEATHER DO NOT LET A DAY PASS WITHOUT HAVING A DIP IN THE WATER

succeeding departure evokes less and less general comment. It is well to remember, however, that each departing missionary personally sacrifices everything. That remains unchanged whether one or a thousand others have gone before. So all these Sisters are giving up as much as though they were the first of their communities to go to China.

These brave souls by their very presence are going to bring new courage and hope

to their heroic Sisters who have been holding out in the face of tremendous difficulties. This departing group will help greatly towards the proper staffing of our Mission district. It is so often forgotten that as the number of the faithful increases, so too do the duties of the priests and Sisters. Obligated to devote more and more time to those who are Christians, the missionaries find themselves handicapped in reaching the vast pagan population.

Not until an adequate number of priests and Sisters are in the field can those results be fairly expected which all desire who have at heart the extension of the Church.

The readers of THE SIGN will surely pray for the safe journey of these Sisters who are entering China at a time when a new period of warfare seems imminent in that country. For these brave souls we bespeak your interest and charity.

For the King in Kingstown

By Basil Bauer, C.P.

THE hot breath of a late summer's day scorched my face as I walked down the cholera-stricken town of Wangtsun. It was as though one of the fiery-faced idols from the temple had sent its spirit abroad to sear with fear the souls of those who had thus far escaped the plague. "Red strings," I was saying to myself—"why are all these people wearing red strings on their arms?" Then, fearful lest the heat had made my mind wander, I asked the boy who was with me, "What is the meaning of those red strings? Don't you see them?"

"Of course I do, Father," James answered. Then looking at me he suggested, "Come into the shade of this shop awning. The breath of heaven is hot, and we are not in a hurry. I'll explain to you."

We rested a few moments, drank a draught of hot tea and he began.

"You remember the walk we took to Fei Chi Ping, about twelve miles down the river? We crossed over to the south side to see the ancient brass pillar that is there."

"Yes, I remember. They told us that it was placed there centuries ago, a few hundred years after the birth of Our Lord, as we Christians reckon time. It is a memorial to the settlement of the differences between the Emperors in the North and the local lords of this region. There are six feet of it above the ground and seven more beneath the soil. They said it was hollow and filled with ancient money, but when we saw it there was earth in it to prevent the remaining coins from being stolen. Wouldn't it be great, James, if we could read the

three thousand characters written on the pillar and get the pot of gold that would be revealed to us!"

"That's a good story and doesn't harm anyone, Father. But you asked about the red strings. Now let me tell you the tale about them. On the peak of the mountain behind that pillar is a temple dedicated to three kings: the first, the second and the third venerable king. I guess those old fellows were pretty much forgotten, according to the dream that a monk had and told to the folks here in Wangtsun.

"He dreamed that these three old kings were taking a trip when, along the way, they met a decrepit old man. They asked him who he was and he revealed to them that he was the god of pestilence. 'Where are you bound for?' inquired one of the old kings. 'I'm on my way to Wangtsun (Kingstown) to carry off about three-fourths of the people there,' he replied. 'You see, we need more men in Hell. A lot have finished there and have passed on to some other state of existence.'

"THAT will never do. I can't allow that," said the first venerable king. "Why these Wangtsun people are our people. They worship us. If we allow them to be stricken by the pestilence, they will disown us. Can't you go to some other town?"

"The old god of pestilence stiffened. 'No, I have my own reasons for going to Wangtsun. No other town will do. I'll surely go and reap my harvest. Let me be on my way.'

"Bending together so that their beards touched, the three venerable kings whispered to one another. After a secret conversation, one of them proposed, 'Listen here, respected and honorable god of disease. Suppose we make a compromise. We shall send word to all our special devotees to wear a red string on the arm so that you will know they belong in a special way to us. These, at least, you can spare, can't you?'

"And so it was agreed. The monk of the temple came to town and warned the



THERE IS AN OCCASIONAL SNOW-FALL DURING THE WINTER MONTHS IN NORTHWESTERN HUNAN. HERE A FLURRY HAS BLOWN DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS THAT SHUT IN THE VILLAGE OF WANGTSUN ON THE BANKS OF THE NORTH RIVER. BUT THE MISSION WILL NOT WEAR FOR LONG ITS MANTLE OF WHITE, FOR Milder weather will soon melt the thin layer of snow

people to wear the red string. But so far just as many who wore it have died as those who refused to believe the tale. The whole thing, Father, is just about as foolish as what happened in Tung Ren, a large city in the next Province. An old man told the guards at the city gate that the plague would continue there until the New Year. The magistrate was informed and he decreed that the date for New Year should be advanced immediately. The shops closed, the people celebrated as best they could, but the plague did not stop."

MONK'S dreams, red strings and anticipated New Year celebrations—these indeed would be idle tales if they did not so affect my people. And perhaps my friends among the readers of *THE SIGN* wonder whether this is all I have to tell them after my long silence. It is not. The past year has seen the completion of the Mission buildings at Wangtsun. Though Father Timothy McDermott, C.P., made reference to it on the occasion of his visit here, I think it well to give a few more details. And since this is really the beginning of a new chapter in the history of this Mission of Kingstown, I give here some of the story of its development thus far.

As far back as seventeen years ago the Augustinian Father at Yungshun, thirty-five miles away from here, made this a station which he visited at times. Without a resident priest this straggling town on the banks of the North River had little spiritual progress to report. The first priest to live there was Father Anthony Maloney, C.P. I can not hope to give a full description of the hovel he was forced to rent as the only one available at the time. Wangtsun's one and only street is a series of steps. The shack on one side of Father Anthony's home was on a higher level than his, the one on the other side was a few feet lower. So the tramp of feet and the noise of family quarrels from one side came as though from mid-air; from the other the disturbing sounds rose as from a basement.

He patched the side walls for the sake of a little privacy, but from the front there could be none. The dust from the street swirled in, as passers-by paused to stare into his room. To have closed the windows in the long summer months would have been to have invited suffocation. We are still wondering how his nerves stood the strain. Father Godfrey Holbein, C. P., who succeeded him, in 1928, and who was still upset from the Communist uprising, was forced to leave in a few days.

A little later I was appointed to Wangtsun and was fortunate enough to rent a much more liveable abode. Immediately I began to look for property where we might build. The finest site in town, and the most convenient, was for sale. You will get an idea of the property if you lay your hand flat on the table before you. From your little finger to your wrist is the main road. At the tips of your other three fingers there is a small path leading down



A DISTANT VIEW OF THE NEWLY COMPLETED MISSION AT WANGTSUN. FATHER BASIL BAUER, C.P., IN THE FOREGROUND, LOOKS WITH PRIDE ON HIS FINISHED COMPOUND WHICH HE HAS BUILT ON CHINESE LINES. HE ASKS THE PRAYERS OF HIS BENEFACTORS FOR THE SUCCESS OF THIS MISSION IN THE TOWN OF THE KING

to the waterfalls and the stream that flows into the North River. Where your thumb is, a knoll overlooks the property.

My negotiations reached only the point of getting an option on the site, when orders from the Government in Nanking forbidding the sale, or even the perpetual lease of property, in the interior to foreigners held up further action. I was transferred to the distant Mission of Kaotsun. During the year that I was absent from Wangtsun, Father Cormac, C.P., completed the transactions with the owners. The stamping of the deed by the officials cleared the last obstacle. My assignment, on returning to Wangtsun, was to plan and build a complete Mission compound. There was not a brick or board on the rice fields we had bought.

ON the feast of St. Gabriel, in February, 1931, ground was broken for the foundation of our first building. On June 7 I was able to move into the priest's quarters, though for a while my home was without windows or doors. Work was rushed, for the landlord of my rented house needed the space that I had been occupying. Now the chapel and catechumenate are finished and the fifteen hundred feet of compound wall completed.

Everything has been built in an adapted Chinese style in accordance with the decree of the Apostolic Delegate, who wishes to preserve in ecclesiastical edifices as much as possible, of Chinese architecture. There is no Gothic steeple pointing skywards to focus the eye of villagers on a "foreign building." The lines follow those of their own homes. True, we have built with more durable material than that used by our pagan neighbors. There is, too, a freshness

and newness about our grey-white brick walls, but in time they will mellow into the landscape.

HERE and in my three out-stations Christianity has not been developing as fast as in some other sections of our Prefecture. But, now that the absorbing and wearying task of building is about over, I shall be able to devote more time to making contacts with my people and to catechising them. Sung Peh Tsang lies in territory that touches on a district often disturbed by banditry. Across the North River is the village of the Tien family. It is the connecting point with the neighboring Mission of Paotsing. My third distant charge embraces the entire County of Kutsang.

The responsibility of making Christ known weighs upon me. Night after night I have walked to the door of my Mission and looked out on the unlit but unsleeping town of Wangtsun. Its quiet voice comes up to me, the hushed sounds from a tired people. A few coppers gained, a field turned over for seeding, a cargo brought through the rapids, another lap of a journey put behind them; these are their daily tasks. Now behind boarded windows, beside a charcoal brazier or over an opium pipe, plans are made and dreams dreamed. For this life they struggle; of the next they care not to think.

How am I to reach into those homes from which the barest thread of light seeps out? How am I to touch those hearts separated from me by all the barriers of speech and nationality and religion. In the stillness of the night I hear the waterfalls below me pouring steadily into the North River, as they have poured for centuries.

I am so alone. My years are so short. My task is so tremendous. No, I am not alone. I am Christ's representative. The hearts of men, of these people, are of His making. Nothing that I do for Him is lost. The

King will one day come into His own in Kingstown.

I should feel more encouraged, as I look out each night on the town at my feet, if I knew that all those who helped me

build this Mission are giving it spiritual support. For I want my benefactors to realize that their prayers span the distance between them and their missionary friend in the Town of the King.

Two Who Saw Tragedy

By Jeremiah McNamara, C.P.

TWO sentries stiffened in salute at a command from their officer as the Sister of Charity approached the Chenki prison. A murmur ran along the rows of wooden cages that served as cells: "The Sisters! The Sisters from the Catholic Mission are here!"

Men crowded to the wooden bars to get a glimpse of the visitors who were coming up the stone steps to the courtyard. "Ah! they have medicine," a prisoner called out to his companions. "They are so good!"

Sister Finan and her companion paused at each door to say a word to the men who were herded into small cages. Orders were written all over the prison forbidding opium smoking, yet several of the men were indulging in the pipe. Over each cell was a name corresponding to one of the

sections of the pagan Hell. One room held a group of life prisoners; another, a larger number of those under short term sentences. Gratefully the men received medical aid, thanking the good women who had come to that uninviting place to bring a bit of relief and hope.

THEIR rounds almost finished, the Sisters neared the *Tien Si Hao*, a group of cells that formed the death-house. There was a new face amongst the prisoners there, a face that showed the marks of recent suffering. As the Sisters approached they were startled to hear him say, "I was with your three Fathers at Hwa Chiao. I heard the shots that killed them. It was I who had charge of their mules when they rode out to their deaths."

Luke Cheng and the Sisters questioned

this man who had been brought under heavy guard that very morning to Chenki. They learned that at Hwa Chiao, the scene of the capture of the three missionaries in 1929, he had been subjected to military tortures. His knees were tightly bound, while he hung by his arms from the rafter of a house. Pressure was applied to his joints, causing severe pain. At times this pressure is so heavy that the bones are broken at the knees or the arms torn from their sockets. A second torture consisted in hanging this suspected man by one finger and one toe from a high cross-beam. The next step in this Chinese third degree was the *hsiang ho sao bei*, the application of incense fire to the back of the victim. It is much like branding. Under this pain a man usually confesses and often lapses into unconsciousness. Finally, Hsia Tsi Hwa, this coolie who had accompanied the Fathers on their last trip, was beaten with bamboo. A severe beating often cripples the victim for life.

The Sisters listened to the man's story. They could not understand why he had revealed himself as the servant who was with the Fathers at the time of their death, for this very statement would lessen his already slim chances of escaping the executioner's sword. After the missionaries' death he was under suspicion, for whilst the other coolies returned to the Mission after the tragedy, he did not straggle in until a few days later. He was then questioned and watched for a time, but finally permitted to go, though there were many obvious contradictions in the story he gave. He was the only one of the party to whom the bandits gave anything to eat, and some of them knew him by name.

HERE is the story of that tragedy as he related it in his cell. The outfit who captured the Fathers had been near Hwa Chiao village the day before and had stolen some water buffaloes to be used as food by their companions. The officer in charge of the local Home Guards took the animals from these lads, though there was no fighting, since the bandits were roving soldiers who were still in possession of their uniforms. Later in the day the Home Guard official fled to his own village, since he



THERE IS PLENTY OF FRESH AIR AND NO LACK OF SUNSHINE IN THIS OUT-DOOR TAILOR SHOP. WHEN A GARMENT IS TO BE MADE THE TAILOR HIMSELF COMES TO THE HOUSE AND WORKS UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF HIS CUSTOMER. IN THE CONTRACT FOR A NEW SUIT THE ITEM OF FOOD AND TOBACCO FOR THE TAILOR IS TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT

heard the bandit leader had been angered by this interference with his men.

One of the bandits wandered up to the inn of Mrs. Nieh at Hwa Chiao and learned that three foreigners were staying there for the night. The rest of the prisoner's story coincides in great part with what we already know. Mrs. Nieh wished the Fathers to leave, but later consented to go to see the officer in their behalf. During her absence it is believed that she got in contact with the bandit chief and had him agree that the strangers would not be captured in her house. The bandits watched throughout the night and so were weary and impatient when the Fathers fell into their hands. The bandits spoke a country dialect with which neither the missionaries nor their servants were familiar and so Hsia Tsi Hwa, the coolie, answered for the party that they did not have a large sum of money with them. He saw the Fathers led over the brink of the hill and heard the shots as each in turn was killed.

"AFTER the murder," continued the coolie, "I was forced to go with the bandits, since I recognized some of them. Indeed, but for my friend Mao, who was one of the robbers, I too would have been killed. For they feared I would reveal their names and, if not, they or their relatives would suffer. They kept me with them in their tramping about the countryside for several days and then, with a warning, let me go. I returned to Hwa Chiao and learned that the news of the murder had been spread abroad. I knew I was under suspicion. My own relatives would not let me return to Chenki for a while, for they thought that I would be accused of having a hand in the killing or, at least, in the betraying of the Fathers. Finally, I promised them that I would tell nothing and so they let me go back to the Mission. You can



SISTER FINAN, OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, WITH SOME OF THE ORPHANS WHO ACCOMPANIED HER TO CHENKI MISSION AFTER THEIR HOME AND HERS WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE. IT WAS SISTER'S KINDNESS AND SKILL IN GIVING MEDICAL AID TO THE WARDEN THAT RESULTED IN THE FATHERS OBTAINING PERMISSION TO VISIT THE CITY'S JAIL.

see. I was only trying to protect my own life.

"Now I am in prison and facing death because somebody has lied about me. It is true I confessed under torture, but if I had not made a confession of some kind they would have killed me. This torture is forbidden by the Chinese law, but still some of the military men use it."

"But why," he was asked, "did you not come back at once and help the police and the army by revealing the names of the bandits?"

"What does it matter now?" he answered. "All those bandits have been killed. Mao, who got the information about the foreigners and who later saved my life, was killed recently at Changteh

in a raid on a gambling den that was a robbers' lair. The rest are all dead. If, at the time, I did what you call my duty, by helping the officials, I would have been killed by the bandits or, if I had escaped, all my relatives would have suffered. I had no part in the killing of the Fathers."

Days have passed since first the Sisters heard this story from the prisoner in the death-house. They, the catechist and the priests here, have all talked to Hsia and begged him to prepare for death. Prayers have been offered for him. So far all efforts seem in vain.

"I do believe in most of your doctrine," he says. "But I know you do not permit the burning of paper to one's ancestors. And I am sure if I ever get out of here I shall continue to do that. Besides, if I am to be led to execution I shall do as other pagan criminals. I shall curse the elders, and the unjust officials who have listened to calumny and condemned me to death."

Every five days here is market day. One of these mornings we fear we shall hear the bugle blowing as Hsia is led out to be executed before the populace as a warning to all evil-doers. Will he respond to grace before it is too late?



A BLACKSMITH'S STAND ON ONE OF HANKOW'S SIDE STREETS. THE SMITHY'S JOBS CONSIST MOSTLY OF REPAIR WORK OF ODDS AND ENDS. VERY LIKELY HE HAS JUST FINISHED MENDING ONE OF THE WHEELS ON THE RICKSHA THAT IS PARKED AGAINST THE WALL

IN contrast with the unhappy ending that seems to be in store for Hsia, was the death recently of another one of the coolies who was with our three missionaries in April, 1929, when they were captured and killed. This man, Su Ping Ngan, and Peter Hwang, were the first to bring news of the tragedy to the Chenki Mission. It was noticed that Su seemed to have aged greatly in a few days. The fear he had experienced and the memory of what he had been through affected him deeply. He was given a position as assistant to the



A GROUP OF CHINESE WHO ARE INTERESTED IN CATHOLIC PRISON WORK AT CHENKI, HUNAN. PAUL SEN, AT THE LEFT, IS THE MISSION CATECHIST WHO HAS INSTRUCTED AND BAPTIZED SEVERAL OF THE PRISONERS. THROUGH THE OFFICES OF MR. HWANG, AT THE EXTREME RIGHT, THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES OBTAINED PERMISSION TO VISIT THE JAIL. THE BOY IS THE SON OF GENERAL KU, A FEW OF WHOSE OFFICERS ARE ALSO IN THIS GROUP

Shenchow Mission cook and on the whole proved satisfactory. Since he confessed that he was making little effort to break the habit of opium smoking, which he had contracted in his younger years, it looked as though he would not become a Catholic.

His boy, who later attended the Mission school, this year became dangerously ill and asked for Baptism. The father readily gave his consent. I baptized the lad and on the occasion of the month's mind Mass for Sister Devota he received his First Holy Communion. Old Su himself now made spasmodic attempts to break away from his opium pipe, but with little lasting effect. He learned the ordinary prayers and attended doctrine classes. Three or four times a week he assisted at Mass.

ABOUT a month ago old Su took to his bed with a severe attack of dysentery. He gradually weakened so that he himself knew that he was near the end. He asked whether he might receive Baptism, now that he was so close to death. The catechist referred the request to the priest who, after further instruction, baptized him. He lingered on, and a week later was prepared for confession and extreme unction. Daily he asked that he might receive Holy Communion once at least before he died, for he knew much of this doctrine from his long association with Christians.

We brought him our Sacramental Lord late one night. Su Lawrence, lying in his poor attic room, received with fervent dispositions. His lips repeated the words that, I am sure, came from his heart: "Thanks be to God for His goodness to me! I am very happy. I am baptized and have received all the benefits of the sacraments. I hope to attain eternal life. Indeed I am very, very happy." Slowly his life ebbed away. The day after his First Communion old Su Lawrence was dead.

That night the pagan householder did not want the body left under the roof unless pagan bonzes came to perform their ritual. God had given us much consolation in the conversion of this servant and

we could not forget his part in bringing us so promptly the news of our companions' deaths. Wrapped in his bedding, Lawrence's body was lowered by ropes from the attic and placed in a large coffin. The next morning, after a funeral Mass, the Christians of the town accompanied the body to the new Catholic cemetery of Chenki.

SU LAWRENCE is survived by his wife, who promises soon to become a Catholic, and by his boy, Stephan. A daughter, who is the wife of an army officer, lives at the provincial capital, Changsha. So one more of the figures that played such a prominent part in the capture and death of our priests has passed away. Surely God is blessing Chenki for the sacrifice made by the three Fathers who gave their lives near here four years ago. These last twelve months have witnessed a new fervor in our Christians, an increase of earnest catechumens and no less than two hundred Baptisms. We are grateful for this spiritual harvest and for the promise of what is to come. Yet as I write these lines my heart is sad. I am thinking of the coolie, Hsia, who sits in his death cell and refuses to come into the Faith which he really believes to be true.



A LEPER WAITS FOR TREATMENT AT THE DISPENSARY OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY IN CHENKI. THE INCREASING NUMBER OF LEPROSY CASES HAS MADE IT NECESSARY FOR THE SISTERS TO APPEAL FOR A SUPPLY OF CHAULMOOGRA OIL. IT IS ESTIMATED THAT THERE ARE ONE MILLION LEPERS IN CHINA, AND THAT ONLY ABOUT TEN THOUSAND OF THESE ARE IN INSTITUTIONS

Divine Anachronisms

No. 7 in *The Divine Tragedy*

By Daniel B. Pulsford

THERE might be some excuse for anyone who should argue that the command, so constantly repeated, to take up our Cross and follow Christ must be the addition of a later time when the Crucifixion was an accomplished fact and when the Cross was recognized as the supreme example of self-sacrifice.

"How," it might be asked, "could Jesus speak in this way while as yet the fate implied in the words was still in the future and, to those listening, wildly improbable? Is it not more credible that the phrase was coined after the event and attributed to Him?"

A Characteristic Utterance

SUCH reasoning is common among those critics who explain every passage which they cannot understand as an interpolation, an accretion, a gloss upon the original narrative. Unfortunately for their theory this particular saying appears too frequently and is too closely intertwined with the context to be doubted. It is in fact one of Jesus' most characteristic utterances.

Nor, if we accept the fact that He came into the world in order to die, is it difficult to understand why His speech should thus anticipate the manner of His death. By this anachronism He sought to create a certain image of Himself in His disciples' minds. What their eyes saw was One Who went about freely and enjoyed the popularity which His miracles occasioned. Rich men fêted Him. Wise men sought His counsel. The crowd was so enthusiastic about Him that it would have made Him king. The disciples themselves were deceived. They already in imagination saw Him clothed in royal robes. Visions of Him seated on a magnificent throne hovered before their eyes.

In His triumph they saw their own fortunes made. Like some fond wife believing strongly in her husband's genius and refusing to entertain the thought that the world would not share her pride, pictures him and herself at the pinnacle of success, so did these men and women who knew Jesus better than the outside public hug their secret knowledge of His greatness and dream their dreams of reigning with Him.

But a very different picture presented itself to the Subject of these visions. It is more than possible that He had seen some victim of Roman authority led out with ignominy to die. Such spectacles were not

uncommon, and we are not exaggerating the probabilities of the case when we imagine Jesus and His retinue of initiates halted by the wayside while a procession headed by some felon carrying his cross passed on its way to the place of execution. He may even have stood beneath some such victim and listened to his delirious raving and seen the blood dripping from jagged hands and feet.

If so, the picture would stamp itself on His imagination, giving concreteness to His knowledge of what was to happen to Himself. In His own mind He was already just such a one. He could, even now, feel the weight of the Cross on His shoulder and hear in His ears the imprecations of His captors, driving Him forward. The thing was no mere premonition; it was real.

The picture which He had of Himself was that of one already doomed and on His way to execution. And He sought to transfer this picture of Himself carrying a Cross to the imagination of His disciples and thus to supplant that other, erroneous vision of a victorious king. He wanted to accustom them to think of Him as the Crucified that they might be the better prepared for what was so sure to come. It was more difficult than to get the mind to accept the fact, so contrary to appearances, that the earth goes round the sun. They had the testimony of their eyes to His popularity, and it needed a supreme effort of faith and imagination to see Him as He pictured Himself.

Another Example

WE have another example of this habit of speaking of Himself as already dead in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel. "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you," He declared. Not unnaturally, the Jews, listening to this kind of talk, asked, "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" And even the disciples murmured. But Jesus' mind had traveled ahead, seeing as a contemporary fact that which was yet to happen. In His thought the Sacrifice which was to provide the life-giving Feast, had been, even then, offered.

In this power of representing the future as something already present there was something more than a vivid imagination. In "The Pot of Basil" Keats describes Isabella's kinsmen setting out, with the man they intended to kill on the journey, in one pregnant sentence:

So the two brothers and their murdered man
Rode past fair Florence.

The poet startles his readers by speaking of one in the prime of life as if he were already dead. By one stroke time is annulled. The young lover, Lorenzo, mounting his horse that bright June morning is beheld as a mangled corpse. So strongly is the sense of doom conveyed that the spring sunshine seems tainted with thought of death, and the flowers by the wayside are dabbled with blood.

The Eternal Now

TO produce that effect is the gift of poetic genius. A similar effect is wrought by Our Lord's references to His decease, but the power which enables Him to speak thus goes infinitely deeper than any endowment of genius. It is due to the fact that He has access to the Eternal World.

In the eternal *Now* of God there is neither past nor future. All tenses are comprised in that which is ever present to Him. We, indeed, are unable to conceive of a state in which what has been and what is to be are simultaneous experiences. Yet we may dimly visualize the mystery by thinking of a spectator who, from some eminence, sees both the beginning and the end of a moving procession. To God both the origins and the goal of our human pilgrimage are visible.

Thus, St. John, in the Apocalypse, writes of "the Lamb which was slain from the beginning of the world." Since in Jesus were both the Divine and human natures, He could speak in the terms of eternity and describe as present what to His hearers lay beneath the horizon of time. "Take up your cross and follow Me" lifts the thought out of the category of months and years into that sphere which transcends time.

But it was not only as God that Jesus anticipated His death; as we have seen, it dominated His human consciousness. And the question may have occurred to us whether in this He was not transgressing the command which He had given His disciples: "Be not solicitous for tomorrow, for the morrow will be solicitous for itself."

Had the Cross been only incidental and not central to His mission, had there been no more than a risk of being put to death, had a premature end been to Him what it is to the sailor setting forth on a dangerous voyage or to the soldier on the eve of battle, then it is plain that the

criticism implied would be justified. We might in that case set down this preoccupation with the thought of His Agony as due to nervous worry. We might accuse Him of allowing it to interfere with the conduct of His mission. Indeed, it would be impossible to exonerate Him from the charge of going to meet trouble half-way.

We should be compelled to picture Him as anxious and distracted. Instead of inspiring His intimates with the calmness suggested by the words, "Be not solicitous for tomorrow," we must confess that He was constantly harrowing their minds with premonitions of coming disaster, and preventing them from concentrating on present duties and difficulties.

The general who harassed his staff with dark forebodings of defeat would be unworthy of his position. By unmanning them beforehand he would go a long way to produce the evil he feared. The prescient leader may, indeed, foresee that his enterprise is but a forlorn hope and the chances of success few, but, if he is wise, he does not harp on this string. Rather, he seeks by cheerful courage to banish such thoughts from the minds of his associates. Such gloomy anticipations as occur to him he will keep to himself. Nay, he will guard his own mind from them lest they unnerve him.

All this applies to Our Lord if Loisy is right in declaring that He regarded His crucifixion only "as a risk to be run." In that case His reiterated warnings were signs of nervous collapse. We are forced to speak of Him as brooding over the chances of miscarriage. In comparison with this anxious state the thoughtless optimism of the disciples seems preferable. According to modern psychologists who teach us to "think success in order to achieve success," they were far wiser than their harassed Master.

Unrecognizable Features

SUCH an interpretation, however, does not fit the New Testament portrait of Christ. The features of this nerve-racked Leader are not recognizable. The thing is altogether out of drawing, and we must therefore seek some way of reconciling what we know of Our Lord with His habit of anticipating a tragic end.

If we look again at the passage in which Jesus commanded His disciples not to trouble about the future we shall see that, in the same breath that He had bidden them not to be solicitous concerning the future, He had also Himself directed their gaze to a distant goal. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice," He had said. As in the prayer in which He had taught them to offer the petition, "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as in Heaven," so now, He placed before them a Divine ideal to be realized in this world.

It was for this they were to live. Like the plowman who sets his eyes on the end of the furrow they must refuse to look

back. Like the captain who takes his bearings and watches the compass that he may steer straight for the port to which he is bound, they must bear constantly in mind that Divine Consummation to which all things human tend.

Christ's Procedure

THIS was also His own procedure. He looked forward to the time when He would reign in triumph. He told His disciples that He had seen Satan falling as lightning from Heaven. He announced a régime which would include all races. You may speak of Him as straining towards that vision of a regenerated humanity gathered into one Church.

But he who wills the end wills also the means. If we are to seek the Kingdom of God and His justice with unwavering fidelity we must no less faithfully hold before our eyes whatever sacrifices may be necessary for the achievement of that aim. The athlete who thinks only of the prize and not of the training he must undergo is but an impracticable dreamer. To think of the means by which we are to reach our end is not a distraction from our purpose.

Our Lord likened certain half-hearted followers to a king who failed to ask himself at the beginning of a campaign whether he was adequately prepared to meet the enemy, and to a builder who, setting out to erect a tower, omitted to ascertain whether he could complete it. "Count the cost before you begin," was His advice. Drawn by the magnetism of His personality ardent men offered to follow Him, but He checked their enthusiasm by declaring that He could offer them no bed but the hillside and no living more secure than that of the birds.

In willing the end they must will the means, else theirs was but a sentimental attachment and not a serious purpose. Those things are only distractions, concern about which is to be avoided; they are irrelevant to the goal of our pilgrimage. Worry about food and drink when it obscures the interests of the soul is forbidden. But to calculate on the fact that in following the Son of Man we must adopt the mode of life of One Who "had not where to lay His head" is but a necessary prudence.

All this found its supreme exemplification in Himself. He was called by a Divine decree to establish the Kingdom of God in the world. But the Cross stood right in His path. To turn to right or left would mean faithlessness to His vocation. Crown and Cross were so indissolubly related that to will one was to will the other. When He thought of His Passion it was not as something to be feared and shrunk

from, but as an essential part of His life-work. Holding it in view, so far from deflecting Him from the appointed course it kept Him to it.

The European immigrant bound for New York is not wandering from his purpose when he considers crossing the Atlantic. The sea voyage, however disagreeable he may regard it, is an inevitable feature in his program. He can not think of going to America without also thinking of ocean-travel. So, if this homely illustration is permissible, Our Lord could not contemplate the coming of God's Kingdom and the reign of His justice without there being brought to mind the tears and blood which were the price of that sublime Consummation.

Instead of the apparent inconsistency between His own premonitory warnings and His counsel concerning the morrow being a difficulty, we find that consideration of it confirms us in the belief that His sufferings were no accident but an essential element in His designs. It is the things we fear and try to avoid that worry us. But Jesus neither feared nor tried to avoid the Cross, because it was included in His plan.

The fact that He had to die a cruel death was settled in His mind. He could speak of it calmly, and the calmness with which He did speak of it is evidence that He did not look on it as a mere possibility which might or might not be realized but as a certainty the full measure of which He had taken. He could think of the morrow without being solicitous about it, because what the vision of the future revealed was God's will and in doing God's will no harm could come to Him.

A "Timely" Death

ONLY the full acceptance, as of something definitely ordained, could have permitted Him to state the truth with such untroubled precision. Possibilities raise doubts and set the mind to work devising expedients whereby they may be escaped. But there is no trace of this in Jesus' attitude towards His fate. His mind rests in the thought. He even seems to glory in it.

If He sought to escape premature violence by eluding His enemies, it was because His time had not yet come. The very use of that phrase points to the existence of "a rendezvous with death," for which He must be neither too late nor too early. Calmly He went forward with His face set toward Jerusalem as one who fulfils a settled program. In Him we find a complete reconciliation between anticipations of evil and that peace of mind and freedom from distractions the cultivation of which He had counselled.

You that weep, come to this God, for He weeps.
You that suffer, come to Him, for He heals.
You that tremble, come to Him for He smiles.
You that pass, come to Him, for He abides.

—VICTOR HUGO: *Lines written before a Crucifix.*

POROUS PLASTERS *and* WOODEN LEGS

By Ig Nikilis

Leadership and Honesty

UNDER the expansive influence of charity one is disposed to make unique concessions. Among them, for instance, it may be granted that a politician *can* tell the truth. In fact, one's benevolence may go farther and admit that, on one or two occasions, such truth-telling has positively occurred.

As if to encourage the belief, the *Washington Star* prints for us the following:

"Have you brought many people to your way of thinking?"

"No," answered the politician. "Public opinion is something like a mule I owned when I was a boy. In order to keep up the appearance of being the driver, I had to watch which way he was going and follow on behind."

Here was a shrewd and honest confession. When public opinion which, theoretically at least, is America's leader, turns out to be an ass: should we blame our statesmen—absolutely—for their asininity, or rather should we admire them a bit for assuming the responsibility of it?

Ask us several others.

IF

IF a person gives you a piece of his mind, appreciate it. He's probably being more generous than his means allow.

If the hairs of our heads are numbered, the accountant that is working on John D. Rockefeller's poll has the easiest job of the ages.

If someone ever invented a way of growing bananas without skins, over half the race would laugh no more.

If a tomato were fired at a tenor in a third-rate grand opera, might that be described as the only striking scene in the whole performance? (Just a suggestion.)

If a man loves his mother's son and is very, very good to him, why is he such a bad fellow? (We admit it's hard to figure it out.)

If a fellow were foolish enough to let a score of hands empty his pockets, without the least resistance, what would you call him? Out of several possible answers, we are inclined to pick: "Uncle Sam."

Strictly Feminine

YOU say the girl had the man arrested merely for picking her up in the automobile accident and then laying her gently on the ground?

Yes.

What was her charge against him?

Non-support.

Want What We Want

(Not what we need)

AMERICANS fret if they have to wait half a minute for an elevator, or a minute and a half for a street car. To relieve the first necessity in so far as it could, the Empire State Building in New York recently paid out \$400,000 for extra elevators; and to ease the second peeve, the people themselves have indulged millions-and-millions-of-dollar's-worth of automobiles.

An impatient nation must be served, whatever the cost. Except, of course, in the matter of Governmental officials and gangsters. Here our meekness and endurance can become mammoth. In utter wordlessness and pathetic waiting, we permit our Congressmen do as little as they please, at whatever expense they determine, for four years at a stretch; and as for the progeny of Capone, we not only permit it to increase and multiply, but also pay fancy prices for the very concession we make, and patiently afford it years and years to show results.

America can't wait for anything it wants; only for what it doesn't want, and especially for whatever it needs.

A child demands *pronto* the stick of candy that's bad for it, but kicks like a steer against, and could joyfully wait ages for, the medicine it should have.

Is Uncle Sam just a baby with whiskers?

Basis for Disturbance

"I'm worried," said the teacher.

"Can't find myself at all!

The children know so much these days, They make me feel so small!"

"I'm worried," said the preacher.

"My vocal cords now crack.

For when I talk up to my flock, They smile and talk right back."

"I'm worried," said the father.

"My fear is quite immense.

My child suggested, 'Better learn The art of self-defence.'"

Let's Explore Your Mind

(With apologies to Albert E. Wiggam, D.Sc.)

1. If all the wealth of the world were distributed equally among the pockets of the people, would it mean a change?

Of course it would mean change. Seventy-five cents or so in every pocket. But the savages, having no pockets in their fresh-air pants, wouldn't know where to put this Lilliputian wealth; and the civilized folk would promptly pick each other's pocket; and—there you are. Or rather, are you there?

2. Is a fat man more cheerful than a slim one?

Yes—if his stocks are going up (impossible condition), and somebody dies and leaves him a million, and his mother-in-law isn't visiting him, and he hasn't smallpox. Otherwise, perhaps not.

3. Does a man love only once?

If you ask his wife, she'll likely answer: "Yes—only once. Himself."

4. Are ideas that are popularly held usually correct?

As a rule, ideas are not popularly held. If held at all, it is usually painfully. If corrected, they can be correct.

5. Should parents play with their children?

What else have they been doing in modern times!

Example Terrible

AS a sample of *Americana*, the following letter to the *London Daily Express* is supreme:

Dear Sir:

I am an American girl, with all the capacity for thought and creative effort that distinguishes the New World from the Old.

I purpose to fly non-stop (with a good pilot) to Cape Town. When over Victoria Falls my three darling babies—Homer, Luther and Sundae—will each make a parachute jump in honor of Queen Victoria, Dr. Livingston, and ex-Mayor James (Washington) Walker, respectively.

Now, is not that a great idea—or is it?

Yours sororily,

Ellen Clam (Mrs.)

One's comment comes brief. Yes, Ellen certainly is a Clam.

Corporations and Floporations

IT is said that corporations have no souls; but today it is hardly denied by anybody that they have a lot of "heels."

Not that one intends to Insull-t these corporations. No, indeed. Even if one is punny that way, the fact remains that industrial organizations serve a very useful purpose—largely their own. They keep the wheels of industry turning at all times: except of course, when they don't. And they give employment to millions of men: except, of course, when they fire them.

They were putting on a great American show, called, "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," in which the star-performer was Samuel Insull who, with not a single thing up his sleeve, brought forth reams and reams of ordinary paper which he turned into hundreds and thousands of pieces of bright gold, right before the glistening eyes of the nation. The spectators did not realize, however, that, while their optics were feasting on the paper, the wily Sam was taking the pieces right out of their yokel-pockets.

Sam's reputation is now in American hot water; but his body and soul are abroad. He is doing nicely, thank you.

Nevertheless, his fellow corporation-heads on this side of the Atlantic are suffering all kinds of headaches: fearing that the scales have at last fallen from American eyes, and that the big show will be henceforth minus an audience. Not only that, but also they sense the possibility of police-descent; and some of 'em, no doubt, would love to be with Insull. Or even, perhaps, in the bourne which blue-coats can't penetrate and whence no traveler—not even that Ivar Kreuger who, as the Match King on earth, likely merited plenty of flames in the realm beyond—ever returns.

Corporations without souls? What of it! The trouble just now is that they are all pretty much run down at the "heels."

To the Ladies

ONE of our great girl colleges has a man on the campus, whose business it is to pick up cigarette-butts. Kind thought. Lady Nicotine, even in the gutter, is yet a lady; hence worth saving. There do be plenty of males who would fain give her, however fallen, their lips. And what if such males be but hoboes! What can even a lady expect when in the condition of cast-off?

There's a lesson, though, in the cigarette-butt for the fair girl-collegians. When youth burns itself out, it may still have an appeal to the opposite sex; it may yet be chosen; but, alas, by the least desirable and the most indiscriminate.

Life has in recent years had a large task of picking up all too many personified burnt-out cigarettes from more campuses than one, and, with pity and mercy, trying to do something for them. This something has not always succeeded in being much.

The gentle sex would be better off without smoking; for too often, in an atmosphere of smoke, one's ethics get smoking, too. And then—Moral butts.

Fleet as a Bird

(And as tiny-brained)

SCIENCE, they say, solves all problems. Perhaps, unemployment, after all, is not a problem. Anyhow it remains a sticker.

While your average social orator airs his view, the average listener views his air.

It pays to advertise; but to advertise that one won't pay doesn't pay at all. France will find out.

America has been for Europe the goose that laid the golden eggs. Just now she has wisely decided to lay no more golden eggs for the Old World; but she'll probably keep on laying ungolden ones for the New. The politicians will see to that.

Gandhi is said to want to come to America. The way Santa Claus looked this Christmas, we thought the Mahatma had.

When tempted to look at Kate Smith, listen. When tempted to listen to Rudy Vallee, look. When tempted to do both, stop. Enough is plenty.

Hail Fellow, Well Met

"I'VE only two teeth in my head," Aunt Mary just had to admit. "But there's never a day I don't find time to pray: Thank heavens the two of 'em hit!"

Books

WE were afraid, the way Barrie has been keeping literary silence for years, that "Farewell Sir James" had been validly said by the world. But now we are happily mistaken. It appears that the proper expression is "Farewell Miss Julie Logan"—the title of Barrie's latest book. May there be many, many "last" books from the pen of the beloved father of "Peter Pan"!

Not so many biographies as usual, this past year. Gangland was so busy exemplifying the vicious, and Congress the ridiculous, that authors evidently felt that accounts of the vicious and ridiculous were superfluous.

And now they've published the letters of D. H. Lawrence. As if the books about him weren't pruriently personal enough!

Isn't it sufficient nowadays to strip an author, without skinning him!

Sherwood Anderson in his novel, "Beyond Desire," describes his hero thus: "Red Oliver had to think. He thought he had to think. He wanted to think—" Which would rather suggest that Anderson is a hero unto himself.

French Kiss

LESS than a year ago, the French would have kissed President Hoover on both cheeks for his moratorium masterpiece: not thus today.

But there must be some reason, however sketchy or vague, for the change. And no doubt it's this: the Land of the Fleur de Lis thought that the Stars and Stripes, with a moratorium, was just preluding a *beau geste* of complete debt-cancellation. Hence France preened herself, and cooed, and was ready to embrace Mr. Hoover, and even to put his statue on a horse in some suitable side street in Par-ee: when suddenly—aye, even outrageously—it was borne in on French consciousness that the American people, at last averse to being rated the World's fools and to being inveigled into paying for a War that her debtors won, had common-sense.

Let not the present wrath of the Latin temperamentals disturb anybody too much. There is most certainly an undercurrent of belated admiration for us in their present attitude. Mr. Hoover can jolly well forego their kisses, and we—well, we are rather pleased, at length, to dispense with their contempt.

France will pay us. If not in cash, at least in experience. She will lose for all time (i.e., until we forget) the most generous dolt a crazy fortune ever gave her; and to be lost from such a rôle is, from any angle, a distinct American gain.

Princes and Punches

THE possibility is that Crown Prince Michael of Rumania will be an individual like his Pa—heaven forbid! Anyhow, he recently got a hammer and knocked off the nose of a statue of himself which a Rumanian artist was making. And, ethically speaking, King Carol, the Dad, has been knocking off psychological nasal features for some time. Certainly this queer King, so busy at turning his little country into a big *opéra bouffe*, has somehow found time to educate Sonny Boy in the way he shouldn't go! And it looks as if Sonny Boy is now almost ready to burst out on his own. From breaking statue-noses he may proceed to the smashing of fleshly ones, eventually including his own.

Free fists argue free thought; free thought, free tongues; and there is a good old Irish proverb to the effect, "Many a man's tongue broke his nose."



THE WHITE LUTE

BY
ENID DINNIS



WHEN the great Fra Bernardino went preaching through the villages, as everybody knows he made a vast number of converts from the broad to the narrow way. Fra Bernardino had a hustling way with him and sent off quite a good few to take the Kingdom of Heaven by the same violence wherewith he had taken it himself. One of these was the glorious Ghinasso, the matchless minstrel, and his story is well worth the telling.

Ghinasso and the holy friar were, in a sense, rivals. Both were able to collect a crowd of abnormal size. Ghinasso first encountered Fra Bernardino in the marketplace at Siena and wondered who it was who was drawing a larger crowd than his own, for Ghinasso's lute-playing and incomparable gift of song drew all the world to listen, just as did the preacher's words. He was equally skilled at moving the men to laughter or the maidens to tears. Ghinasso's martial song could set Guelph and Ghibelline on the war march, and when he played a merry stave every foot was set agoing, and yet Ghinasso's song was never one that even a holy priest might not listen to with a good conscience. People called Ghinasso's "the white lute," and it was said that the lutist had made the noble Lady St. Cecilia his patron.

When Ghinasso saw Fra Bernardino standing up on his improvised platform, a tub, to wit, addressing the people, he stopped to listen. The friar was preaching on the gifts of God, which he enumerated in a homely and personal way, bidding his audience thank God for this or that possession. It might be the child in a woman's arms or the eyes in her head. Ghinasso cast his eyes on the lute slung on his hip.

"Thank God for thy gift of song," the preacher cried, "and pray to St. Cecilia that thy head be not turned by praise, lest

thou lose it in another way than that by which she lost hers."

The crowd laughed, and Ghinasso carried away his message. He thanked God daily for his gift of song whilst the gold poured into his pockets. He cared not overmuch for the gold and silver, but he greatly loved his Art, to which the plaudits of the people paid tribute.

GHINASSO'S second encounter with Fra Bernardino was a private one, albeit that it was in the public street. Ghinasso had heard that a certain sculptor had been engaged to make a statue of St. Cecilia for one of the churches, and he conceived the notion of offering the artist a sum of money to add to his piece an emblem of the Saint's art in the form of a lute. The sculptor acquiesced readily, for Ghinasso took him a goodly bag of gold, and the latter was leaving his house not a little pleased with the transaction when the boisterous manner of his exit—for a merry heart takes a man along at a great pace—caused him to knock up against a mendicant friar who was bending down collecting crusts from the gutter. It was no other than Fra Bernardino the preacher, fulfilling the lowlier offices of his Order.

Ghinasso was delighted to be able to tell the friar of the white marble lute which was to be presented to the noble Lady St. Cecilia, for had not his words inspired the offering? But Fra Bernardino was a strange man. He shook his head, sadly.

"There is but one lute in the world," he said, "and that is not made of marble, albeit that it be white, that would give pleasure to the Lady St. Cecilia. A marble lute for a marble lady; but the noble Lady St. Cecilia is a lady alive."

Ghinasso was puzzled. He pondered over the strange words and wondered if

much preaching made the preacher a little strange at times. He knew that the friars did not profess to be men of culture, and that marble was forbidden in their churches; but in some way the words of Fra Bernardino had taken the satisfaction out of his gift.

Ghinasso was destined to come across the preacher on a third occasion. Third occasions are momentous. This time it was out in the country and a group of yokels had gathered under a tree growing on the wayside, in the branches of which was seated a friar. Above his head there fluttered a banner bearing in large letters a single word. It was the Holy Name of Jesus.

Once more Ghinasso stopped to listen. The preacher had caught sight of him. Suddenly he began to tell his listeners the story of the rich young man in the Gospel: the young man who had been invited to give up his wealth and become a mendicant. The preacher's words were magic and his hearer's ears were bewitched. The friar's eyes were wondrous gentle although his words were impassioned. They rested on Ghinasso and there was love in them. Above his head there floated the Holy Name—JESUS.

"Sell all thy goods," Ghinasso remembered that he had piles of money in the bank. A great wave of rapture swept over him. He would distribute it all to the poor and start life again as a mendicant minstrel. And all that a frenzied public threw to him should go to the poor, and himself remain a wandering musician, following the Lord, for whom St. Cecilia had offered up her life.

GHINASSO sought the friar after he came down from his "pulpit." Fra Bernardino was a practical man. Distribut-

ing to the poor was a thing to be done with advisement. Better take the money bags to the abbot at the monastery where the poor were fed day by day. Fra Bernardino would not himself touch it with the tongs, but the holy abbot's rule had no such restrictions.

Ghinasso favored the idea. It would simplify matters. He made haste to the bank where his wealth lay, and, having placed it in a leathern bag, the weight of which was almost beyond his strength, he bore it up to the abbey and asked to be allowed to see the Father Abbot.

The Father Abbot was an aged man, with bushy white eyebrows which shaded a penetrating pair of eyes, sunken deep into his head.

Ghinasso went down onto his knees before him—he was wearing skyblue tights—and begged the holy Father to accept his wealth, telling him the story of the preacher up in the tree and the sudden call that he had felt in his heart.

The bag of money lay on the ground at the abbot's feet. He could view it without raising his eyes, which were cast downward. He remained silent for a few moments. Then he said, commenting on the other's story,

"Where is thy lute?"

Ghinasso slung the instrument round from his back where it was hanging.

"Tis here," he said, and touched the strings tenderly.

"Where?" the abbot asked. He still had his eyes fixed on the ground and apparently did not raise them except in a case of emergency. "Where is thy lute?"

GHINASSO slipped the band over his head and laid it on the ground beside the money-bag, where it would come up against the modest gaze of the holy Religious, who was so scrupulously observing the rule concerning the custody of the eyes.

"Ah," the holy man said. "Here is thy wealth summed up. My friend, Fra Bernardino, was here just now and he did tell me that you possessed a fine lute and I have need of one to make complete the image of St. Cecilia, which we are to have in our chapel. I am told that a lute is the correct emblem of the Saint's art. They have one wrought in marble in one of the churches in Naples."

Ghinasso was taken aback.

"But, Father," he cried, springing to his feet, "I cannot give up my lute. I have already given thee all my money. I have no longer the wherewithal to buy another lute, and without a lute I cannot earn my bread."

"Nay, be of good cheer, my son," the abbot replied, "for I will gladly take thee into this house as a Brother and thou wilt then have no occasion to earn thy bread."

He raised his eyes for the first time. They were sharp, penetrating eyes. They fixed Ghinasso from under their shaggy brows and held his gaze. And yet, withal they were kindly eyes.

Ghinasso capitulated. There was dust from the floor adhering to each of his sky-blue knees. He checked the hand which would have brushed it off, and instead, went down on his knees for a second time.

"St. Cecilia shall have her lute," he said.

Thus it was that Ghinasso the musician found himself, as it were, caught in the toils of holy religion, and of the chivalry that had made him a singer of great martial songs.

* * * * *

ST. CECILIA had need of Ghinasso's lute. Brother Ghinasso, humble novice that he was, questioned the propriety of the thrill which he felt at the thought that the instrument which stood by the side of the painted wooden St. Cecilia, had once been his. His it was no longer, not even to touch. Another novice had the dusting of the chapel and the lute could not be touched on any other pretext.

The image of St. Cecilia stood exactly opposite Brother Ghinasso's stall. He had scarcely to raise his eyes at all to see the lute standing at her feet. It aided recollection, that symbol of his act of renunciation. Daily he sang the Church's austere plainsong in choir with the brethren. After a time its beauty appealed to his soul. The world in which he had made melody with the harmony of four strings behind it began to be a dim memory. There were heavenly compensations, found during prayer, for the artist's joy of creation. Ghinasso sang to the Lord a new Song, and it pleased him mightily.

Then things changed. The "new Song" began to become a little monotonous. Ghinasso found himself wondering, when Christmas approached, whether Father Abbot would sanction the introduction of mirthful music at the time of Yule, when the lord of misrule had been known to hold canonical sway in the monasteries. He might perchance be told to borrow St. Cecilia's lute and make music for the Brothers.

But, although there was indeed mirthful music, it was only that made by Brother Beppo, whose voice was cracked and whose songs were only children's rhymes. Father Abbot seemed to have forgotten that Brother Ghinasso had ever handled a lute.

ASPIRITUAL mid-winter had set it in the soul of Ghinasso. He began to ask himself whether a talent is given to a man to be cast aside and wasted. A minstrel whose lute is a "white lute," whose songs are clean, and a cheer to the down-hearted withal, has surely a work to do even as hath the preacher. Ghinasso felt his fingers twitch as he passed by the statue of St. Cecilia. Once, when he was cleaning the chapel, and to touch the lute was no longer a forbidden thing, he stood with it in his hands and softly fingered the strings. They were relaxed and there was no music to be got out of them, but many melodies

rang in Ghinasso's head as he fondled it. He recalled this and that of his masterpieces. He was horrified; for there, in the holy sanctuary, he found his feet asking to dance to the memory of the merry stave that had brought him fame.

He replaced the lute hastily. But that same night the music kept running in his head, and the arch-tempter kept asking, "Wherefore this waste?" Why had he not been content to go on thanking God for His gift, as the friar had first said, and using it for the contentment of mankind? "Come, take thy white lute and flee," the arch-fiend said. Ghinasso fell asleep at last, but when he woke it was to find himself standing at the great hall door with his hand on the bolt.

Horried, he made haste to confession to the Father Abbot, telling him all about the handling of the lute and the subsequent assault of the fiend, whereat Father Abbot forbade him to touch the lute, even for the purpose of dusting it; and saw to it, furthermore, that Brother Ghinasso should be locked in his cell at night, as he had a habit of sleep-walking.

So time went on, and the rigors of winter relaxed in Brother Ghinasso's soul. Nevertheless, ever and anon, the sight of the lute would serve to stir up a strange longing in him. When, as the years went on, one by one the strings broke, Ghinasso felt an answering pang in his heart.

IT was after the last string had snapped that Brother Paolo, who was a visionary, declared that he had heard St. Cecilia playing heavenly melodies on her lute during the late hours of the night. It was as well that the strings had snapped, for it saved Brother Ghinasso from coming under suspicion. But Brother Paolo was never taken very seriously.

After the last string had gone, the arch-temptor ceased to torture Brother Ghinasso with the mental music that contained the ecstasy of the joy of living. The Brother became one of the holiest of the monks. As the years went on his connection with the lute that still rested at St. Cecilia's feet became a dim tradition. A generation of novices arose to whom the tradition had not even been passed down. No one cared anything about the early days of the old man whose feebleness made him a charge on others. Ghinasso never alluded to them. Perhaps he had forgotten them himself. Many things had happened to blot them out—things of which the community had no cognizance, for the adventure of the spirit is a lonely one, nor can it be recounted, as could the adventures of a man who built a plane and made a lone journey in the air. At any rate, all connection had ceased between Brother Ghinasso and St. Cecilia's lute.

Then a new abbot was elected who was a man of vigor, and a great renovation took place. In due course the image of St. Cecilia received a new coat of paint.

For a moment the fate of the lute hung in the balance. Would it be consigned to the scrap heap? The Brothers discussed the point in Ghinasso's hearing, but it did appear to greatly interest him. Brother Ghinasso was nearly as dreamy in these days as old Brother Paolo himself, only he never recounted his dreams.

IN the end, Father Abbot decided in favor of the lute. He had it cleaned up and restrung, and it reappeared in its former place, as spick and span as when it had been the white lute of Ghinasso.

Father Abbot was well satisfied. Thoroughness was his outstanding virtue (albeit that it is said to be the devil's). Moreover, a lute with broken strings is misleading as a symbol. He was a musician himself, and he took up the lute and struck a few soft chords on it. There was no one in hearing except poor old Brother Ghinasso who was always rapt into one of the heavens and took no notice of anything.

Brother Ghinasso lifted his head for a moment. He appeared to sniff the air, as though a sound were something that could be smelt. It was somewhat the action of an old war-horse that hears a bugle. When the monks took their places in Choir that evening they filed past the renovated St. Cecilia and noted that she had still got her lute. Brother Ghinasso, seated in his stall, appeared to take no notice of anything. He had received an example of custody of the eyes at an early stage in his religious career. But as the thin voices of the monks rose in the chant, his old twisted and stiffened fingers began to twitch, as though they were picking at something. The compline hymn was an unusually melodious one that night.

Since Brother Ghinasso had fallen down and broken his ankle on the steps, some time ago, a Brother had been given the charge of conveying him to his cell after night Office. On this occasion it happened that through a misunderstanding the Brother on whom the charge fell had failed him. The aged Ghinasso had been strictly forbidden to leave his seat unattended, so he sat on and waited contentedly enough. It was mid-winter and the chapel was icy cold, but he was well contented to stay where he was. A night's vigil was a luxury which had not been allowed him for many a long day.

He knelt in his stall and gazed before him. The chapel was not in complete darkness. In addition to the sanctuary light and the lamps burning before Our Lady and on other shrines, the moon was shining brightly. A long, cold beam lay athwart the shining figure of St. Cecilia. It disclosed the lute lying at her feet. Nay more, it even revealed the fact that the white lute no longer lacked strings. Brother Ghinasso could count them, shining silver, some of them. Silver strings make deep notes. Rich chords.

The old man closed his eyes. His body

swayed gently to and fro, as though to a tuneful strain. His shrivelled, knotted fingers once again began to claw at something. His teeth chattered. It was bitterly, bitterly cold.

St. Cecilia was beckoning to him. She was pointing to the instrument at her feet. But he had been forbidden to touch it. Ah, God! How hard it had been to obey. How hard it was to obey!

His head dropped forward. A choir stall

had absolved him from his obedience. She wished him to make music. What music should it be?

His shaking hand hovered over the strings. His finger-tips, hardened with manual toil, could not feel their way on the long neck of the instrument. Moreover, he had forgotten where to place them. He struck a chord, and another. The old melodies, the glorious harmonies, were ringing in his ear, but the sound produced



GHINASSO WENT DOWN ONTO HIS KNEES BEFORE HIM

is not designed for the purpose of sleeping comfortably. Ghinasso sat up with a start. In his hands he was holding the lute. St. Cecilia must have placed it there whilst he slept. Heaven had intervened. It was over fifty years since he had handled his lute.

Brother Ghinasso sat up straight in his seat. He had the lute on his knee. He ran his thumb over the strings. They were in perfect tune. St. Cecilia herself

was discord. He could not sing to the noble Lady St. Cecilia a noble song. It was gone, gone, gone, his art.

He sat there clutching the instrument. In his ears it rang—the music that he had made in his youth. And he had counted it all as dross that he might gain Christ. Glory be to God! It filled the halls of memory as a treasure fills the treasure-house. All those songs that he might have sung; all the music that he might have

made. It sounded, as though played by human, or rather, by angel hands (perhaps St. Cecilia's angels were about) in the air round him. It lifted his soul to ecstasy. Not so much the sound of the music but the thought of that Pearl which he had purchased at this price. He had left all and followed on.

Brother Ghinasso seized his lute. His grip was youthful. It had come back to him—the right place for stopping the notes, the right string to strike. Only the voice was quavering and cracked that burst into song to the accompaniment of the uncertain chords.

It was the merriest joy-song that Ghinasso the lute-player had ever composed; the most rollicking, for the occasion demanded joy. The world of fifty years ago had shouted it and danced to it and strummed it on lute and viol. The marvel was that St. Cecilia's feet kept sedate. It was Brother Ghinasso's *Te Deum*, and he addressed it not to St. Cecilia but to the One on the altar of Sacrifice.

Father Abbot's cell was close to the chapel. He woke with a start. What sound was that? The sound of a song of the Fair and market-place being sung in the monastery! He listened in growing horror. The sound came from the chapel itself!

Father Abbot was no coward. He armed himself with a stout cudgel and went forth to encounter the ribald rogues who had broken into the chapel.

THE sight that met Father Abbot's eyes was a strange one. The sound of the singing—it resembled the croaking of a rather hoarse raven—came from Brother Ghinasso's stall, and in that same place was seated Brother Ghinasso. He had the lute from St. Cecilia's shrine in his hands. It rested on his knee, which was crossed over the other under his habit. The hand which was striking the strings was that of a lute-player. Father Abbot recalled to mind that someone had once told him that the Brother had been a strolling minstrel—he had been converted by the great Father Bernardino, now a Saint in Paradise, and a wonder-worker. The abbot also remembered that in the old Abbot Thomas's day they had found it necessary to lock Brother Ghinasso in his cell at night on account of his sleep-walking propensities. Brother Ghinasso had plainly taken leave of his senses, and possession of the newly-strung lute, the sight of which had aroused a dormant memory. The abbot sent up a prayer of thanksgiving that this terrible discovery had been made by himself and not by the brethren, who all appeared to be safely asleep in the distant dormitory.

He went up and laid a hand on Brother Ghinasso's shoulder. He might be acting in his sleep. But the other was wide awake, for all that he took no notice of the interruption. He had stayed his hand for a moment and was listening—listening for all he was worth.

He had caught the sound of a mighty strain of music such as he had never made in his life. It was the music of a celestial song—an immortal song that would go on through all eternity. This was the music that it would be his to make, in glorious, never-failing creative joy in exchange for the mortal song which he had renounced. There had been no waste!

Father Abbot laid a hand on the lute and endeavored to withdraw it from the other's grasp, but the minstrel gripped tight. He must reproduce the harmony which was ringing in his ear—sing aloud the brave strain of victory.

He plucked at the strings, and a weird cry came from his lips. He had pitched on an entirely unpremeditated note. After all, at the best, a celestial melody could not have been reproduced on an earthly instrument; but the result was painful to the last degree.

The horrified abbot tore the lute from Brother Ghinasso's grasp. It came away easily enough. The old man's body had gone stiff, stiffer even than the cold had made it. His eyes were open and their gaze fixed. The abbot carried him off to his own cell, and there he lay on the bed listening to something that the other could not hear.

There was no sound anywhere near. Mercifully, the brethren had not been disturbed. A terrible scandal had been averted. The abbot could say a few prayers of reconciliation alone in the desecrated sanctuary and make things right.

Suddenly the old Brother's fingers—his hands were on the coverlet—began to twitch. He plucked at something. The abbot fetched his stole, and there and

then, he gave conditional absolution to the now unconscious man who had bartered the music of this world for the music of Eternity.

Brother Ghinasso opened his eyes. He gave a strange little cracked, quavering cry. Father Abbot bowed his head and began to recite the prayers for a departing soul. They were wafted to Heaven on a mighty strain of music such as Ghinasso the minstrel had never hoped to produce in this life.

* * * * *

THE brethren were told how Brother Ghinasso had been found in the chapel by Father Abbot in a dying state. The Father hinted that the Brother's death, from the bitter cold which had stopped his heart's action, and saved him from much suffering. Certainly he could never have been trusted to attend choir with the others again.

No one had heard anything—Father Abbot questioned them all—except Brother Paolo, who declared that he had heard St. Cecilia making sweet music that same night, and wondered why the Father smiled so grimly in reply. Old Brother Ghinasso passed quietly to his grave; and when the brethren alluded to him they moved their heads sideways and placed the adjective "poor" before his soon-to-be-forgotten name.

So Ghinasso, that had been the rival of the great Fra Bernardino, failed to achieve the other's fame. Even if he had been a wonderworker there was nothing to prove it, for no one ever thought to invoke Brother Ghinasso's aid except, indeed, poor old Brother Paolo; but, then, Brother Paolo would!

Great Jeweler of Heaven

By C. P. B. Weaver

TYROS should be content imperfectly

To see the beauties fully seen by Thee.

Yet, as the facets of my Mother's heart I turn,

And sense the depths that there are still to learn,

I ask, e'en now in time, to know

The things that made my Mother's hair as snow,

A parting of the veil, that I may see

What makes her life glow paradisaally.

EUROPE AS '33 BEGINS

*The Fall of Herriot: France and the American Debt:
England Can't Repudiate: Treaty of Versailles: National
Conflicts: French Freemasonry and the Church: The Polish
Corridor: Impending War?*

By Denis Gwynn

FRENCH politics are always so uncertain that it is rash to attempt any description of the new situation in France, since M. Herriot's downfall, in an article which will not be published for some time after it is written. Quite possibly a new Government will have succeeded M. Paul-Boncour's before this article can be printed. Events are moving rapidly in Europe; and everything is so unstable at present that the whole situation may have changed by the end of January. But certain large questions have arisen which can be explained in the certainty that the essential problems will still remain, no matter what Government may take office.

The chief fact is that M. Herriot has been forced into resignation even though he still commanded the respect and confidence of the majority in the Chamber. When he was defeated by over four hundred votes, against less than two hundred for the policy which he had advocated in regard to the American debt, there was no sign of anger or of personal hostility. On the contrary, he even received an ovation from the Chamber which had just outvoted him.

The Chamber realized that he had stuck bravely to his guns. He believed that the American debt payment ought to be paid with reservations as to the future; while they had decided to refuse all further payment. Nobody imagined that he had put forward any such unpopular proposal for his own advancement, or with any other motive than sincere conviction.

The New Premier

IT WAS hoped that he would form another Cabinet almost at once, having been given a clear mandate from the Chamber to refuse further payments to America. Only the best informed believed that he would refuse the attempt to form another Ministry. Not until he had refused the offer formally made to him, did people realize how difficult it would be to find another leader capable of forming a coherent Ministry from the conflicting elements which compose the Chamber. So now we have M. Paul-Boncour as Premier. He is an orator and an "intellectual" who has wavered between one group and another of the parties of the Left. Nobody at present regards him as capable of national leadership in a big way. M. Chaumets,

who was requested first to make the attempt, did at least stand for some coherent principles and interests; but he has failed.

Herriot the Anti-Clerical

TO a Catholic observer the attempts at Cabinet-making have been far from reassuring. Herriot himself was not so long ago the militant leader of French anticlericalism after the War. For thirty years or so he had been elected time after time as mayor of Lyons, the great industrial center of the south-east. As such, he stands in French politics much as the Chamberlain family stand in English politics, as the successful leaders and organizers of modern Birmingham. But Herriot's efforts to revive anticlericalism in 1924 came to grief during the financial crash in France; and he has since abandoned his former endeavors to exile the Religious Congregations, to break off diplomatic relations with the Holy See, and to create a monopoly of education for the State.

In more recent years he has become one of the most experienced and most popular figures in Europe. His urbanity and his love for France in all its aspects have endeared him to the whole people; just as he won the affections of his own city long ago, and retained them through all the vicissitudes of party politics. He has largely ceased to represent the anticlerical Left—or as it called itself in 1924 the *Bloc des Gauches*—in French public life.

He has become a national figure, able to rise above party conflicts and to unite the conflicting interests on broad national issues. There has been, broadly speaking, a cessation of attacks on the Church; and though he has depended chiefly upon the support of the Left and the Left-Centre, his policy has commanded fairly general national support.

Once he resigned, however, it was necessary to find another leader who could command equal support from the majority of the Left, with its various groups. One politician after another with a most unsavory reputation from the Catholic standpoint, has been brought into prominence. M. Chaumets, for instance, is the chief agent of the Masonic Lodges in

the French politics. Had he formed a Government, one could only have regarded it as a triumph for the Grand Orient. Even Paul-Boncour, the new Prime Minister, can scarcely be considered much more than an eloquent orator who has been put forward by the groups of the Left. He has formed a Ministry filled with men whom the Church in France has always had ample reason for regarding as enemies. Under Herriot, they were under a reconciling influence; but Paul-Boncour is not likely to dominate his Cabinet.

The difference between the various groups of the Left are scarcely intelligible outside of France. What is the difference in practice between a Radical and a Radical-Socialist, or a Radical-Socialist and a plain Socialist? Paul-Boncour himself began as a Radical-Socialist, then became a plain Socialist, and then reverted to Radical-Socialism. As such, he has formed a Cabinet which consists chiefly of Radical-Socialists, with a proportion of "Republicans of the Left."

The Socialists, it is true, remain outside his new coalition. But he is well known to them as a former sympathizer and member of their party, and they will have little difficulty in dictating their own terms whenever he relies upon their support in critical divisions in the Chamber. The out-and-out Communists have of course refused to coöperate and will continue to exploit whatever chances they can find to make mischief. But all French politicians of the Left dread being thought less "radical" than their neighbors on the Left, and the whole tendency of the new Government will be emphatically socialist.

M. Chaumets, having failed to form a Ministry, is given the Ministry for Home Affairs, which in France still controls the elections; and the general election is so nearly imminent that party politics will play a decisive part in every question which arises.

New International Affairs

THIS new situation will have a profound effect upon several aspects of international affairs. First, of course, there is the great question of the debts to America and the future attitude of all European countries toward repudiation of the burdens of the War. Linked with this is the question of Disarmament, which is becoming increas-

ingly serious with the approach of the new year. And, linked with Disarmament and with the whole future of civilization in Europe, is the attitude of France's new Government towards the Church.

The American Debts

FIRST, in regard to the American debts. One fact is indisputable. France is the only country in Europe which could afford to pay its immediate installments of debt to America without provoking financial chaos. But it is also the country above all others which is most determined to repudiate such payment. The people of France have never had the slightest sense of obligation to pay the debts owed to America, except by handing on whatever sums could be collected as reparations from Germany. France was for four years the chief battle zone for all the belligerents on the western front. Her territory was pulverized, and she lost some two million dead. She had been invaded by Germany, for the third time within a century.

Consequently, the French people have always regarded war debts from a special angle. They have always insisted that Germany must be compelled to pay for the reconstruction of France's devastated districts; that France has borne the main losses of the Allies in a war in which all professed to have the same interests in common; and that any money advanced to assist the war was a much lighter contribution to the common cause than what she paid in human life.

Any money lent to France after the war to assist reconstruction was, she believes, lent on the assumption that Germany could be made to pay reparations; and the lenders must bear the consequences if the German reparations cannot be collected. That, whether one agrees with it or not, is the French view; and there is less disposition than ever in France to take any other view of the war debts question. The younger generation regard it as an intolerable burden for which they cannot be held responsible.

The position in England is quite different. England happens to be a great creditor nation which cannot, even on the lowest grounds, afford to countenance repudiation of international debts. She would lose more than she would gain by such repudiation. But, as a country with long experience of international trade, she soon realized that international debts could not be collected, and that the only hope of trade revival was to start with a clean slate. In that belief, she offered to wipe out all debt owing to her, and agreed to collect only just as much as might be required to pay America.

For some years that policy has worked fairly well. But the gradual accumulation of gold in America and in France left England in an unexpectedly precarious position. She had been financing depressed countries in order to revive international trade. So, when eighteen months ago the

general crash in Europe began in Australia, it became evident that England would in the last resort be liable for far greater commitments than she could pay at short notice. A run on the Bank of England followed quickly, and it became impossible to meet all claims in gold. The gold standard was abandoned, most reluctantly, and a national panic was barely averted.

At the present time the chief difficulty for England in paying its debts to America is that continued payments must send down the sterling exchange still further, until payment becomes wholly impossible and international trade is made still more difficult in consequence. But, apart from that, there is a universal feeling in England that America cannot reasonably expect England to pay, under such conditions, when she has remitted the war debts owed by all other countries to her and is merely liable for handing on what the other countries have now refused to pay to her for transmission to America.

That, broadly, is the position which has brought down M. Herriot. He had agreed to support the English attitude towards America, of requesting postponement and revision of the debt settlements. The general feeling about payment of such debts is certainly very bitter in England as well as in France. No British Government could possibly continue to pay the debts to America under present conditions—at the risk of forcing down the value of sterling still further, and so dislocating all international trade—without grave risk of being driven out of office, as M. Herriot has been. If America insists upon full payment there can scarcely be any escape for repudiation, even in England where so much is at stake if the Government countenances repudiation.

Disarmaments in Europe

MR. HOOVER'S reply, which insists upon Disarmament in Europe as a preliminary to revision of the debt settlements, raises much larger questions. No one can pretend that the European countries would agree to economize by reducing their armaments, merely in order to pay the debt to America. Disarmament, from the European view, is a totally separate question. In the coming year it may bring us all face to face with a war which might even destroy all that we call modern civilization. In most countries the desire for Disarmament is insistent and entirely sincere, just as it is in the United States. But the Treaty of Versailles has left so many rankling grievances which demand remedy, that many countries are deliberately arming in the hope of enforcing a revision of the Treaty for their own ends. Others are arming to defend what they have won by that Treaty.

In the coming year the revision of the Treaty of Versailles may well become imperative if war is to be averted. Mr. Hoover's calm appeal for Disarmament seems to us on this side to take no account

of realities in Europe. Germany, for instance, has succeeded at last in establishing (with endless difficulty and under threat of the most violent convulsions in Germany itself) the right to arm in her own defence on the same footing as any other Power.

The German Position

SINCE 1919 she has been forbidden to have a standing army of adequate proportions for national defence. Unfortunately she contemplates (and with plenty of reason) much more than the mere defence of her existing frontiers. She demands the abolition of the Polish corridor, which was created as an artificial barrier dividing East Prussia from the rest of Germany. She demands many other revisions where she believes that her territory has been robbed.

France, on the other hand, is definitely concerned to prevent another invasion of her present eastern frontiers, which gave her back Alsace and Lorraine. She has also formed close military alliances with Poland and with a group of countries in southeastern Europe which benefited greatly by the peace treaties. She feels obliged to defend them as well as herself from any attack by Germany or by any other Power. And in that explosive situation Italy has entered, full of new ambitions as a rising Power with a sense of having been treated unfairly in the peace settlements as though she were a less important Power than the others.

Actually Italy obtained more territory at the expense of Austria than she could justly claim, and she has no intention of abandoning anything she has gained. Still more serious is the growing demand in Italy for the reconquest of Savoy and the French Riviera, and especially for control of those parts of northern Africa which are nearest to Italy and have been chiefly colonized by Italian emigrants, until their cities are almost Italian in fact, though they belong to France politically.

In Germany's recent efforts to vindicate her right to equal treatment by the League of Nations and to ignore the restrictions of the Treaty of Versailles upon her armaments, Mussolini has championed Italy before the world. But there is no doubt that Italy's encouragement of Germany is largely inspired by hostility to France.

Both Italy and Germany are full of grievances against France; and both are deliberately developing their armaments in the hope of gaining what they claim to be their rights in repudiation of the Treaty of Versailles. France, on the other hand, regards these threats to the Versailles Treaty as threats to her own security. And so long as Germany and Italy put forward their present claims (which were inevitable sooner or later) France cannot be expected to disarm.

How will the new régime in France affect that situation? The Grand Orient and the Masonic forces which are so

strongly represented in the new Government have in the past been regarded as pacifist. But M. Herriot—who was their mouthpiece in office—could never have remained in power for so long if he had not developed much more nationalist views than he held at first.

The people of France are sick of political dissensions, and they crave for a vigorous leader like Poincaré or Clemenceau—both of whom were strongly anticlerical in their pre-war days, and only became identified with the Right through their uncompromising nationalism.

The forthcoming elections in France are expected to produce a victory for the Left. But will the Left, even under the direction of the Grand Orient, be willing to consider calmly and on its merits a revision of the Treaty of Versailles, while Italy has created a new menace to the settlement which now exists?

That a war between France and Italy should come through a direct conflict between them is most unlikely. But the situation at the end of 1932 is full of menace. Italy is already involved in a most critical dispute with Jugo-Slavia; while France is most intimately involved in her military alliance with Jugo-Slavia. An open rupture between Italy and Jugo-Slavia might come at almost any time.

If so, would France be able to stand clear? Or would she be suddenly involved in war with Italy? If so, what would happen in Germany? Would the new Germany wait patiently for the other Powers to revise the Versailles settlement? Or would she seize the opportunity to overrun the Polish corridor, and perhaps to undertake more ambitious plans?

A Disquieting Contrast

NOT least disquieting is the contrast between the chronic instability of French Governments, and the enduring stability of Government under Hindenburg in Germany and Mussolini in Italy. A series of Governments in Germany have succeeded one another so rapidly that the ordinary people have ceased to look to Parliament for guidance; Hindenburg himself has held the reins of power. He has even frustrated Hitler's triumphant agitation, by refusing Hitler the chancellorship although he controlled the largest party in the Reichstag. He and Mussolini have each established a strong central authority which the mass of their peoples respect and will obey. But in France for the time being there is chaos, which is most uncomfortably reminiscent of the similar chaos in the years before 1914. Countries with strong governments are always tempted to strike when their opponents are divided and bewildered.

One feature of the pre-war chaos in France has happily been absent in recent years. For a number of years there has been no active persecution of the Church. Were that to revive, France would indeed be divided, and at the mercy of any for-

eign power which wished to attack her or to act in defiance of her wishes. It is extremely disquieting to find that Catholic publicists in France are genuinely afraid of a new development of anticlericalism under the Government which has replaced M. Herriot.

The Masonic Grand Orient

THE Grand Orient has never ceased to uphold, and to promote unobtrusively, its program of militant hostility to the Church. Will the elections this year see a revival of anticlerical policies—at any rate in the direction of attacking the Catholic schools? And, if so, will Herriot return to his former advocacy of such policies? Or has he become a really national statesman like Poincaré or Clemenceau or Briand, who realized that internal divisions must not be provoked when the safety of France is in danger?

In the years since the War the Catholic revival in France has been so strongly organized, and has shown such magnificent vitality, that the anticlericals may well pause before they challenge any renewal of conflict with the Church. But one has to reckon with the world-wide campaign by anti-religious forces in the coming year. Spain has provided a new centre from which Bolshevik activity is being spread through Europe, from the West as well as from the East. In Spain the campaign against the Church has of late been renewed with greater intensity. And France has shown every official encouragement to the new régime in Spain. Herriot himself went there only a few months ago to cement the relations between the two Republics. His visit was widely interpreted as indicating a desire by France to create

a close alliance with her neighbor on the Mediterranean; but it would be folly to ignore the possibility that the Left in France may be preparing to develop a campaign against the Church similar to that which is now in progress in Spain.

The chief factors in all this complicated situation can be quite plainly stated.

One is that Germany is fully entitled to demand a revision of the Versailles Treaty; and that any such revision must provoke fierce conflicts with the Powers concerned.

Italy, on the other hand, is claiming territories which have for generations been regarded as belonging to France; and her truculent attitude is a very real menace to the peace of Europe. France has suffered so much by war that she desires peace more than any other country. But France is directly threatened by any revision of the Versailles Treaty.

Southeastern Europe

THE most dangerous spot, as before the War, is still in southeastern Europe. A conflict there might drive France and Italy into open war. (The outlook, as 1933 opens, is really ominous. And in its gloomy prospect the one chief hope is the united strength of Catholic Action under the inspiration and guidance of the Papal encyclicals, operating to prevent war in every country).

Mr. Hoover's exhortations may even yet persuade all countries to reduce the vast expenditure upon their armaments; but that would only reduce the scale of preparedness for war. Only the spirit of Christian peace, and the intention of applying justice and charity between all nations, can avert a conflict which has of late come perilously close to Europe.

What Grief Were Mine

(To F. X. R.)

By Sister Miriam

THE greatest sorrow man can know was mine:
Not when God took the two who gave me birth;
But when a dear one bartered years for wine,
And left my life a prey to foes of mirth.

So far as man could see, which is not far,
He left earth unprepared. Ah, had I prayed
In vain God would the blessed gates unbar;
In vain, Christ would embrace him, not upbraid?

What agony, what tears, what foolish grief
Had since been mine, had not a faithful friend
Helped me to seal the past beyond belief,
Beyond recall, and trust unto the end!

Surely this priest who bade me never weep,
Nor let my love be quenched in tears unwept,
Has plumbed Christ's tenderness for wayward sheep,
Beyond the hope my faith and love accept!

Without Guile, but not Without Style, **ST. BARTHOLOMEW!**

By Helen Walker Homan

IT'S a very pleasant shock, Saint Bartholomew—fifth chosen of that exclusive and utterly charming company of Twelve—to discover that you had a fondness for clothes! Such a predilection seems inextricably woven in my own warp and woof (I hope this letter isn't going to make you feel that I have too much warp) and hence it's comforting to learn that it may not, in all cases, be entirely incompatible with sanctity. Now, of course, I know that most hagiological opinion is markedly to the contrary—but that's because it has never properly considered your own splendid sartorial solicitude, Saint Bartholomew.

After all, I'm sure the pagans whom you set out to win over to your Master's cause found it very pleasant to look upon a well-dressed Apostle. Not that I've discovered any complaints about the clothing the others wore—only human nature, being what it is, always welcomes most readily those who are pleasing to its physical eye. And you certainly were that, Saint Bartholomew!

Now some churlish souls may perhaps complain that there is no Scriptural assurance to this effect, so I'm putting it up to you, Saint Bartholomew, to reassure me that the account in the apocryphal "Martyrdom of the Holy and Glorious Apostle Bartholomew" is correct. For it would disappoint me terribly to have to relinquish that charming picture of you!

Yourself and Astaruth

BUT perhaps you have never seen that passage which recounts how certain idolaters, some years after you had set forth to carry your Lord's Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth, were disturbed by the fact that their god, Astaruth, had suddenly ceased to bestow favors. So they journeyed to another city, where was enshrined an even more powerful deity—one Becher—and appealed to him to explain Astaruth's strange inefficiency. Becher answered them plainly:

"Since God has sent His Apostle, Bartholomew, into that temple, your Astaruth is held fast by chains of fire, and can no longer either speak or breathe." To their knowledge, the questioners had never seen you—for you were living incognito, among the pilgrims and the poor sheltered by that temple. So they at once inquired of Becher what you looked like. That deity replied impressively:

"He is clothed with a white undercloak, which is bordered with purple—and upon his shoulders hangs a very white cloak!"

Now, that was certainly a most beautiful "ensemble," Saint Bartholomew. White and purple, combined properly, are always exceedingly smart. No one can make me believe that this costume had not been carefully planned, nor that you were one who gave no thought to clothes.

Your Personal Appearance

FURTHER, I do wish you'd tell me if Becher's next remarks have been accurately reported. "Bartholomew's clothes," he confided, "have been worn twenty-six years, but neither are they dirty, nor have they waxed old!" Dear Saint Bartholomew, if so . . . won't you please tell me, how so? But I expect you'll say that one has to be at least an Apostle to accomplish such a feat. So I suppose there's no use asking how it can be done.

Yes, indeed, your clothes had style; and from the further words of Becher I can see how well you wore them. He stated that you had "black hair, a shaggy head, a fair skin, large eyes, beautiful nostrils, his ears hidden by the hair of his head" (that made it nice in cold weather, Saint Bartholomew) "with a yellow beard and a few gray hairs." Perhaps it may annoy you to have your personal appearance thus discussed so frankly; but anyone as handsome as you should be accustomed to such words and able to ignore them without embarrassment. Personally, I cannot help reflecting on what a charming appearance you must have made—certainly an "eyeful" to those pagans in far-away India whom you had set out to convert. Half the battle was won before you even opened your mouth.

And if this is how you appeared some years after your Lord's Resurrection, you must indeed have been a very handsome youth when you first pledged your life to Him. I only wish I knew more about you; but it would seem, in spite of your good looks and dressy appearance, that you were really a very modest person. In the Gospel story, you cling, I suspect, purposely, to a misty background—as though you considered yourself the least among His followers. We only know that you were born in Cana of Galilee, of Jewish parents, and really called at first, Nathanael. We are told too, that, because your father bore the ancient Hebrew name

Tholmai, you later came to be known as Bartholomew (the "son of Tholmai").

It was really your loyal and devoted friendship for Saint Philip which drew me to you first, Saint Bartholomew. Of course, it was Philip who brought you to the Master. And you never forgot, nor ever ceased to be grateful.

Somehow, of all the Gospel accounts of the several ways in which certain of the Twelve came to Him, the story of your call evokes the most delightful picture. I love to think how you and Philip journeyed to Bethenia beyond Jordan, to hear the Baptist preach penance to a weary Jewish world, hungry for its long-promised Messiah. And I often wonder how it came about that presently you and Philip separated for a little; certainly you were not together when the Master called him.

Frequently have I puzzled over just how you came to be under that fig-tree, Saint Bartholomew! Were you perhaps weary, and had thrown yourself within its shade to rest for a space? Or had you and Philip appointed it as a rendezvous, where you awaited him? Or were you possibly hungry, and so had fallen to plucking the fruit it bore? Well, anyway, there you were, underneath a lovely fig-tree, when Philip rushed up breathlessly. "We have found," he exclaimed, "Him of Whom . . . the prophets did write—Jesus . . . of Nazareth!"

Your Famous Question

NOW I hope you'll forgive me for reminding you of your reply, for I assure you I realize that very shortly after you were only too eager to retract it. But poor Philip must have been considerably deflated, when you inquired: "Can anything of good come from Nazareth?" What a question, Saint Bartholomew! But I'm sure you did not say it nastily, and that you were sincere, if misguided, in your prejudice against that wonderful little town. Perhaps you'd had some unfortunate experience at the hands of a Nazarene, and thought they all must be exactly alike. Or else you may have been good-naturedly contemptuous of so small a place (you know the way New Yorkers talk about little towns, and it doesn't really mean a thing). Or perhaps your words were uttered in the spirit in which a San Franciscan might refer to Los Angeles—just a display of worthy civic pride.

In any case, the question popped out.

But your friend was not wasting any time in explanations. "Come and see," he said briefly—and forthwith dragged you off from under the fig-tree. Some distance had to be traversed, before, rounding a bend in the road from which your fig-tree was invisible, you came upon that little group gathered about the Master.

Without Guile

HOW surprised you must have been when, as you approached, you heard Him exclaim: "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile!" It was a delightful compliment, Saint Bartholomew; but, of course, you were puzzled by this Stranger's assumption that He knew all about you. "Whence," you demanded, "knowest Thou me?" And then came that amazing reply: "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee."

Dear Saint Bartholomew, you were indeed devoid of all guile. You never questioned this statement for a moment, wondering secretly, as others might, whether someone else had actually seen you there, and had told the Master. You simply accepted it, at once more convinced of His power than were others by years of miracles. I've always loved the way you responded. "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God!" you cried unreservedly. Your heart must have leaped, when He said gently: "Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig-tree, thou believest: greater things than these shalt thou see. Amen, amen, I say to you, you shall see the heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man."

From that first, beautifully complete cry of faith, you never thereafter once wavered. Without guile, yes, Saint Bartholomew—but nevertheless, I still insist not without style! If that lovely white and purple costume is any augury, I'm sure you were the best-dressed Apostle at that famous wedding-party in your native Cana, to which, shortly after your call, you and Philip, Peter, Andrew and John accompanied Him. I'm certain there was no failure on your part, at least, to put on a wedding garment. And there, when you tasted the water miraculously turned to wine, I think perhaps you were even more moved and amazed than the others, because of that old Arabic legend which relates that you were, by occupation, "a dresser of vines, skilled in their cultivation." As such, you would certainly have known your wines like an expert, Saint Bartholomew.

It has often seemed to me that perhaps you were more especially beloved by the Master than were some of the others. For out of all the Twelve, you shared with a chosen few the privilege of being present, not only at that "first beginning of miracles," but also, after the Resurrection, at His tenderly beautiful last appearance on the shores of the Sea of Tiberias. Only

five of you were at that wedding-feast—and only seven were fishing when He called to you from the sands; "Children," was the way He hailed you. That scene has always touched me—how, because you were all hungry, He called you into that sheltered spot where He had prepared hot coals, and a fish, and bread. I think he must always have thought of you particularly as a child, Saint Bartholomew—you, with no guile. And He so loved children. "Unless ye become as one of these"—well, you, for one, had never been otherwise!

Yet the wisdom and valor with which, all your life, you waged your holy war for His cause were certainly products of a sound maturity. There was nothing childish about that able debate in which you so logically defeated that wily Pharisee on the temple steps in Jerusalem. In case you have never read how it has been reported, "The Recognitions of Clement" states: "Then a certain Pharisee . . . chid Philip, because he put Jesus on a level with Moses." Now you weren't going to permit anyone to chide your beloved Philip, much less, allow any derogatory remarks about your Master. So, ". . . to whom, Bartholomew, answering, boldly declared that we do not only say that Jesus was equal to Moses, but that He was greater . . . because Moses was indeed a prophet, as Jesus was also, but that Moses was not the Christ, as Jesus was; and therefore He is doubtless greater Who is both prophet and the Christ, than he who is only a prophet."

I've also been much drawn to you, Saint Bartholomew, because of your feminist sympathies, which I can see plainly delineated in that Constitution you wrote, "Concerning the Deaconess." For in your prayer, do you not say: "O Eternal God. . . Who didst replenish, with the Spirit, Miriam, and Deborah, and Anna, and Huldah; Who didst not disdain that Thy only begotten Son should be born of a woman; Who . . . in the temple, didst ordain women to be keepers of Thy holy gates. . . ."? You didn't want the Lord to forget women, did you, Saint Bartholomew?

Your Travels

AND what a traveller you were! For we are told that you preached the Word in Mesopotamia, Persia, Egypt, Armenia, Lycaonia, Phrygia, and even India! Concerning the latter, I should so like to have you reassure me about the truth of that tradition preserved by Eusebius—that there you left with your converts a treasured Hebrew version of the Gospel of Saint Matthew. For it is so pleasant to think that you and Saint Matthew had great sympathy for each other. You see, he liked parties, and—well, you liked clothes (always in saintly moderation, of course), and somehow I think such tastes go together and should have made you very congenial. I suspect Saint Philip, your most intimate friend, of being quite

social, which of course also ties in nicely with your own particular trait. (It's going to be so disappointing if some day I shall have to change all my ideas of you delightful Apostles!)

You and Becher

IN the first part of this letter, I questioned you about the veracity of certain remarks, apropos of your clothing, uttered by that pagan god, Becher. But he is credited with other statements concerning you, of whose truth I feel there can be no question. "Seven times a day," he declared, "Bartholomew bends the knee to the Lord, and seven times a night does he pray to God. . . . There go along with him angels of God, who allow him neither to be weary, nor to hunger, nor to thirst; his face and his soul and his heart are always glad and rejoicing." That only confirms my theory that you were, indeed, charming to look upon—for who does not love to gaze into a truly happy face? Especially, when it's as handsome as yours!

Poor old Becher, he seemed considerably worried by the thought that you might invade his temple, even as you had invaded Astaruth's, and thus render him equally useless. "I entreat you," he implored his questioners, "if you shall find Bartholomew, entreat him not to come here, lest his angels do to me as they have done to my brother, Astaruth!" But apparently you had plenty of work to keep you occupied in the latter's domain, for it is related that you were so successful there in casting out devils, that you attracted the attention of royalty.

You perhaps haven't forgotten that King Polymius had a daughter possessed of such, and that he besought you to cure her. As you may recall, you accomplished this easily; but I note from the account that you spurned the camels he sent you, laden "with gold and silver, precious stones, pearls, and"—what's this? Yes, it says so very plainly: "clothing"! Perhaps I'd best retract some of my former statements, Saint Bartholomew, especially in view of your reprimand to the king. "For these gifts those persons long who seek earthly things," you said very definitely.

How much I admire the neat way in which you finally converted King Polymius and his entire realm! It couldn't have been more convincing. Of course you knew, without any sense of vanity, how easily men were affected by appearances, and it must have been with this thought in mind that you staged that little drama. You remember how you invited them all into the temple to witness the final overthrow of the demon who had been, for all those years, masquerading as their god, Astaruth. It must have been thrilling when you called upon him to come forth from that galled image, and reveal himself in his true colors. It was the devastating contrast that did it, I'm sure, Saint Bartholomew. For there you stood, in that stunning white and purple costume, your

handsome face exalted by prayer—when out came Mr. Demon.

And he was, the account states, "black as soot, his face sharp like a dog's, thin-cheeked, with hair down to his feet, eyes like fire, sparks coming out of his mouth, and out of his nostrils came forth smoke like sulphur; with wings spined like a porcupine!" To say the least, he could not have looked pretty, as he "flew away, groaning and weeping." Of course those people took one look at you both, and decided there was no argument. You must have been very happy as you baptized them all—and what a triumph, when the King "laid aside his diadem, and followed Bartholomew, the Apostle of Christ"! When he became such an ardent and holy Christian that you felt justified in making him a bishop, your joy must indeed have been great.

It was a shocking thing, Saint Bartholomew, that two members of the same family could have been so totally different. For was it not Polymius' own brother, King Astyages, monarch of Albanopolis, who refused not only to be converted, but was so enraged over your success with Polymius that he "rent the purple in which he was clothed"? To see him thus wilfully destroying his clothing must have greatly dis-

tressed you, who took such good care of your own!

I could forgive him if only he had let his rage end there, and not had you scourged and tortured, and finally condemned you to die. Poor Saint Bartholomew, this was how he rewarded you for having brought only gentleness and beauty and healing to his people! But you did not falter—for indeed, you were an old hand at such situations, having once before, with Saint Philip in Phrygia, received the death sentence, and been actually nailed fast to the gates of a pagan temple. True, you had at length been released by the eleventh-hour repentance of your captors—but you must have fallen into their arms more dead than alive. And it seems likely that when this second condemnation came, years after, you still bore the scars of that dreadful experience.

"Glad and Rejoicing"

THIS time, you knew there was to be no release; yet that did not prevent you, as you were dying, from preaching the Risen Christ any less earnestly. And I feel sure, when your last suffering moment came, that your face was even more than ever "glad and rejoicing." For you were giving your life for Him in Whose service you had

labored so long, so lovingly and so well.

If I ever should have the happiness of meeting you, Saint Bartholomew, perhaps you will tell me just which method that cruel king used in accomplishing your death. For some reports say that he had you beheaded; and others, that you were crucified; and still others, that you were flayed alive. In any case, I'm sure those paintings inspired by the latter theory, must ever have been distasteful to you—for they represent you as flayed, and holding in your hands your own skin. Personally, they distress me greatly, not only because of the pain and horror I feel at imagining such terrible suffering, but also because I do not think this quite the proper way to depict one who was always so well-dressed.

I for one, love to see you only in that spotlessly white garment and cloak, bordered with purple—your beautiful eyes searching into the souls of men, and your handsome head held valiantly high in His service, no matter what the peril. For you see, even though it be a weakness, there are some of us who do like our Apostles well-dressed. For such, what could be pleasanter than to think of you as always without guile, to be sure, but yet with just lots of style, Saint Bartholomew!

Should Priests Write?

By

One Who Does

AND because he does, he is going to make this little *apologia* anonymous, thereby giving himself the opportunity of speaking his mind without stint and reveling about shamelessly in the luxury of the first person.

I have long wanted to write this. The thing that finally "got me going," both literally and figuratively, was a passage I ran across in an article published by the *Catholic World* for November, 1932. In that issue Mr. John G. Rowe, "an Englishman born in Liverpool," "well known in his native land as a writer for boys," "author of about thirty books as well as of many articles in American, Irish and British magazines," brings up some very pertinent thoughts about "Why Catholic Nations Get Atheist Governments." One reason, he says, is that the Catholic Press is not adequately supported, as is to be seen especially in the neglect of the Catholic lay writer.

Continues Mr. Rowe: "... Catholic lay authors are overlooked and ignored. They are not even encouraged by Catholic publishers, who prefer the priest or nun who writes, naturally enough, of course, because *their* works carry a certain amount of influence on account of their cloth, and are sure of some recognition, deservedly or otherwise. Time was when Cardinals and other

high dignitaries of the Church patronized literature, the arts, sculpture, etc. Would that it were so today, when the Catholic lay author is more or less frozen out in comparison with the priest or nun who takes up the pen, and who, too often, is willing to write for nothing, thereby taking the bread out of the lay author's mouth."

Despite that denunciation, I do not feel in the least criminal about my writing. In fact, I rise rather indignantly to observe. . . .

But first of all, I may be misunderstanding Mr. Rowe. Perhaps he is limiting his statements to books and their publishers. If so, I cannot argue with him to any extent, for I have not as yet perpetrated a book. There are, it is true, various dark designs floating about in my subconscious bag of tricks, but none of them has as yet seen the light. If it ever does, the result will no doubt either break my heart by never being published, or break some publisher's heart by never being read.

But be that as it may, and if Mr. Rowe is speaking only of books and book publishers, he is possibly justified in his stric-

tures. And yet . . . Pick up a Catholic book catalogue and note the kind of books that priests and nuns write. You will find that the subjects are, for the most part, such that only priests or nuns could deal with them. Here are some clerical titles picked at random: *Our Priestly Life*, *What is Faith and Other Essays*, *Letters of a Bishop to His Flock*, *The Practical Catechist*, *Studies in the Early Papacy*, *Short and Practical Funeral Addresses*, *A Spiritual Retreat*. How many lay Catholics could write those books?

HOWEVER, as I say, I am not especially qualified to discuss books and publishers. But if Mr. Rowe extends his remarks also to our Catholic periodicals and magazines, and wishes to state that a priest has a better chance to get his work published there than a layman, we are on common ground, for I have had the pleasure of contributing, off and on, to quite a number of Catholic publications—anywhere from *Thought*, *THE SIGN*, etc., to a weekly newspaper. And I can state most emphatically that Mr. Rowe is mistaken—at least as regards Catholic magazines in the United States.

The reason I am so positive is very simple. Rejection slips. I have received dozens of them—some even from what I, in

my capacity as a reader, considered more or less second-rate publications. I began my ventures in writing with poetry. I sent out one poem after another, and one after another they came home to roost. For a while I was, somewhat vaguely, of Mr. Rowe's opinion, and so I once placed a "Rev." before my name, and on several other occasions tagged a theological degree that I happen to possess to the end of my patronymic. Still no results! Then, one fine day, I began to examine my conscience and said something like this to myself: "Look here, old man. What's the use of trying to get rid of your 'stuff' on the strength of Holy Orders? You want to become a writer, don't you? Then why not prove that you're a writer instead of trying to show that you're a priest? If anybody buys your wares because you are the anointed of Sion, that certainly shows charity, and respect for the priesthood, and loyal Catholicity, but it proves absolutely nothing about your abilities as a writer!"

At the end of that little colloquy I made a resolution. I would hereafter send out all my effusions signed just with my name, shorn of all frills and decorations. I would offer my goods on their merits, not on the basis of a position and dignity for which not I, but the good grace of God, was responsible.

And so I continued to send out poetry. And so it continued to come back. Then, together with one of my rejection slips, I one day received a letter from the associate lay editor of one of our Catholic magazines. I am going to reproduce that letter anonymously on the assumed permission of its writer, whose spontaneous kindness I will never forget and whose zeal for Catholic literature fairly shines from his words:

Dear Mr. _____,

I have read your two poems with pleasure. I dislike very much to return them to you, for I myself have had many such returned to me and I know how it feels. We have so much poetry on hand, however, that we have no space for, that we could not accept your contributions at this time.

I have been wondering just who and what you are. I don't want to discourage you, but I would like to know whether or not you are taking poetry seriously. If you are, you will be sorely disappointed for a long time. In the end you may succeed. . . .

If you are looking forward to a career as a writer, I would like to give you some advice, but first I would like to know more about you. If you care to, drop me a line.

Sincerely, I am,

I pondered a while on this, and then took a piece of the parish stationery, wrote the gentleman a short note telling him who I was and what my ambitions were, and then waited for the reply. It came in three days, and again I take the liberty to quote:

Dear Father _____,

Under the circumstances, you are not to expect advice from me, but suggestions only. I thank you sincerely for your very kind and informative letter.

I have been associated with _____ for a number of years and my argument has always been that, like most Catholic magazines, we give too much space to lay contributors, especially to lay women who, taking pen in hand, seek sedulously and insistently for "pin-money." I have always advocated that our students, and the clergy in general, be given the opportunity to express themselves in our pages. My experience is that they are not eager to avail themselves of the opportunity. It was quite a blow to me to learn that I had rejected the offerings of a priest.

We certainly do want you to write for us. What I said about poetry, however, holds. I used to edit a magazine of verse and think I know whereof I speak. . . .

You surely must have some good stories on hand. Why not send them along? . . . Good stories are always in demand. It is a long time since a priest has written a story for us. May we hope for something great in the near future from the lowly curate of the diocese of _____, as you choose to style yourself?

Sincerely and respectfully, I am,

I grieve to say that I did not properly respond to that extremely kind, sympathetic and gentlemanly invitation—which has given me many a pang of remorse since. But just a short while ago I sent an article to the magazine of which the gentleman in question was associate editor, and the article was accepted. Interesting to relate, the acceptance came from the priest editor-in-chief, who clearly mistook me for a layman! Absolutely the next thing I am going to do after writing this is to indite a long epistle to that excellent associate editor.

As for the latter's second communication to me, it hardly needs any comment. It is a quite spontaneous refutation of everything our friend Mr. Rowe says about priest writers. We need more of them, not less! But, I may add, they must be real writers, not sermonizers. They have plenty of opportunity to deliver homilies from the pulpit. When they step forth upon the pages of a magazine they must use all the arts and wiles of the popular writer to make their matter interesting and to entertain as well as instruct. At least, they must do so if they want to be read. There comes to my mind one of our magazines that is written mostly by priests of a Religious Order. It has great possibilities, that magazine—it has a potential audience of hundreds of thousands—but it is dead! It is filled with learning—philosophy, theology, history—all written in the didactic style of the doctoral thesis. As a result, despite much publicity, that publication's circulation is small and stationary.

BUT to return to my literary autobiography (save the mark!). That second letter from that very considerate associate

editor knocked the starch out of my poetic ambitions. If my poetry was not good enough to be published, it wasn't any good at all, and I wasn't a poet. Upon which humiliating conclusion I pondered for quite a while.

After recovering some of my wonted buoyancy I tried my hand at short stories; but, somehow, I just couldn't get into fiction. It seemed so much like struggling with shadows, like laboring and toiling to erect a house of cards. I clearly understand the need of good fiction, and love myself to read it; but I doubt whether I will ever write it. So after several discouraging efforts I went fallow again for quite a while and continued my reading.

THEN the *cacoethes scribendi* bit me once more: I got an idea for an article, gathered a lot of material, did my best to put my ideas into popular and attractive English, and sent out the result in sheer desperation to one of the finest and most widely circulated magazines we have. Bang! An acceptance three days after, and in ten days or so a check. That night I turned a somersault in bed and for a week after I walked on air. Which—at least the former of which—is rather undignified and unclerical, I am afraid; but anyone who has had the thrill of a first acceptance will see the point. And please note that it was not the check, but the letter of acceptance that caused all the acrobatics.

After that came another acceptance—and another—and another. I had found myself! I seemed to have a facility for digging into a thing, dragging out its essentials, arranging them in good order and clothing them in pleasing verbal habiliments. Anyway, whatever it is, I have been writing articles ever since, and have "crashed" one Catholic magazine after another.

And all the while, except once when the information was requested, I put no handle to my name. That sentence in the associate editor's letter, "It was quite a blow to learn that I had rejected the offerings of a priest," only hardened my stubbornness and steeled my resolutions. Flying these colors I made my first bow in THE SIGN. It was a good-sized bow, and was accompanied by a little curtain speech from the editor, who made some complimentary reference to the contribution of Mr. So-and-So. Whereat I chuckled in unholy glee.

Of course, the editors get to know one after a while. But I get a great deal of satisfaction out of the fact that I have proved my mettle in the capacity of a purely unknown quantity, not of the Rev. _____.

Now what is the moral of all this reminiscing and egotistical chatter? Simply that, as regards our popular American Catholic magazines, titles and position do not count. It is the matter and the manner in which it is presented that "puts it across," not the person of the

writer. Which is as it should be. And which is as it is also for an extrinsic reason. Many, if not most, of our Catholic magazine editors are priests. Now nobody is more critical of a priest than another priest. Let a man in Holy Orders, for instance, conduct a diocesan paper, and every last priest in the diocese will disagree with his editorials. Let a priest assume some important office, and every member of the cloth sees some way in which the office might be better administered. There is similarly, I think, no sympathy lost upon priest contributors by priest editors, who know better than anyone else that the Holy Ghost does not elevate His levites to the heights of Parnassus with the force of the Pentecostal zephyr.

THIS very sacerdotal spirit of criticism, incidentally, is the bane or the joy of the priest who is a writer. He dreads nothing more than the criticisms of his priest readers, and appreciates nothing more than a word of praise and encouragement from them. For he knows that his clerical audience is well equipped to ferret out unworthy motives, detect errors and discover false statements or incongruous implications in his writing. Therefore, it takes a little courage—or shall I say foolhardiness?—for a priest to write.

Whether it is imagination or not, I can not help but feel at times that some of my priest friends think I am trying to make myself prominent by my literary activities, or that I am trying to pose as something better than the rest of my brethren. On that score I can only strike my breast in humility and pray that I may come up to whatever ideals I may defend in my writing.

A criticism that might come both from the clergy and the laity is that a priest should take care of his priestly work and not fritter away his time in writing. As for clerical poets, I fear that they are looked upon by the majority of the priesthood in our country—an eminently practical group of men—as more or less of visionaries, slightly “cracked,” as it were, if not altogether crazy. Hasn’t a priest plenty to do in administering the sacraments, preparing sermons, visiting the sick, seeking out the stray sheep, promoting fairs and card parties, and performing all the other duties and semi-duties of the sacerdotal office?

He has. But he also has—he must have, if his life is to be normal and happy—some diversion, some hobby that takes his mind away from the routine of Sundays and Holy Days, funerals and marriages, ceremonies and rubrics, dances and picnics. Surely no hobby could be more cultural, more sacerdotal, more beneficial than writing. Indeed, I am convinced that my writing makes me both a better man and a better priest; and I intend to continue my writing till the proverbial bovines wend their way homeward, despite

all the criticism, either clerical or lay, that may be heaped upon my stubborn head.

Gracious! This is getting serious, and long, to boot. But I must e’en dash off another paragraph or two. For I hear and see somebody say with a smirk: “And how much do you get for your writing?”

That, my friend, is again a personal matter, which I do not intend to disclose except in a general way. I get paid for my work. I want to get paid for it. And I think I have every right to insist that I get paid for it.

You will have noted that one of the main points in Mr. Rowe’s criticism was that priests write for nothing. So it would seem that the clerical writer is damned whether he accepts money or whether he refuses it. I, as I say, accept it. And by doing so, I contend that I not only take the bread out of no one’s mouth, but perform a positive service to current Catholic literature, however small that service may be.

When I submit a manuscript at current rates, I say to the editor in effect: “I want this to compete with all the writing that comes to your desk. I want it to be judged on the same basis as all other contributions are judged: matter, style, interest, appropriateness, etc. I ask no privileges and no favors; I am submitting my work purely and solely on its own merits.” Then, if I receive a check for that particular piece of work, I know the editor is not paying me for being a priest; and if I receive a rejection, I know that he is not troubled by any qualms of conscience about the matter.

Cold cash is quite unsentimental. It represents value received. It tells me that I have won out in a fair and square fight with a number of other prospective contributors. Is that taking improper advantage of the layman? The latter is quite welcome to come along and present something better than my production. If he does, he may be altogether sure that the editor who is paying out good money for contributions will dispatch a check to him and return my manuscript with a polite refusal.

I AM so confirmed in my attitude on this matter that I fight shy of contributing in places where I am not paid for what I do. Nevertheless, there are certain occasions when I write gratis. In one instance the contributions have gone to a magazine published exclusively for the clergy, where all the writers are priests and none of them, as far as I know, receive any compensation for their work. Again, I write off and on for parish publications, or compose publicity for the papers, looking upon this sort of thing as simply a part of the ordinary parochial routine. Finally, I donate contributions as the spirit moves to a weekly that helps support a community of orphans. If these free offerings constitute taking the bread out of anybody’s mouth, I should like to know just why.

Let me add another reason for my quite mercenary attitude about writing. My

literary (?) activities entail a great deal of expense. There was in the beginning a typewriter to be bought, and the same must now be kept in repair and good running order. After that came a private filing system, which I found indispensable. There are always paper and stationery to be provided and postage to be paid for. I can’t quite see myself using for my extraneous work the parish typewriter and availing myself of the parish stationery. In addition to these mechanical details, my writing necessitates the buying of various books, whose cost mounts up quite surprisingly in a year. The same is true of the different Catholic and secular magazines with which I try to keep abreast.

FINALLY, I take my stand concerning literary compensation with the grand old saint-physician who stated tersely nineteen centuries ago, “. . . the laborer is worthy of his hire.” (*Luke, 10:7.*) Writing, especially the kind I do which often entails a great deal of research and checking up of little details, is a very exacting and tiresome business; and why should not I, who have to pay for all my expenses with cash as hard as any layman’s, and who have an income that is by no means princely—why should not I reap the reward of labor that is quite supererogatory? No fear that I will become dangerously rich through my efforts. First of all, Catholic publications are not dangerously rich themselves. And secondly, my writing is neither so frequent nor so excellent that it will bring upon me a shower of gold. If it ever does, I know of plenty of worthy causes where my superfluous wealth can be profitably expended.

But let me bring this very personal treatise to a long overdue conclusion. Briefly, I think the lay Catholic writer ought to welcome the priest writer who enters the lists on equal terms with himself. The priest, by the very reason of his education, his life, his ideals, should be able to contribute something most valuable to current Catholic literature, and, by entering into open competition with the layman, should be instrumental in keeping up a high literary and moral standard in our publications. On the other hand, the layman is better fitted to give a more popular angle to his writing, and to put his thoughts into a pleasing, variegated and appealing form. By so doing, he tends to make the priest writer pay more attention to an attractive style and an interesting presentation. In addition, of course, the lay writer can often place things in a light that would never occur to the priest.

The long and short of it is that we have plenty of room for both the priest and the layman in our magazines and periodicals. Each should be happy to engage in a noble rivalry for the support and perfection of current Catholic thought and literature, thereby sharing in that glorious mission originally given to the apostles: “. . . teach all nations.” To me, at least, it

has always been a source of inspiration to reflect that my ideas, my thoughts, my opinions will be reproduced thousands upon thousands of times, will be scattered to the four ends of the earth, will be read by untold numbers of people I never heard of. I really believe that influential periodicals and magazines are more impor-

tant than any other form of publication. How many Catholic books, for example, could ever hope to reach the circulation of *THE SIGN*?

Well! On re-reading all the above very intimate and self-centered matter, I am tempted to throw the whole thing into the furnace. It is a confession, and the matter

of confession should not be scattered to all the winds that blow. But I will send it out anyhow, because I think, aside from its personal angle, that it contains some real, solid truth. And I am wondering whether my readers will refuse me absolution—or give me a good, stiff penance—or send me off with a paternal blessing?

“Pure Religion Breathing Household Laws”

By

James H. Moynihan

PLATO speaks of the poets as “fathers and guides to us in matters of wisdom.” They have ever been regarded not only as the interpreters but the teachers of their age. Writing in the childhood of the race, Homer held aloft the ideal of self-realization in heroic achievement and high endeavor. Aeschylus and Sophocles embodied in glowing verse the highest conceptions of Greek life and thought, seeing everywhere the justice of the gods, the retribution which dogs the heels of sin, and the redemptive power of suffering.

Dante guided the pilgrim soul that had shaken off the shackles of sin to seek the liberty of the Sons of God in the path of purgation which leads to the vision of Him “in whose will is our peace.” Shakespeare again and again stressed the conviction that stronger than suffering and death is “love and man’s unconquerable mind.” Milton regarded himself as a priest consecrated to the task of justifying the ways of God to man. Goethe taught that a life devoid of high resolve and resolute effort is sterile, and that unselfish love alone can redeem. To such poets mankind has ever turned not only for recreation and delight, but for guidance and inspiration.

And today, in a world grown gray with hopes deferred and ideals frustrated, in a world floundering in a welter of cross-currents and cross-purposes, men seek for guidance and for light. But to whom can they turn? Not to the secular poets. Not to Hardy, who wearies of seeing life “with the sad, seared face.” Not to Housman, who feels that “in all the endless road we tread there’s nothing but the night.” Not to Aiken, for whom “the pages of our lives are blurred palimpsests.” Not to Davies, who professes “no faith in God nor Christ His Son.” Not to Masefield, for whom

“There is no God, but we, who breathe the air
Are God ourselves, and touch God everywhere.”

It is to the Catholic poets that men must turn for light in darkness, for a message of

hope in perplexity, for a reverent conception of existence, and a satisfying answer to baffling problems.

While it is true that we have few writers of first rank, Catholic poetry fulfils in large measure the requirements of Matthew Arnold’s definition of literature as “the books where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity, and attraction of form.” Its moral truth has the sanction of Revelation. Its knowledge of human passion is the product of an accumulated experience of two thousand years of dealing with the basic facts of life. The word “catholic” is a guarantee of largeness of vision and wholeness of outlook. The natural conservatism of our religion saves its writers from any tendency to the excesses and extravagances of form so characteristic of much modern poetry. Moreover, if great literature has ever been a quest for a solution to the riddle of life, Catholicism gives the only adequate answer.

Coventry Patmore has long been numbered among the shades, but our sophisticated and complex age would welcome a return of his ingenuousness, that attitude of simplicity which shines out of his portrait by Sargent. The self-indulgence of our day would find a needed corrective in his virile insistence on abstinence, his reverence for the human body, “Creation’s and Creator’s crowning good,” and his exalted conception of wedded love. His loyalty to his spouse finds exquisite utterance in the *Azalea*, *Farewell*, and *Departure*. His affection for his children throbs through *The Toys* and through that other poem of childhood which grips the heart with its sanctities of pathos: “If I were dead, you’d sometimes say, Poor Child.”

We hear much of the Hellenism of Keats, his rich sensuousness, and his personification of the powers of nature; much of Shelley’s ethereality, his mythopoetic faculty, his Platonism, the aerial grace of his melody and the rapture of his lyrical cry; but all of these are to be found in Francis Thompson’s *Corymbus* for autumn, his *Orient Ode* and his *Ode to the Setting Sun*.

Our young girls are poring over the intimacies of Edna St. Vincent Millay, when they might well be memorizing “The Child-Woman” with its delicate and sensitive evaluation of sex. Our painstaking analysis of Wordsworth’s *Intimations of Immortality* might profitably be supplemented by “An Anthem of Earth” with its more convincing answer for the enigma of life, its hierarchical vision, its spiritualization of the findings of science, as well as its Christian conception of death:

“Pontifical Death, that doth the crevasse bridge
To the steep and trifid God.”

IF Arnold Bennett’s judgment counts for aught, Thompson is among the great. Did he not say of him: “My belief is that he had a richer natural genius, a finer poetic equipment, than any poet save Shakespeare.” And did not Louis Garvin voice his conviction that a “rarer, more intense, more strictly predestinate genius has never been known to poetry.”

The poetry of Gerard Hopkins had its roots in religion. He wrote not, with Byron, of the stars “which are the poetry of heaven,” but of the stars which are “the piece-bright paling that shuts the spouse Christ home, Christ and His Mother and all his hallows.” He wrote not, with Browning, of the soldier lad who found death at the feet of the Corsican, but of the bugler-boy who found life at the feet of the Galilean, “breathing bloom of a chastity in mansex fine.” Even if, as some aver, modern educational methods have robbed us of the power of concentration, we can appreciate the loveliness of “*Pied Beauty*,” the valiancy of “*Carrión Comfort*,” the mysticism of “*Barnfloor and Winepress*,” and the selflessness of “*The Habit of Perfection*.” If we have to pucker our eyebrows over his favorite “*Windhover*” with its message of achievement through renunciation, we must applaud his originality of diction, his brilliant, if fantastic, imagery, and his blazing of new rhythmic trails.

Our age has much to learn from Lionel

Johnson, an idealist consecrated to high causes, an artist touched with rare austerity, "a heart of magnificent desire." Of him another candid soul and valiant knight wrote:

"The flowers of evil blossomed everywhere
But in their midst a radiant lily came
Candescent, pure, a cup of living flame
Bloomed for a day, and left the earth
more fair."

THE charities of religion informed his every thought. Gray saw in Eton youth doomed to a dismal fate; Johnson saw in Winchester and Oxford saints as well as scholars, "high heaven's inheritors," the "sainted watchers on her spires," and "the holy wanderings there." Macaulay's passage on King Charles combines processional antithesis, Memnonian echoes, and metallic efficiency with myopic vision; Johnson's unites equally chiselled expression and a more charitable estimate of him whose "death by beauty made amends." Browning's Cavalier Tunes are admired for the swing and verve of their impetuous rhythms; in "*Te Martyrum Candidatus*" are reëchoed the horse-hoofs of knights riding to do battle for God. Not only do we find in him all the classic restraint of Arnold, the balance and measure of Bridges, but we profit from his clear-eyed study of the psychology of temptation in "The Dark Angel" and his arraignment of false friendship in "The Destroyer of a Soul."

Even poor Dowson, in whose sordid life is seen the pitiful contrast between aspiration and achievement, has something to offer. In spite of his defaultances of will he must have had in him much of good to keep the affectionate regard of Lionel Johnson, who loved to recall

"All the subtle beauty of that face
With all its winning, all its wistful grace."

Commemorated in anthologies by the hectic Cynara, he expresses his truer self in *Benedictio Domini*, *Extreme Unction*, and *The Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration*.

What higher types of womanhood can be held before our girls than Alice Meynell and Louise Guiney, a devoted mother and a loyal daughter. Both held fast to the allied realities, poetry and prayer; both left fragrant memories. Mrs. Meynell's spiritual distinction is reflected in her fragile cadence, her restraint, and her delicacy of thought. Many of our poets are impressed by the isolation of the soul; she sees the many made one in a General Communion. Blake saw heaven in a wild-flower; Tennyson sought in the flower in the crannied wall the secrets of God and man; she finds so frail a thing as a daisy the veil which hides the greatest mystery. Wordsworth regards the child as "the best philosopher, the eye among the blind." She is impressed by the light strong in filial eyes whose rays

"Are near the constant earth, guides in
the maze,
Natural, true, keen in this dusk of days."

Arnold senses in the nightingale "eternal passion, eternal pain." Ledwidge views the thrush as "half of him passion, half conceit." Mrs. Meynell marks the "single and spiritual notes of light, proclaiming a graver still divinity." Thompson sees God as the "world invisible." Crashaw, as "eternity shut in a span." She, as "time, way, and wayfarer"—a heartening thought for pilgrim humanity.

If Louise Guiney is congener to Mrs. Meynell in the fastidious distinction of her work, she is germane to Lionel Johnson in her passion for lost causes and her triple loyalties to Oxford, Ireland, and the Faith. Who has not admired her infectious gayety of heart, her open-eyed acceptance of life, her love of the open road and the wind on the heath, as well as her devotion to the thwarted minstrels of "forgotten and infrequent lyres." Hers is not the outlook of the sentimentalist who longs for a beaker full of the warm South that he may forget life's fever and fret, but of the chevalier who, calling for "a short life in the saddle," takes Temperance

to his breast—an ideal more consonant with Catholic ethos.

The limits of this paper preclude our indicating the stores of wealth to be found in the work of Fathers O'Donnell and Tabb and our other poet-priests and nuns; in Belloc, Chesterton, Baring, and Noyes; in Colum, Maynard, Kilmer, and Plunkett; in Katharine Tynan, Moira O'Neill, and Helen Parry Eden, to mention a few of many. But even this cursory aperçu reveals the characteristic Catholic qualities of spirituality, sanity, and restraint.

In it we seek in vain the jargoning of the Dadaists or the posturing of the Vorticists. In it we find none of the mountebankery and the reckless acrobaticism of so much of our modern verse, its air of futility and disillusion, its aberrations, crudities, and egocentric leanings, its pathetic groping, and its pitiful literalness, its lack of direction or its dependence on outmoded Freudism. We find rather Catholic good sense and taste, a respect for the sanctities of life, and an undistorted vision of the realities of the here and the hereafter.

The Black Virgin of Sous-Terre

{Chartres Cathedral}

By Elizabeth Belloc

IN the depths of the earth
My prayer is hearkened.
Thou art black but beautiful
And Thy face is darkened.
O Thou, Mother of love and fear and wonder,
Hear my prayer in the dark down under.

Through thine aisles of shadow
The dim lamps burning
See the Star of Jacob
In the place of yearning.
Thou art black but beautiful in veils of mourning,
O Thou Star of Jacob in darkness dawning.

The long long legend
Of Times goes backward
Through aeons forgotten
To the Virgin bearing
The One-Begotten.
Under the earth and the paven floorway
The dim Past waits at Her awful doorway
Under the stones of Her old old town.
In the cavernous glooms of a hallway hidden
The great shades wait at a door forbidden,
Druids and kings in the silence watching,
Terror at prayer and the dark bowed down.

BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS

*The First of Twelve
Chapters in a New Life
of the Saint*

By Aileen
Mary Clegg

IT is nearly a hundred years since Bernadette Soubirous was born.

The Lourdes to which she came was a very different place indeed from the town we know today, for, measuring time rather by what the years produced than by actual mathematical duration, the last hundred years were probably longer than any others in the world's history. In fact, the century might almost be thought of as lengthening out like an increasingly old piece of elastic, progress, so-called, went at such a rate.

The inhabitants of the tiny French market town that saw her birth on January 7, 1844, were mostly peasants but sprung of splendid, of almost noble, stock. In them the blood of the Franks has been saturated with that of the conquering Romans and Saracens. You may still trace these varying—sometimes converging, sometimes conflicting—influences in their character and appearance, but above all in their language and in their names.

Like most mountain peoples they are, on the whole, small in stature. Like most southerners they are dark. They have less anxious temperaments than the rest of the French. They will drive a hard bargain as much for the fun of the contest as from a sordid determination to wrest the last *sou* from the other party. They have humor, that common offspring of mixed races, and a wit that does not shrink from personalities, and, as they are practising Catholics, the salt of wisdom is on their tongues. They have always been Catholics, though there were bad lapses among them here and there, as in the bad times when St. Dominic and the Blessed de Montfort went running through their territory, chasing Albigenses, the first with his torch of truth, the second with a powerful sword.

THEIR country is beautiful. The Pyrenees move from west to east across the southern horizon like a raging sea arrested by the Hand of God. Above the green and purple foothills the steep gray slope rushes upwards, and, poised eternally in the very moment of its falling, drips a spumy fringe of snow into the valleys it had



SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, ON FEBRUARY 11, 1858, OUR BLESSED LADY APPEARED FOR THE FIRST TIME TO A SIMPLE SHEPHERDESS, NOW BLESSED BERNADETTE, AT THE LOURDES WHICH HAS SINCE BECOME WORLD FAMOUS. IN VIEW OF THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF THE APPARITIONS AND THE PROBABLE CANONIZATION OF BERNADETTE THIS YEAR, WE ARE PUBLISHING THIS FRESH LIFE OF THE SAINT BY AN AUTHOR ESPECIALLY FITTED TO WRITE IT

threatened to engulf. Opposite to the mountains across the valley of the Gave River is a gracious hill country, where sheep pasture, and white oxen and children play and run. Here and there, on the smooth slopes, are bosky tufts where pigs snuffle among prickly chestnut husks; where, overhead, the green fingers of the leaves are spread before the sun with a wavering gesture; where light is liquid and cool. Without, on the borders of the fields, are colored farm-houses with gaily painted

shutters. For noises, they are blessed ones. Water sings. There is the wind in the trees, its low voice to the grass.

Between the mountains and the rounded hill country the river plunges down its stony bed, and just where it twists away from the valleys and gorges it has cloven for itself in the æons of its existence, it skirts a rocky eminence that is obviously the key to the domination of all the surrounding country. As such, this rock has been fortified ever since the dawn of his-

tory of this remote corner of France. He who held the rock was lord of a wide territory. He commanded the roads, east and west to the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, and again, southwards to Spain.

WHAT race first fortified that citadel? What first inhabitants of the rich valley country fought at the approach of what first enemy? We do not know; but we know that Romans, Vandals and Visigoths made themselves masters of it in turn. The Saracens took refuge there after Charles the Hammer had beaten them at Poitiers. In fact, they then built a donjon tower so well that Charlemagne himself could not dislodge them. It was the Bishop of Puy who saved the defeated hero's honor by what might almost be termed an inspired trick.

As the story of that episode has some bearing on the later history of the place, I translate from an ancient account of what then happened:

"The Bishop, like a good servant and procurator of Our Lady Holy Mary, went to Mirat . . . the Saracen leader . . . and, among other things, said to him . . . 'O Mirat, since you are unwilling to surrender, even to Charlemagne, the best of mortal men that there is in this world, or to have an overlord, submit yourself to a Lady. Surrender yourself and all you possess to the most noble Lady that ever existed, to the Mother of God, Holy Mary of Puy. I am her servitor. Be you her knight.'"

When he had heard these words, Mirat, being already enlightened by the grace of God, made answer:

"Very well, I surrender. I give my person and my possessions to the Mother of God, Holy Mary of Puy. I desire in her honor to become a Christian, and freely to become her knight. And I desire that I and my posterity hold the Countship of Horre from the hands of the said Lady, Holy Mary of Puy, but free of fee."

Taking then a handful of grass from the meadow where he was talking with Mirat, the Bishop of Puy spoke again:

"O Mirat, since you do not wish to offer anything in token of homage to the Mother of God, at least do not refuse her the fee of a few handfuls of this grass."

Mirat replied:

"To refuse the homage of this grass would be to do nothing of what you have counselled me and I have agreed to."

"Let it then be so," replied the Bishop.

"Go," continued Mirat, "and find out the will of the King."

Being come to Charlemagne, the Bishop showed him what, under his good pleasure, seemed to him expedient, and Charlemagne having taken counsel:

"It pleases me that all the honor revert to Our Lady of Puy, and I agree that it be done as you have said."

The Bishop went back to find Mirat. He received, in the form agreed upon, the homage of his person and goods, and

Charlemagne went away with his army.

Soon afterwards Mirat, escorted by a troop of his men, went with them to the Sanctuary of Our Lady of Puy. Mirat received Baptism there with all his men, he was armed as a knight, and changed his name for that of Lorus, from which the castle received the name of Lorde."

Lorde, of course, became Lourdes.

The story furnishes a quite exquisite example of the right functioning of ecclesiastical diplomacy.

Another account of the origin of the name Lourdes runs in this wise:

They say that a Queen of Ethiopia named Tarbes saw Moses at the court of Pharaoh and offered him her kingdom and her hand. When he refused her, she deserted her own country and, traveling westwards with a sister, Lapurda, came at last to France and the plain of the Adour. Being charmed with the beauty of the district, she decided to settle there. Her sister, however, went a little nearer to the mountains. They both built towns which were named, the one, Tarbes, after the Queen of Ethiopia; the other, Lapurdum, after her sister. Tarbes is now a big market town and military center. Lapurdum is Lourdes.

This second legend is picturesque but not exactly credible. A third derivation is pseudo-scientific and by no means picturesque. It would fix the origin of the name in the two Latin words *lapis arduus*, an exceptionally hard marble being found in the district.

There was probably too much fighting at the foot of Mirat's castle for the town to receive much incentive to development. In 1360 it was in the hands of the English, for it was ceded to the Black Prince by the Treaty of Bretigny. Du Guesclin made a determined effort to dislodge him from it but failed, and it took the French fifty years to get possession of it again. During the religious wars, Catholic and Huguenot in turn took refuge in it. Its soulless bulk sheltered either with an equal care.

It was only much later, when modern methods of warfare had robbed it of its impregnability, that friend and foe came to an identical opinion of it—it was a handsome pile but not worth powder and shot. None the less, it continued to serve grim purposes, for it became first a state prison and then a military one, this latter in the time of the Napoleonic wars. In fact, English pilgrims to Lourdes have ancestors who were imprisoned there.

CURIOUS to think how, pacing the terrace on the top of that rock during hours of exercise, they must have looked out over the little town at their feet and then on to the river and the mountains, and that no premonition of the astounding facts the future was to bring into being ever entered their most unfortunate heads. In a few years, in one of the mills at the foot of the fortress, a shepherdess was to be

born. A few years more and she would wander down through the water meadows so near to them and meet the Mother of God. Buzzards swooped between them and Massabielle, the place of the trysting.

THE prisoners were released at last . . . those of them who survived their captivity. When Bernadette lived in the *Rue du Bourg* the memory of them was already dying away. When she looked up at the fortress she saw in place of the ragged coats of the "foreigners" the red coats of a regiment of soldiers. Their trumpets and drums made stirring music in her ears. But today even they are ghosts and only the shell of the castle remains to give some hint of its old glories. It is like a cold vault enshrining the unflashed bones of time. And the Lourdes she knew seems to have marched away with the soldiers. It has grown so big, and so much of it she knew has been changed.

Yet here and there are still aspects of it with which she must have been familiar. Some of the houses crouching under the citadel, for instance, cannot have been greatly altered since her day. You can still pick out the old roofs with their rickety dormers, and if you climb the castle hill you can look down into ancient courtyards set with oleanders and yuccas, and many another flowering shrub besides. The wooden balconies at first story height are chequered with shadow and the too bright sunlight, and overhung with vines. She too, saw them thus.

The parish church is gone, alas! The Abbé Peyramale, the Curé of the Apparitions, started a far more imposing edifice. It was his reply to a certain snubbing he had received. Down by the river at Massabielle they seemed to have forgotten about him. They were building churches, they were planning a domain, they were arranging a ceremonial; and, though he had been arch-priest of Lourdes all the time of the Apparitions, they hadn't consulted him about a jot or tittle of it. For all that he was still Curé of Lourdes! So he started building on his own, and as he had been born without any sense of artistic appreciation or any intuition of time-values, he began with an act of vandalism. He pulled down the dark old church where Bernadette had prayed. The fat rococo saints with their staring faces went to the museum. The carved and gilded altars are here and there. The Curé's church, built and decorated after the fashion of the Toulouse ecclesiastical contractor, looks like a *nouveau riche*.

When Bernadette was alive the *Rue de la Grotte*, one of the chief arteries of the new town, was a cart-track. Rough uncultivated stretches of stony country were to either hand. The *Boulevard* had not been thought of. The *Route de Pau* was an open country road. The Hospital of the Nevers Sisters was there already, though since the eighteen-fifties it has been enlarged several times. The old part of it

has been preserved in the main façade with its round columns and its wisteria-covered porch that has lengthened out into something between a terrace and a balcony.

The rest of the territory between the top of the hill where the Hospital stands and the river at the foot of it, now packed with hotels and shops as tight as they will fit, and all in opposition to one another, was pasturage and water meadows when Bernadette was a child.

She was born in a mill, the *Moulin de Boly*, on that very slope. A part of that simple birthplace still exists and has been incorporated into a hotel. As for the *Maison Paternelle* (the paternal home), that other mill higher up the slope, she never lived in it. It was given to her parents after she had gone to Nevers. In

in Lourdes that has altered less in some ways than the buildings that stare down on it. This is the market to which Bernadette must have gone so often when she was young. It is true that in her day it was held in the shadow of the old church where nowadays it is grouped round a non-descript war memorial.

STILL, though buildings tumble and others rise to replace them and the face of our planet is twisted to express other notions of beauty, human nature itself is not very variable, at any rate, in the course of a century or so. And so the animating spirit of that chaffering crowd cannot have greatly changed. The older peasants, too, still wear the black bodice and the full black skirt and sabots the Saint's mother must have donned when she went to barter

Apparitions, had changed from a place of considerable strategic importance to a market town of little or no distinction at all. In one sense, however, it had never been allowed to sink into the extreme depths of provincialism for, since Roman times, at least, there had been a steady stream of traffic through it, making for medicinal springs in the mountains, and pausing at Lourdes before attempting the severe climb to Cauterets or Saint Sauveur, or over the *col* to Bagnères.

With such opportunity for the study of humanity it is impossible to be quite provincial. Habits, manners, tongues, character and characteristics—all these are at hand to be observed and censured or approved. Especially in the long dark winter evenings would they be talked over and digested and the grain of truth sifted



THE CASTLE HILL AT LOURDES AS BERNADETTE SAW IT. SHE WAS BORN IN A MILL AT THE FOOT OF IT TO THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE; HER FUTURE HOMES WERE TO THE SOUTH OF IT, THAT IS TO SAY, TO THE RIGHT OF THIS OLD PHOTOGRAPH. WE SEE CLEARLY HERE THE IMPREGNABLE DONJON TOWER OF THE FORTRESS, AND THE ANCIENT BRIDGE OVER THE GAVE RIVER

fact, it was the only offering they ever accepted, poverty stricken though they were.

As for the rest of the town, there wasn't even a bridge over the river on the north side. The narrow one to the south has been enlarged. Naturally there were no Basilicas, let alone a Bishop's residence, and a great building to house a regiment of chaplains.

THE Grotto itself had been there from time immemorial, of course; though very few people went near it when Bernadette was a child. It had too bad a reputation. Its black mouth showed gaping to the sunless north. It was hemmed in by a wild river. Bones were scattered on its borders. The bushes growing on the arch of its slopes waved like the tangled locks of some monstrous and gigantic head. This was the last place to look for a heavenly visitant.

Among all the changes in a changeful epoch, there is, however, one aspect of life

for the meager rations which were all they could afford.

The men folk, on the other hand, clothed themselves in far gayer fashion than their women would have dared to. Their *berets* were worn at an angle. Their brown homespun trousers were held on the hips by bright sashes. Now as then their goads are in their hands, and behind them the great white oxen pace into the marketplace with an immense and patient dignity, dragging an amusing variety of produce—sacks of chestnuts, a wet-nosed calf or two, lambs and squealing pigs.

So much for the old people. Bernadette would not recognize the young ones. They have grown fashionable, and that would have been thought dangerous in her day. Their clothes come to them by post from Paris. They wear high-heeled shoes even to cross the well-dunged cobbles. Not for them the frugal ways of careful forefathers. They are too much children of their day.

Lourdes, then, up to the time of the

from the husk of hearsay, the gold of wisdom from the dross.

THE stream of folk still goes to the mountains, up-stream against the tumbling course of the Gave. The shepherd, leaning on his staff in dizzily tilted pastures above the road, can't make much of the procession, it goes so fast. In the old days he knew what it was all about. He could hear the voices of the homing market-people. He knew who went to a bridal, who to a funeral, who carried a sick man to a purer air. Now they all go at the same rate, with a rattle and reverberation and a honk-honk of claxons. They make for the mountains of agate and lapis and the gorges where the clouds are boiling and dispersing, and all they leave behind them to mark their passing is a puff of dust.

The shepherd, who is also something of a contemplative, pulls a shiny old rosary out of his pocket and, making a perfectly magnificent sign of the cross, begins to pray.

THE ALTERNATIVE

By Charles F. Ferguson

IN a modern history book I read that "at the Reformation the nations of northern Europe threw off the oppressive weight of papal authority. A new spirit of independence was awakened which made the peoples resent foreign domination. The breath of freedom stirred the hearts of men and a new energy, born of the enthusiasm that freedom evoked, was to be found in every department of national life."

I do not quote that because the writer has any particular standing; in fact he is a quite obscure person whose individual opinions would not be worth considering. He is only quoted because in those sentences he expresses a sentiment which is very widespread. Indeed, if you were to ask the average man what was gained by the religious upheavals of the sixteenth century he would answer in much the same way as this unknown writer. He imagines that the Reformers were, first and foremost, emancipators, and that, as the result of their venturesome courage, we are today enjoying an increasing liberty of thought and action. No doubt it would be pointed out that Luther and his associates did not complete the task; that was left to future generations.

But the movement they initiated has developed. The Book which they substituted for the Visible Church, it would be said, is now sharing the fate of ecclesiastical authority. Except among a dwindling number of Fundamentalists, the Bible as a final and all-sufficient authority is now discredited. Traditional dogmas of Christianity are sharing its fate. Even Reason itself is not to be relied upon, for we are told that "the heart has its own reasons."

Thus we are left, in religious matters, to the guidance of our feelings, and are free, at last, to follow the directions of our varying moods. Even if we should be led to reject religion altogether, no blame will attach to us, if in so doing we are but sincere. Such is the spacious "freedom" we have, according to this account, achieved.

BUT anyone who knows anything of human nature will see that this cannot be a complete statement of the case. A society as undisciplined as that statement suggests would be a practical impossibility. Man cannot live without law. He was made to serve a master. What passes for freedom is nothing else, in most cases, but a change of masters.

It was not freedom but a change of masters that was effected by the Reformation. Instead of the Pope the King, instead of the Church the State. To believe in the Divine right of Christ's Vicar succeeded

belief in the Divine right of a political ruler. Whether the exchange was a good one we shall consider shortly. First of all, we have to establish the fact that what looked like emancipation was nothing else but this substitution of one authority for another.

THERE can be no question that the leading Reformers deified the State. They denied that the subject had any right under any circumstances to rebel against it. Here for instance is what Calvin said:

"We must give up those foolish and seditious opinions that a king should be treated as he deserves, and that it is unreasonable that we should hold ourselves bound as subjects to one who on his side does not behave towards us as a king."

Luther speaks no less strongly:

"God would rather that an unjust governance should be submitted to than that people should rebel for a just cause. . . . Authority, good or bad, has the right to our respect, our fidelity, our obedience. . . . But, you will say to me, what is to be done when a king or lord has bound himself by oath in respect of his subjects to govern according to a constitution and does not keep his promises. . . . And I reply: it is just and equitable that authority should rule according to the laws, and that it should uphold them, and that it be not arbitrary. But if a king disregard every law, both Divine and positive, are you for that reason to dethrone him, to pass judgment on him and to avenge yourselves? By what authority? . . . It is better that despots should commit a hundred injustices against the people, rather than one should see the people commit but one injustice against despotic rulers."

And Melancthon said:

"Subjects must be made to understand that they are strictly bound to submit to established authority, even to such as be harsh and exacting towards them. . . . Every man who is proud of the name of Christian would willingly bear every exaction, give even if he be not obliged, and pay even if he be unjustly weighed down by taxation."

As is well known, the princes of Germany translated this doctrine into action. In the terrible Peasants War in which the oppressed rose against their rulers, Luther was on the side of the State and uttered fearful denunciations of those whose sufferings had driven them to rebel. James I of England definitely promulgated the theory that the king could do no wrong. Such were the fruits of the "emancipation"

wrought by the overthrow of papal authority.

It need hardly be said that the Church upheld no such belief. St. Thomas Aquinas is very clear as to the rights of subjects. But in addition to this, it must be remembered that in Catholic times there always existed a supreme tribunal to whom an oppressed people could make appeal, a right which they exercised again and again. Medieval history gives innumerable instances of Popes intervening to check the tyrannical use of royal authority. They were looked upon as the final arbiters in disputes between sovereigns and their subjects. Those nations which cut themselves off from Rome lost this Court of Appeal and were left entirely to the mercy of the strong ruler, and, if he chose to govern harshly, had no remedy.

But this, it will be said, belongs to the past. The English Puritans cut off Charles I's head to emphasize their objection to his misgovernment and those who crossed the Atlantic, in course of time, abolished kings altogether. The reign of democratic freedom began.

That is the theory, but the facts still support my assertion that freedom in most cases means no more than a change of masters, and it may be a change for the worse. Hand in hand with the growth of political freedom has gone an increasing subordination of the majority of citizens to a small moneyed class. It is strange that a man whose conditions of life are dictated down to the smallest detail by a federation of employers, and who knows that revolt against his masters will mean unemployment and destitution should boast of his democratic liberties.

BIG Business controls the newspapers he reads, the films he watches and indirectly the schools in which his children are taught, yet he will be heard declaiming on the privilege of living in an age when freedom of thought is so widespread. He is deceived by the fact that authority has changed its garb. Because the king who governs him wears no crown and wields no scepter, but is content with the power which stocks and bonds confer he is not recognized as a king.

The standardization of thought and character under this power has become a proverb. Modern industry has coined the phrase, not undeserved, of wage-slaves. Social life shows the same dominant influence, imposing its veto on our pleasures and declaring what we shall eat and drink. Compare with this state of things the picture, drawn by H. M. Hyndman, a noted Socialist, of conditions in that "benighted"

period when the Church's power was at its height!

"Never before or since," said this writer, "has man as an individual had such a chance. Controlling his own tools and his own product, selling his labor for hire but seldom and at a good rate: in the country master of his holding and entitled to his share of the use of the common land; in the town member of his gild, secure of his privileges, safe to rise from journeyman to master craftsman and protected against competition, the advantage of such circumstances, and the real freedom and sturdy well-being they gave birth to, I have often descanted upon. What these free men achieved in the domain of art and letters, William Morris has told us. Not the most vehement Socialist of us all but would wish that he could live in such a period, rather than drag out life in one determined and unceasing effort to pass out of the hateful and hideous régime of capitalism."

BUT Hyndman made the old mistake when he thought that escape from the tyranny he perceived in the commercialism and industrialism of his time was to be gained by taking refuge in the Socialized State. He, too, was deceived by a change of masters. Socialism today has developed into Communism, the dictatorship of the proletariat. What that means as regards freedom, let Russia declare. In that country, the State (by which is meant a handful of dictators) has assumed an authority over the life of the people never even dreamed of by the most arrogant ruler of the past. Never was there so strict a censorship as that which decides what shall be printed and read, what plays shall be produced, and what pictures displayed as that which exists under the Soviet Government. And this is the ultimate issue of that movement which in its beginnings was hailed as making for the emancipation of the people!

I say that these various tyrannies can be traced to the overthrow of that Authority which once, in the name of God, regu-

lated the faith and conduct of civilized society but which was repudiated by the Reformers. In his need of discipline, in his inherent desire for some master to control and direct and coördinate his activities, man was obliged to find some substitute for the Law he had renounced. Having thrown over the absolute authority of God in His Church, some other absolute authority had to be found. Human problems must have some final solution. Human differences must have some final Court of Appeal. And, so, it has been found necessary to endow with what is in effect Divine powers purely human agencies. That is the nature of the exchange that has been made.

I said that we would consider whether this exchange was a wise and good one. But is it really necessary to ask the question? Since, however, the question has been raised, let us suggest a few points of contrast.

The authority of the Church is based on that of Jesus Christ. It is derived from Heaven itself. By its very nature therefore it is ultimate and final. Here the Divine right is no figment but sober reality. But in the cases named the authority is created by law, an artificial arrangement contrived for social convenience. Apart from the religious sanctions which oblige us to "render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's," it has no real binding force. It is claimed by frail, sinful mortals like ourselves either on account of hereditary privilege, financial position or official rank.

In the second place, the jurisdiction of the Church is concerned only with our religious and moral duties. The most intimate and personal element in our lives comes under its sway, but beyond that it leaves us really and truly free, exercising no pettyfogging interference with what lies outside this realm. Nothing but the gravest matters belong to its jurisdiction.

There was a time, it is true, when what is now the civilized world was emerging from barbarism, that the Church was called upon to exercise its influence in secular matters, and it is also true that

it sometimes overstepped the mark and concerned itself overmuch with the affairs of this world. But the conditions which led to that have passed away and the Church today troubles itself but little with anything but strictly spiritual matters.

Further, obedience to the authority of the Church is the means of eternal salvation, while conformity to the laws of man-made societies can but secure us against temporal discomfort and inconvenience and establish us in the eyes of our fellows as respectable citizens. Freedom from the penalties of political authority is no guarantee that we shall escape the infinitely more serious penalties which follow the transgression of Divine law; the criminal may be a saint, the respectable citizen may be, in the eyes of God, a lost soul destined to everlasting punishment. In the case of the penalties meted out by the financial masters of the world, though they include hunger and even death, we have to balance against them the unspeakable nemesis which overtakes those who abandon God for Mammon, the world to come for that which now is.

THE alternative to the obedience demanded by the Church is not therefore, as is supposed, freedom, but obedience to these other kinds of authority. Oppressive as the law of God may sometimes seem, we cannot escape it by fleeing to some Utopia from which law has been abolished.

No such Utopia exists or can exist in this world. But if, as faithful members of the Church, we accept, as the ultimate and final authority in our lives, the commandments she issues, then, though we be but slaves laboring under the whip of some human master, we are truly free. For we labor for him not from fear or from any misplaced belief in his right to govern us, but because in the providence of God he has been placed over us. We serve him only because we first serve the Creator Who gave him his power to control us. We serve man only because in so doing we serve God. It is in that our true freedom consists.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CONTEMPORARY EUROPE, 1919-1931. Papers of the American Catholic Historical Association, edited by Peter Guilday. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York

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to the death with the paganizing powers of Modernism. In this country, though less than elsewhere, men are awakening to the fact that the whole future of the world hangs on the result of this conflict, and no thinking Catholic, no thinking man of any creed or shade of belief whatsoever, can afford to remain in ignorance of the course of its fortunes.

When the great War was convulsing the world all men of any imagination or sensibility naturally kept themselves informed of its progress, but, tremendous as were



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the interests then involved, they were insignificant in comparison to those which now form the issue in an engagement, generally silent, but now and then flaming into revolution, which is being waged in every civilized and semicivilized country in the world. In this universal war, no man can avoid the responsibility of a decision; he must of necessity join one or other of the opposing camps. His choice inevitably comes to this: does he want Catholicism or paganism, Christian order or the servile State, for there is no middle ground; it is a question of the Church or the ultimate autocracy of an all-enslaving Socialism.

That he may make his decision it is necessary that he keep informed of the march of events and ideas, and unless he is a reader of many books and possesses a sufficiently wide knowledge to rightly interpret the confused news that comes to him through the medium of the press, he will have great difficulty in doing so intelligently.

This volume will help him to gain a proper perspective of occurrences in the central vortex of the titanic struggle, and we know of no other at once so comprehensive and compact. It is true that not all of Europe is covered; there are many interesting developments taking place in that continent outside its geographic scope, notably in Holland, in some parts of the Scandinavian countries and in the Near East, but with these exceptions the ground is well covered and a very fair picture presented.

The plan and conception of the work is excellent. The countries are taken separately and a long chapter devoted to each in which the present situation is reviewed, and its dependence on history traced. There are nine of these chapters taking up the situation of the Church in Belgium, England, France, Germany, Ireland, Italy, Poland, Russia and Spain, each the work of an author who has made a special study of events in his particular realm, so that the reader may gain an idea more or less complete of the general situation. In this he is further assisted by an excellent in-

troduction by Prof. Carlton J. H. Hayes of Columbia University.

The chapters are not all equally satisfactory. One regrets, for example, the preoccupation of Dr. Souvay with the political situation in France, which prevents him from doing justice to the tremendous intellectual and literary movement in that country associated with the Catholic revival. This is particularly regrettable since this particular phase of French thought may very justly be considered the most vigorous and firmly established of its kind in the modern world, a veritable power-house of inspiration for all the nations. Again, the review of the Spanish situation, while very enlightening, is not as clearly written as we could have wished; there is rather too much skipping about among the historic periods, so that the reader must be constantly alert or he will become confused, and the present is, perhaps, too much sacrificed to the past. On the whole, however, the treatment is satisfactory and we should like to call especial attention to Dr. Walsh's magnificent handling of that most difficult of subjects, contemporary Russia. He writes from a long and varied experience.

One feels as he turns the pages of this volume, as delightful as it is instructive, the conviction that now, even at this very moment, is joined one of the crucial conflicts of history. How that conflict will result, he cannot learn here nor from any other source, beyond the divine assurance that the Church will survive it, but he can at least see how events are shaping, how this or that Power is coming to the fore or sinking into retirement.

The battle grows here more intense, there slackens, the combatants advance, retreat, or patch up temporary truces, and from all the confusion certain facts emerge, the victories won by the enemies of the Church are in the realm of the concrete, the triumphs of the Faith mainly in that of ideas. The casual observer may perhaps be deluded as he looks at Spain or Russia, into thinking that Atheism, Socialism, the malice or mere stupid indifference of the world, is gaining the upper hand.

This is by no means so. Many of the drastic national policies of an anti-clerical kind, recently carried into effect, are really the result of fear at the advances of the Faith which those reading between the lines can discern. More especially is this true if one takes into consideration that part of the world not covered by the present book. May we venture to hope that future volumes will be concerned with these other realms? A volume on the Near East, a volume on China and India, above all, a volume on the countries of South America, would prove of the most intense interest to all Catholics and many others.

GOOD SHEPHERDS OF IRELAND.
By Gregory Fink. The Paulist Press, New York. \$1.00.

Monsignor Fink, who styles himself a "Eucharistic Pilgrim," has here given us a series of impressions from the recent Eucharistic Congress held in Ireland, taking up not merely the events of the Congress itself, although these form the bulk of the sketches, but a number of typical Irish scenes drawn from excursions to the surrounding country.

Many of these are of great interest, but there is a touch of the perfervid about the reverend author's style that interferes to some extent with the realism of the pictures he draws. Enthusiasm is a fine thing and without it writing is dead, but enthusiasm should never forget that all strong effects are produced by contrasts of light and shade and a diversified coloring, and if it is laid on with too lavish a brush we are apt to find the result something of a monochrome.

There is a great mass of detailed facts, however, that will be eagerly read by those who were not fortunate enough to become "Eucharistic Pilgrims" in the sense of attending the Congress, and the work is pleasantly illustrated with photographs of many memorable scenes and persons.

JOE MCGUIRE, FRESHMAN. By William M. Lamars. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. \$1.25.

Of course, he makes the winning touchdown in the final game of the season against great odds and to complete an unbroken series of victories. That is to be expected and is nothing against Joe McGuire or Dr. Lamars' story. Indeed, it seems to be a prerequisite for the popular boy's work of nowadays although one wonders a little why it must always be football. Are there no other games to awaken the enthusiasm of young Americans? Perhaps not, and the senior who is a mere reviewer of books and has toiled so much "with book and pen" must not allow his cooler pulse to cry "monotonous," when youth cries "encore."

Dr. Lamars tells us the story of Joe McGuire, whose prowess on the team of his

high school secures him offers from several universities and colleges anxious to obtain such promising gridiron material for themselves. Quite rightly, Joe refuses and enters Drexel University which offers him nothing but that almost negligible thing—a good education—for Joe has the right idea about this. His parents are not rich, he has his way to make in the world, he must find some job that will help pay for his tuition, and he feels strongly that, what with his studies and the work his job entails, he will not have enough time left for football. Hence he decides to "cut it out."

But events prove too strong for him, for it falls out that, unless he goes out for the team, Drexel, which has begun a splendid season—we refer of course to football, not to scholarship—is likely to finish with a slump. Consequently everyone "goes into a huddle," that we understand is the correct term, and everything comes simply "squiffy"—are we right there?—leading up to the superb winning touchdown—hurrah and again hurrah!

It is all very thrilling and Dr. Lamers, who has a decided gift for telling a story, draws a large number of highly admirable morals such as that it is good for a boy to be courageous and honest and to try very hard to keep up his studies even in face of the appalling danger of dear old Alma Mater losing a single football game. He further points out that priests who have young boys in their charge should prove "good mixers" and mingle with the undergraduates in their sports and attempt to understand their point of view. The story ends with the football season—that seems to be the total of real importance for the year, but after all, as we pointed out at the beginning, Joe makes the winning touchdown, so what more do you want?

ONE MAN SHOW. By Benjamin Musser. Oglethorpe University Press, Oglethorpe, Georgia. \$2.00.

Two books from the pen of Mr. Musser come to us this month, *One Man Show* and *De Re Franciscana*, reviewed below, and we feel that, in these, this popular Catholic author has more than maintained his former standard of excellence. His short foreword to *One Man Show* is divided into three sections addressed respectively "To My Cruel Friends, the Destructive Critics and Unmerciful Reviewers," "To My Gentle Friends, the Potential Readers and Purchasers," and "To Publishers and Editors of the Papers Here Reprinted." In the first of these, which is in his best manner, he requests the reviewers "before uncovering their fountain pens" to read certain of his numbers so that they may understand how he can "dare to include as comrades between covers such antipodal papers as "Chips from the Platform" and "Our Tainted Nature's Solitary Boast." He pleads furthermore in extenuation that he is a medievalist. We gladly accepted his plea to read as directed, but Mr. Musser

should remember that even that lowliest worm, the reviewer, may have enough of the medievalist about him to appreciate that it is "perfectly natural to mix spiritual and profane, serious and frivolous" in a common pot pourri.

This volume is just that, and we find it most attractive. There is a little bit of everything that the author has done, and he is very versatile. Above all he is witty, and through many of these short excerpts there is a vein of quiet humor breaking every now and then into some corruscating jest, popularly known as a "wise crack," that gives the reader the feeling of comfortable complaisance that only good humor can. Perhaps the most effective apologia for Catholic truth today is to be found in humor. The spirit of the time has scarcely patience for a more plodding path to truth. It rejects untried the closely reasoned thesis, it has forgotten how charming is Divine philosophy, but it does respond readily to the double quick of humor. It is probable that Mr. Musser will be most enjoyed for this quality and there is much of it in the present volume. He is best when he is lightest, weaker when more serious, weakest in his serious poetry. The best thing in the book is a short poem, "City Vegetables," which is humorous and a masterpiece. But rules are dangerous when speaking of Mr. Musser, the exceptions are more numerous than the conformities. One of the best things in the book is his article "On Liturgical Art," a serious condemnation of the disobedience of American Churches to the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X on the regularization of music, and of the lack of good taste in the matter of church decoration. Another kind of exception, a most unfortunate one, is to be found in the occasional outbursts of his almost venomous dislikes which sometimes spoil his best efforts. Mr. Musser has not yet learned the lesson that to overstate your case is to weaken it.

DE RE FRANCISCANA. By Benjamin Francis Musser. The Franciscan Press, Paterson, N. J. \$1.50.

Mr. Musser's short collection of writings on St. Francis and the affairs of the Franciscan order, past and present, of which he is a tertiary, makes excellent reading. It is composed of several articles reprinted from various magazines, a number of brief sketches of great Franciscans and a group of poems on religious subjects.

The articles are well chosen. The author, in spite of his claim to be "a very ignorant person," is evidently deeply learned in Franciscan lore and writes popularly and engagingly of the same. Of great interest is his list of Franciscans who became the founders of religious societies and confraternities which he appends to the article entitled "Everybody's Saint Francis." Perhaps the most interesting of all these papers is the series of three letters addressed by him to Miss Vida Dutton Scud-

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der, a professor at Wellesley College and a Protestant who herself was the author of a book, *Brother John*, treating of the early disputes among the Franciscans, particularly that centering around Elias of Cortona and his trial and deposition by the Pope. This correspondence, particularly the first, might well serve as a guide to Protestants proposing to write on St. Francis or the Order.

The little volume can be almost cheerfully recommended to all Franciscan students and enthusiasts, and who is there that is not or should not be both?

THE STORY OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD. By Rev. Joseph F. Stedman. Arlington Press, New York. \$2.00.

This elaborately gotten up volume is mainly a description of the new Chapel of the Precious Blood in Brooklyn, but there is a prefatory sketch of the history of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood and of that of the Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood and the Daughters of Mary Immaculate.

The book, probably because of its over elaboration, gives the impression of confusion; one does not know where to look for anything, and the style of the text too is labored and confused and so burdened with superlatives as at times to be almost unintelligible.

But the illustrations, taken from the new chapel, are the main concern and at once attract the attention. The building itself, as far as one can judge from the small sketches of the exterior, is rather attractive. We wish we could say the same for the decorations, but honesty forbids. With the exception of the structural design, which has an excellent simplicity, these decorations lack all dignity and repose. One thinks of their technique and that spoils everything. They are theatrical rather than dramatic and about almost

every detail there is that over-stressing that turns sentiment into sentimentality. The whole mural scheme is a glaring example of the bad tendency which is today endangering the validity of the new renaissance of religious art and substituting "art for art's sake" in place of the true Catholic tradition. We are sorry to say it but it is only the restraining effect of the architect's sense of proportion that saves the general impression from bathos.

ST. ALBERT THE GREAT. By Thomas M. Schwertner, O.P., S.T.L., L.L.D. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wis. \$3.00.

The Science and Culture Series has added to its past services to the cause of Catholic culture another notable one in the publication of a life of St. Albert, better known to most readers as Albertus Magnus.

St. Albert is one of those men whose fame has suffered something of an eclipse because the glory of a still more brilliant luminary is in too close proximity. In his case the tremendous figure of his own pupil, St. Thomas Aquinas, has been responsible for this paling influence, and it is required that history should step in and, by its power of separation, show this only less splendid luminary in the firmament of science and thought in his true colors.

This service history has recently shown itself disposed to do and, especially since His Holiness, Pius XI, has solemnly confirmed the honors with which popular sentiment once invested him, there has been growing up an Albertian cult which bids fair to restore him to the place he once occupied.

And, indeed, in some ways St. Albert was unsurpassed. His encyclopedic scientific knowledge which gained him the title of "Universal Doctor," was all but unique and his method of close observation and research in many diversified departments of knowledge influenced the history of thought profoundly and for all subsequent ages.

But his knowledge was by no means his only claim to greatness, and he shone in the active life of that most vigorous of

periods, the Thirteenth Century, as a practical man of affairs, a great organizer, a prudent administrator and a courageous champion of justice and right. His personal virtues, too, were such as to excite the admiration and win the love of all who came in contact with him, witness the affection of St. Thomas for him, and though his fame as a teacher was as wide as Christendom, he retained a beautiful meekness and humility.

The work of Father Schwertner, O.P., a brother of St. Albert in the Dominican Order, is as well done as it is timely. A student at once of his great subject and of the times in which he lived, his scholarly attainments fit him well to appraise the facts and relations of St. Albert's life and to speak of them with authority. When we add to this that he has a clear and readable style it is evident that this work is a very valuable addition to our growing historical literature. Father Schwertner is to be congratulated alike on his choice of subject and on his admirable handling of it.

WHAT ARE SAINTS? By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$90.

This is a series of fifteen fifteen-minute talks broadcast by Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., of the Farm Street Church in London, over the British broadcasting system known as the B.B.C. Father Martindale answers the question—what are saints?—by giving brief sketches of fourteen saints, chosen from every clime and age, and then in his last talk, summing up from these accounts the essential something common to all their varying personalities but which, rising above differences, made them—well, saints.

For that something is neither a negative, a mere abstaining, nor a chance characteristic different for each individual, but a perfectly definite, positive, invariable thing, the substitution for love of self, the love of God manifested in Christ, the denying to self and living to God, the "I live now, not I, but Christ liveth in me," of St. Paul.

The first thing that one notices in these

sketches after Father Martindale's charming style and his skill in compressing so much into so small a space, is the preservation of the conversational spirit and atmosphere of the radio "talk." He has, he tells us, altered very little of their original wording for the printed page, so that they possess a freshness and informality that should make them popular.

His choice, too, of his saintly subjects seems to us a wise one because of the very variety, for, though he has taken some of the best known of all the saintly company, St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Thomas Aquinas, he has also included some comparatively little known figures such as St. Hermann the cripple, St. Camillus de Lellis, and some who have not yet received the official endorsement of their sainthood, though their holy lives are so capable of inspiring us.

Especially good is his summing up, and particularly admirable is the simple courage combined with charity towards those of other creeds with which he addressed the great mixed audience, so largely non-Catholic, with which the B.B.C. put him in touch. This is a delightful book.

LUCE CLAY. By a Sister of Notre Dame (de Namur). P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$2.00.

The gift of expression is a subtle thing, practically defying all attempts to formulate it. The best we can say is that two qualities are essential. The author must have something to say and possess to a certain degree the technique of language. We may then add that if he feels intensely, the expression will reflect it in increased power. The first two are essentials; without them there can be no expression that is intelligible, but, strange to say, they are not always enough.

As we read *Lucent Clay* the truth of this is illustrated, painfully illustrated. One feels that the author has something to say, that she has more than the average ability in handling language and yet somehow she lamentably fails to say it. What is it, one asks, that is lacking? Is it, perhaps, the matter of feeling? One is tempted to think so and yet one cannot rest with that conclusion. This Sister of Notre Dame by no means gives the impression of lacking feeling or enthusiasm for her subject—quite the contrary—nor does she fall into the horrible sentimentality that disfigures some modern devotional books. The trouble with her writing is, not that she halts or stammers, nor that she does not acquaint us with true and important things, but that it is trite—trite to the point of bathos. Perhaps the very facility of her style is responsible; she writes without effort, with an ease that is soporific. She is a sad exemplar of the fact that even the truth becomes dull if reduced to a formula and yet one feels, as one sets down the sorry fact, like apologizing to one who is so evidently sincere.

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DeLuxe Binding, Purple Morocco Leather,
Silk Lining, Imported Oxford Bible Paper 3.00

Order from THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey

Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are



GEMMA GALGANI

generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward; One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY

Masses said	5
Masses heard	25,039
Holy Communions	89,221
Visits to B. Sacrament	31,248
Spiritual Communions	78,553
Benediction Services	9,185
Sacrifices, Sufferings	18,548
Stations of the Cross	8,943
Visits to the Crucifix	31,544
Beads of the Five Wounds	14,632
Offerings of PP. Blood	79,949
Visits to Our Lady	27,861
Rosaries	27,240
Beads of the Seven Dolors	4,013
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,223,940
Hours of Study, Reading	15,711
Hours of Labor	32,172
Acts of Kindness, Charity	12,028
Acts of Zeal	8,729
Prayers, Devotions	339,871
Hours of Silence	19,004
Various Works	18,020
Holy Hours	1,216

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

MOTHER M. AUGUSTINE
REV. M. J. AHERN
REV. W. LINDNER, C.S.S.R.
REV. J. WALTER DALY
REV. THOMAS B. HUGHES
REV. WM. GASTON PAYNE
SR. ROSE MARGARET
SR. M. WENCESLAUS
SR. M. GABRIEL (MCCARTNEY)
GEORGE W. CONWAY
JOHN J. BURLAND
MARY M. GASPARD
ALICE O'CARA
WILLIAM L. NORRIS
MARY SHANLEY
JOHN WALSH
ELIZABETH L. CURTIN
JOHN J. OWENS
JOSEPH HOCHENDORF
MARGARET A. SHIELDS
JULIA JAHNEN
JOHN BAEZENAS
LUCY A. STACK
MARY FRANKLE
EDWARD HASBROUCK
HELEN NOLAN
CHRISTINE SCHMIDT

MRS. JAMES McEVoy
MARGUERITE MILLOY
MINNIE SULLIVAN
ANNIE TRAUTMANN
DR. M. KEV
MRS. FRANK DONNELLY
CATHERINE PEERS
MAGDALENA WEISS
GRACE V. ELMS
ROBERT HANRAHAN
JOSEPH P. HERLIHY
MARY A. CALLEN
BERNARD F. CASSIDY
MARY GLYNN
WILLIAM ROTH
MICHAEL LOWRY
JOHN QUINN
LESTER SALZMAN
MICHAEL FARLEY
MR. McDERMOTT
ELIZABETH HACKING
MRS. S. J. GARVIN
BERNARD FALTINE
MRS. JAMES M. TAAFFE
WILLIAM RYAN, JR.
GEORGE J. CHAGNON
FRANK PETERS
HERBERT GREELEY
JANE SULLIVAN
MARY FOGARTY
JOHN A. DOYLE
JOHN COLLINS
MARY CLOAK
SARAH BARTON
MR. J. N. MURPHY
CATHERINE C. CASTERLINE
THOMAS J. McHUGH
THOMAS J. MARTIN

AUGUST GARTNER
LENA LENOIR
MARY ELIZ. BAILEY
MARGARET M. MCBRIDE
CATHERINE MCGOWAN
MARGUERITE R. QUIRK
ANNA MCBREEN
ERMA FARRELL
HELEN M. FLYNN
JAMES FLYNN
MICHAEL McDERMOTT
THOMAS J. CANNON
MARY STAKUCE
MR. MEYER
ELIZABETH KESSLER
HENRY KESSLER
THOMAS WALSH
ANNIE O'REILLY
MARY BURKE
LORETTA CONNOLLY
LILLIAN O'DEA
MRS. JAMES HIGNIM
MRS. JOSEPH O'KANE
MR. J. J. SMITH
WILLIAM WHALEN
MR. J. V. DALTON
MICHAEL BOWER
JULIA FITZGERALD
MRS. T. ASSIP
DENIS MOLONEY
PETER J. HEALY
ANNA BOLAND
MARY E. DENNING
THOMAS McMAHON
MRS. C. AUSTIN
MARTIN SHANAHAN
JOSEPH KAIN
JOHN MURPHY

THERESA HARTMAN
PATRICK FENTON
JOHN MORAN
MARGARET MORAN
THOMAS KENNEDY
MARY GREEN
ROSE BASINI
DANIEL S. HURLEY
CATHERINE GREISBAUM
MRS. JAS. F. McNAMARA
JAMES REILLY
JOHN G. KENEDEY
THOMAS MAHON
JOHN P. CURRAN
FRANCIS GOLDIE
JAMES R. ANSLEY
ALICE MURPHY
DENNIS SULLIVAN
GEORGE A. WOODWARDS
MARY T. CONNORS
MRS. E. L. BANG
MICHAEL O'NEILL
REBECCA O'BRIEN
BERNARD J. McDERMOTT
MICHAEL G. DIETZ
CARL S. WEITZ

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Who Will Die Tonight?—

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$.....) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within..... months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of , 19.....

Signed..... Witness.....
Witness..... Witness.....

Painless Giving ♦ ♦ ♦



GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You may have both, if you wish.

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE:


— 3 SUGGESTIONS —

MISSION NEEDS




1 Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

STUDENT BURSES



2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

YOUR LAST WILL



3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., UNION CITY, N. J.

Where Put Your Money?

**GET A
LIFE INCOME**

6% to 9%

**HELP CHRIST'S
CAUSE**

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

**You can't take it
with you!**

**Will you hoard or
spend it?**

**Give it away or
make a Will?**

**Why not buy Life
Annuities?**

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. **PERMANENCE:** An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. **ABUNDANT YIELD:** The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. **SECURITY:** Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. **FREEDOM FROM WORRY:** Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. **ECONOMY:** There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. **STEADY INCOME:** The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. **CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST:** An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., Care of The Sign, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

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